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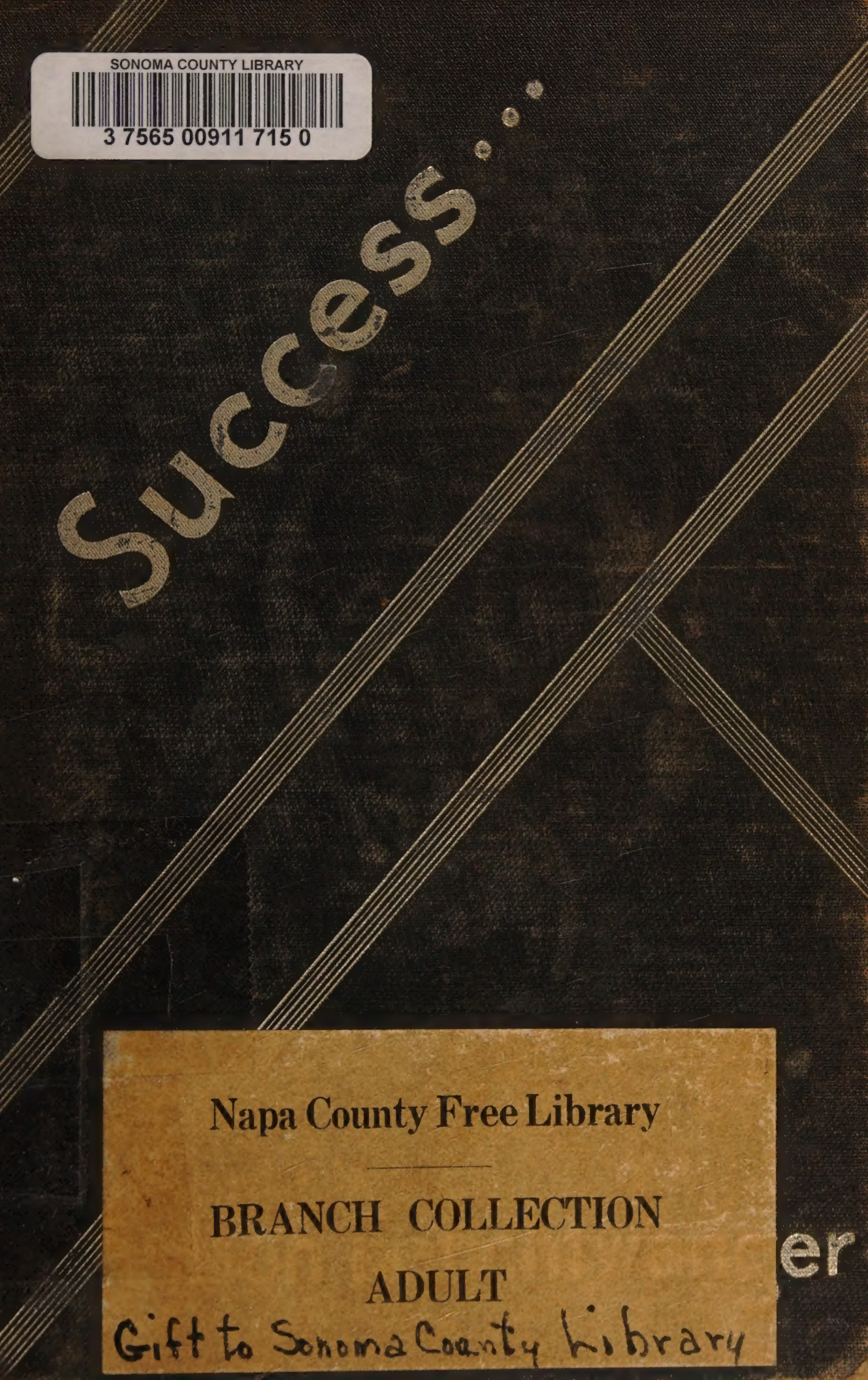

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SUCCESS

A NOVEL

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY WILLA AND EDWIN MUIR

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1930
LITERARY GUILD
NEW YORK

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NOTE

No single figure in this book actually existed in Munich during the years 1921–23; but they did exist in their totality. *Success* does not present photographically *real*, but rather historically *typical* figures.

BOOK I

JUSTICE

BOOK I

JUSTICE

I. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

In room number six of the National Gallery of Modern Pictures in Munich there hung for several months in the year after the War a large painting which attracted much attention. It represented a vigorous man in the prime of life, whose firm lips broke into a smile as he looked out of his long and deep-set eyes at a row of men standing with an injured air before him. These were elderly, and apparently men of substance, with varying expressions, open, secretive, violent, or complacent; but one thing they all had in common; they all stood there with a bluff, defiant honesty, sure of themselves and of their cause. Clearly a grave blunder had been committed, which justified them in feeling insulted, even outraged. Only one of their number, quite a youth, had not this injured air, although the police officers in the background were eyeing him with especial severity; indeed, on the contrary, he was gazing attentively and trustfully at the man with the long eyes, who was obviously vested with supreme authority.

The figures in the picture and the scene in which they were involved gave an impression both of familiarity and of strangeness. Their clothes might have been modern, but all trace of current fashion had been so carefully avoided that it was impossible to assign the men to any race or epoch. In the catalogue the picture, number 1437, was ascribed to one Franz Landholzer, and it was listed as

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN
or Justice
(310 x 190)

Nothing was known of any other works by Franz Landholzer, and the acquisition of this picture by the State had caused a sensation. The artist himself had not put in an appearance. He was an eccentric, it was said at the time, leading a vagrant life about the countryside, and had disagreeable, aggressive manners, all of which, indeed, was indicated by the very sub-title of his picture.

The professional critics did not quite know how to approach the picture. It was difficult to put it into any definite category. The strikingly unconventional, crude style of the painting moved many people strongly, although it was as far from sensationalism as its subject. An element of dilettantism, of amateurishness, was unmistakable, and seemed to be deliberately emphasized. The critics in the conservative papers maintained a condemnatory attitude. The more advanced critics wrote in support of the work, but without enthusiasm.

Those who were honest frankly admitted that the undoubtedly strong effect of the picture could not be accounted for by any of the usual canons. Many people came back again and again to look at the picture; many pondered on the subject, and even took down their Bibles. There they found the story of the trick which Joseph played on his brethren when he had become a great Lord and Minister of Food Supplies in Egypt, years after they had sold him because he was their father's favourite and utterly different from them. They came to buy grain from him, and did not recognize him. But when they were leaving for home, he ordered a silver beaker to be smuggled into their baggage, and had the innocent men arrested for theft. On account of which they were righteously indignant, and protested that they were respectable people.

So the painter of picture number 1437 had portrayed those respectable people. There they stood. They were exasperated and demanded their rights. They had come to do business with a high state official, to close a bargain advantageous to both parties, and now they were suspected of being the kind of men who would purloin a silver beaker! They had forgotten that once they had sold a certain lad, who was their brother; for that was many years ago. They were outraged, but they behaved with dignity. And the man smiled at them out of his long eyes, and in the background the police stood, indifferent enough but ready to act, and the picture was called "Justice."

But, after all, a few months later number 1437 vanished again from the National Gallery. Some of the papers made passing comments on its disappearance; many visitors missed "Joseph and His Brethren" and were sorry; but then the papers ceased their comments, gradually the questions asked by the visitors also ceased, and the picture, like its painter, was forgotten.

II. TWO MINISTERS

Although it was raining, the Minister of Justice, Dr. Otto Klenk, sent his waiting car home. He had just come from the subscription concert in the Academy and he was pleasantly exhilarated by the music. He would take a stroll first, and later perhaps drop in somewhere for a glass of wine. By the chauffeur he sent a message to his wife, saying she was to go to bed without waiting for him.

With the rough woollen cloak that he loved round his shoulders, the sound of the Brahms symphony still in his ears, and his pipe as usual in his mouth, the solidly built man sauntered comfortably through the light, uniform rain of the June night. He turned into the wide-spreading city park, the English Garden. The tall old trees were dripping, the turf smelt deliciously fresh. It was pleasant to take a walk in the pure air of the Bavarian plateau.

The Minister of Justice took his hat from his auburn head. He had an arduous day behind him, but now he had heard a little music, good music—the malcontents could say what they liked, but there was good music to be had in Munich! His pipe was in his mouth and he had no work to do that night. He felt as fresh as when he was hunting in the mountains.

Really, things were going well with him, extraordinary well. He loved to balance pros and cons, to see where he stood. The day before yesterday he had been forty-eight, no great age for a vigorous man. His kidneys were not quite in order, probably when he did pop off it would be through a kidney attack. But there were fifteen, twenty years before him yet. Both his children were dead, and his wife, an insignificant, good-humoured, dried-up creature, was not likely to have any more. But there was Simon, his natural son, whom he had got by Veronica, the housekeeper on his property at Berchtoldszell in the mountains—Simon was getting on famously. He had put him into a branch of the State Bank in Allertshausen. There he would make a career for himself, and he, the Minister, would live to have prosperous grandchildren yet.

So far the balance was neither favourable nor unfavourable. But in his public life he had more than middling success to show, everything, in fact, that he could wish for. He had become a Minister a year ago, Minister of Justice in Bavaria, which he loved. Things had gone ahead famously during that time. Just as his gigantic build and his long, auburn head made him conspicuous among his colleagues in the Ministry, most of them short, round-headed fellows, so he felt himself superior to them in birth, manners and intelligence. It had become customary after the defeat of the Revolution for the more capable men in the governing party of the little state to refrain from office; they pushed the smaller fry into the Cabinet and contented themselves with directing affairs from the background. People had been surprised that a man like him, belonging to a rich mercantile family, and with a good head on his shoulders, should join the Government. But, he felt like a pig in clover there, administered a highly popular brand of justice, and enjoyed sparring with his opponents in Parliament.

He walked under the dripping trees, well pleased with himself. In the short year he had been in office he had shown that he was worth his salt. There was the Voditchka case, in which he had vindicated the Bavarian railways and got the better of the Empire; there was the Hornauer case, in which he had saved the home breweries from a scandalous exposure. Now above all there was the Krüger case. As far as he was personally concerned, Krüger could have remained sub-director of the National Gallery until his dying day. He had nothing against Krüger. He did not even take it ill of Krüger that he had hung those unpopular pictures in the State Gallery; for he himself had a taste in painting. But that the man should be impertinent, relying on his official position, in which he was secure for life, that he should openly flout the

Government, saying they could kiss his arse: that was going a bit too far. They had had to put up with it at first. Flaucher, of course, the Minister of Fine Arts, dismal dog that he was, had not been able to settle Krüger. But then he, Klenk, had had the brilliant idea of setting this process in motion.

He smiled broadly, tapped on his pipe, growled melodies from the Brahms symphony in his mighty bass, and sniffed up the fragrance of the grass and the gradually thinning rain. It always tickled him to think of his colleague in the Ministry of Fine Arts. Dr. Flaucher was so exactly the type of those uncouth petit bourgeois officials whom the Party liked to push into the Cabinet. It was a pleasure to Klenk to rub such people the wrong way. It was very amusing, it was absorbing to watch the heavy, uncouth man thrusting his head forward in helpless exasperation, and glaring fiercely at his tormentor out of the small eyes in his fat, square head before bringing out some clumsy, flat-footed retort which could always be parried with ease.

The man in the cloak stretched out his hand, decided that the rain was as good as over, shook himself and thought of turning back. He had a joke to play that night. Flaucher from the very first had wanted to magnify the importance of the Krüger case and to make it as big a sensation as possible. Awful people the Clerical Party sent one now as colleagues in the Cabinet. Bounders who were always wanting to flourish evidence, to fling their winning cards on the table, to gloat over a point scored. Now he himself only wanted to finish Krüger off quietly and deftly. After all, it wasn't particularly good form to take a Director of the National Gallery and put him in prison for having denied on oath that he had slept with a woman. But Flaucher was for telling the world all about it, and had all the papers trumpeting the Krüger case. So Klenk had sent a messenger to Dr. Bichler's estate to ask confidentially for the opinion of that great peasant leader, the secret ruler of Bavaria. Of course Dr. Bichler had agreed with him, as was only to be expected from such a shrewd farmer. He had dropped a remark about those asses in Munich, who were always wanting to show that they were in power. As if it were the show of power that mattered, not its actual possession! That bit about the asses Flaucher could not have heard yet; for the messenger had only returned that day. Flaucher was certain to be still sitting in the Tyrolean Café, a restaurant in the Old Town where he always passed the second half of his evenings, making himself important over the case which was to begin tomorrow. That bit about the asses, that dictum of the all-powerful man, yes, Klenk must rub that into him. It was too good a joke to be wasted.

He turned back and stepped out briskly. At the gate of the park he found a taxi.

Yes, Flaucher was sitting in the Tyrolean Café. He was sitting in the little inner room, where they charged ten pfennigs extra for the quarter litre of wine, among a crowd of his bosom friends. Klenk decided that his colleague looked much more at home in this restaurant than among the Empire furniture of his well-appointed study in the Ministry.

The insistent note of solid bourgeois comfort, the wooden panelling, the bare, massive tables, the patriarchal, substantial chairs and benches made for substantial men, that was the right setting for Dr. Franz Flaucher. There he was planted, a bulky figure, with a broad, obstinate, stupid skull, his dachshund Waldmann at his feet; and round him sat in their accustomed places men in settled jobs and with settled opinions. The room was thick with the smoke of good cigars and the savour of nourishing food. Through the open window came the voices of a popular troupe of folk singers, singing in a beer-garden near by, the words a mixture of sentimentality and unequivocal licentiousness. Outside lay the narrow irregular little square with its world-famous brewery. Here, then, was planted the Minister, Dr. Franz Flaucher, in his usual strong wooden chair, his dachshund at his feet, with painters, writers, and scholars round about him. The Minister drank, listened, and played with his dachshund Waldmann. To-night, on the eve of the Krüger case, he was being treated with particular deference. He had never concealed his hatred of the man Krüger. It appeared now that Krüger's corrupt taste in art was paralleled by the degradation and corruption of his life as a private citizen.

As soon as his colleague of the Ministry of Justice entered, a cloud came over Dr. Flaucher's mood. It was a bitter drop in his cup that he had really Klenk to thank for his triumph over Krüger. For the Minister Dr. Franz Flaucher disapproved of the Minister Dr. Otto Klenk, even though they belonged to the same party and had the same political aims. He disapproved of the superciliously patrician style in which Klenk addressed him; he disapproved of his wealth, his two cars, his estate and his hunting seat in the mountains, his tall figure, his lordly, irresponsible ways, the whole man, and everything about him. Life was easy for Klenk. His parents and his grandparents had been people of consequence before him; what did he know of the struggles of an ordinary civil servant? He, Franz Flaucher, the fourth son of the clerk to the state notary in Landhut in Lower Bavaria, had literally had to pay for every single inch of his way from the cradle to his seat in the Ministry with sweat and choking humiliations. How many sleepless nights, how much clenching of his teeth had it cost him not merely to keep from failing in Greek like his brothers, but to get through the secondary school without having to take any class a second time! Having thus qualified for the career of a higher official, how much cunning and self-denial he had had to exercise to get his foot on each rung of the ladder! How many repeated begging visits he had made to extract scholarships from the authorities, how many timid appeals to editors, until at last as a member of a non-combatant Catholic students' association he had got his articles accepted, articles which illustrated from every point of view the right and the duty of students to refuse satisfaction when challenged to a duel. And if by sheer luck a students' corps after a merry drinking bout one morning had not given him a good hiding, to put his pacifism to the test, he might have remained obscure in spite of everything. Even so, how often—unobtrusively but pertinaciously—had he had to draw attention to his ill-treatment, in which luckily the son of a well-known public figure had taken an active part, how often humbly and persistently had he had to demand his hush-money, before he attained success. And how often he had had to bite his lips in the presence of the ring-leaders of the Party, and hold his tongue although he knew better, in case another more obedient tool should be deemed to have superior qualifications for the Ministry.

With deep distrust he saw Klenk, noisily welcomed, taking his place at the table; saw him comfortably cracking jokes like a playful bear, now good-humouredly, now spitefully chaffing the habitués at the table. A disagreeable fellow, this Klenk, spoilt, irresponsible, to whom politics was nothing but a game, a pleasant occupation, filling in the time like an evening at poker at his club, or his hunting at Berchtoldszell. How could Klenk know how deeply and fundamentally Franz Flaucher felt it to be his duty to defend all the ancient, well-founded traditions and customs against the fashionable laxity of a time mad for pleasure? War, revolution, continually intensifying competition had torn down so many barriers. He, Franz Flaucher, was there to guard the last defences against the poisonous tendencies of the age.

What did these things matter to Klenk? What a spectacle he was, with his huge head, and the long nails on his hands! Of course the ordinary wine of the place was not good enough for him, he must order a bottle of the dearer kind. To him even the Krüger case was only a stimulating amusing move in the political game: that was certain. An irresponsible man like that was incapable of realizing that the elimination of Krüger was to be taken as seriously as the healing of a running sore.

For the accused in this case, Dr. Martin Krüger, was the living embodiment of the iniquitous post-War time. Having secured his job during the Revolution, as sub-director of the National Gallery he had acquired paintings which had scandalized all pious and right-thinking people. That equivocal picture, "Joseph and His Brethren," with its anarchy of colours, had been happily got rid of soon, which was a mercy. But that gory, perverse, sadistic Crucifixion by the painter Greiderer, and that female nude, which was so shocking simply because it was a self-portrait of the painter—must not a woman be corrupt through and through who painted herself naked, showing off breast and thigh like a prostitute?—these two pictures had disfigured the state galleries until quite recently. His galleries, too, the galleries for which he, Franz Flaucher, was answerable! When he thought of those pictures the Minister was overcome by an almost physical disgust. He could not stand the man Krüger, the inaugurator of this abomination; he could not stand his arched, voluptuous mouth, and his grey eyes with the thick eyebrows. Once when he had had to take his hand, the man Krüger's warm, hairy hand in his own, hard and thick-veined, it had actually brought on an attack of heart-burn.

He had immediately done all he could to get rid of the man Krüger. But his ministerial colleagues, led of course by Klenk, had had scruples against taking strong measures. For Dr. Martin Krüger had a wide reputation as an historian of painting, and to take disciplinary measures against him and dismiss him for inefficiency might have injured the prestige of the town as an art centre, a risk which at that time his colleagues were still disinclined to take.

When the Minister thought of the pretexts by which his colleagues had prevented him from putting a stop to Krüger far earlier in the day, he growled so loudly that the dachshund Waldmann, lying at his feet, became uneasy. Art prestige! The state which he served was an agrarian state. The town of Munich, situated in the middle of that state, was by virtue of its structure and its population a country town with a strong peasant element. That was what his colleagues should think of. They should protect their homes from that frantic lust for enjoyment which was the most terrible characteristic of the greater modern cities, and instead, they talked airily of the prestige of art and such-like drivel.

The Minister sighed, hiccuped, gulped down his wine, leant both arms morosely on the table, lowered his thick-set skull, and out of his little eyes regarded Klenk, who was settled there so comfortably. The waitress Zenzi, who for many years had attended to this table in the Tyrolean Café, leaned against the sideboard, keeping a directing eye on her assistant Resi, and gazed with faint, detached amusement at her noisy customers, giving equal attention to the state of their tempers and of their more or less emptied glasses. She was a buxom woman with a broad, pretty face, although her occupation had made her flat-footed, and she knew her guests very well; she had observed how the Minister Flaucher's expression had altered when the Minister Klenk came in, she had indeed expected it. She knew further that at this time of night Dr. Flaucher when he was in a good mood usually ordered a second helping of sausage, but in a bad mood called for radish. Long before he growled his order through to the end the dish of radish was set on the table before him.

Prestige of Art! As if he hadn't a soul for art himself, music, for example. But it was decadent snobbery to let every Bohemian wallow in open swinery for the sake of prestige. In peevish preoccupation the Minister pulled his neighbour's plate towards him, and flung its picked bones to his dachshund. And while he prepared his radish to his liking, the thought of the ages during which he had had to endure that scoundrel Krüger in his department was still eating into his soul.

At his feet the dachshund licked its lips, gnawed at the bones, and bolted fragments down. The manipulation of his radish concluded, the Minister had still to wait until every segment of the watery vegetable had absorbed sufficient salt. Through the open window came, perfectly distinct in spite of the noise in the room, the Munich city hymn, sung in the neighbouring beer-garden by hundreds of voices with sentimental zest: "As long as old Peter shall stand on his hill, as long as green Isar shall run at its will, so long will good fellowship in Munich hold sway." Yes, a long long time Flaucher had had to wait before he had been able to root Krüger out. A long time until Klenk—yes, unfortunately, he couldn't get away from that—until Klenk had put the weapon against Krüger into his hand. Flaucher saw that moment again clearly. It had been an evening like this: it had been here in the Tyrolean Café, here at the table just across from him, under the huge burnt patch in the panelling for which the writer Lorenz Matthäi had once found such an obscene interpretation. Here it was that Klenk had offered him the case against Krüger, hinting at it first, in his ironic, sly, quizzing way, his resonant voice carefully moderated, but later in clear terms, telling him of that God-sent act of perjury which had given him a means to dismiss the man Krüger from his post and now through this law suit to finish him off once and for all. It had been a great evening; he had almost forgiven Klenk all his stuck-up, snobbish superciliousness, so jubilant had he felt over the fall of the wicked, and the triumph of his good cause.

And now the stage was set. The case was due to begin next day. He, Flaucher, would relish his triumph to the full; he would stand up, a massive imposing figure, like many a country preacher he had seen in the pulpit, and in a sonorous voice he would proclaim, "Lo, of such is the kingdom of the godless. I, Franz Flaucher, divined the devil's cloven hoof from the very beginning."

He began to devour his radish, now seasoned sharply enough to his taste; to every slice he added a piece of butter, and a mouthful of bread. But he ate mechanically; the enjoyment which he had anticipated would not come. Yes, the evening's glow of happiness, the glow of happiness with which he had left his house an hour and a half ago, had vanished, dispelled by Klenk's entry into the room. Klenk seemed to have a placable air, and paid no particular attention to him, but that was only dissimulation; presently with an air of hypocritical friendliness he would deal him a foul blow.

And now he heard Klenk's deep voice booming. "By the way, there is something particular I want to speak to you about, Herr Flaucher," he was saying. What he wanted to say would certainly be no joke. The sonorous bass voice was quite lazy and careless; but Flaucher recognized its mocking and malicious undertone. Klenk had raised himself ceremoniously to his complete, colossal height. Flaucher remained sitting over the last slices of his radish. But now Klenk signed to him, friendly and cordial. Reluctantly, drawn in spite of himself, Flaucher got to his feet. The waitress Zenzi, standing against the sideboard, followed him with her eyes.

Her quick-footed assistant Resi, too, gossiping with a customer at another table while lifting and setting down plates, gazed after the two men as they walked, apparently in confidential conversation, side by side to the lavatory, in Flaucher's heart the troubled feeling which he had had as a student when called out to a duel with one of his comrades.

In the tiled lavatory the Minister of Justice told the Minister of Fine Arts what had passed between his messenger and the Peasant leader Bichler. No, the fact was that Bichler did not see eye to eye with the policy of his colleague Flaucher in this case. "Ass" he had said, simply and unequivocally "Ass," according to a reliable report. Now he, Klenk, did not agree, either, with Flaucher's knock-out tactics. But all the same, ass was a pretty strong term to use. He said all this without subduing his enormous, booming voice, boomed it so loud indeed, that it must certainly have been heard outside.

Sadly, his plump shoulders slacker and rounder than ever, Flaucher, the Minister of Fine Arts, returned from the tiled lavatory by the side of this cheerful gossip, Klenk. Yes, he might have known it; he never got anything he wanted. Against the expressed wish of Bichler the agriculturist, the real king of Bavaria, it was no use struggling. There was nothing for it but to step aside, to let his triumph fall out of his hand. Now the whole thing was spoilt. He sat in dumb silence over the remains of his radish, pushed the whimpering dachshund away with his foot, and listened in dull anger while Klenk's happy sallies convulsed the Table Round again and again with roars of laughter.

Listless and morose the Minister of Fine Arts returned at last to his house which a short time before he had left exulting because it was the evening before the beginning of the Krüger process. The dachshund Waldmann slunk away into his corner, cowed and apprehensive because of his master's troubled mien.

III. THE CHAUFFEUR AND BAVARIAN ART

The Judge, Dr. Hartl, the President of the Supreme Court, a fair, jovial man, slightly bald, and very young for his post, being not yet fifty, liked to conduct his cases with style and decision. But few of the Bavarian justices were capable of presiding with dignity over a law suit on which the eyes of the whole Empire were turned, and he knew that he was, in a manner of speaking, the Government's trump card and that he could please himself in what he did so long as the final result, in this case the condemnation of the accused, agreed with the policy of the Cabinet. Rich and independent, the ambitious Judge considered himself a big man. It wouldn't do any harm if he showed the Government his many-sided powers, and that he was a factor to be reckoned with. His respectable Catholic convictions were beyond question; he had secured himself by a skilful manipulation of the jury panel; legally he felt unassailable, and capably backed by various accommodating paragraphs in the Code, he was confident of securing full and formal grounds for any verdict he fancied. Why, therefore, should he not allow himself the luxury of conducting a great case like this of Krüger's artistically, dramatically, and of evincing his understanding and humanity?

With a rare instinct for the effective, he confined the examination of the accused to the barest formalities only strictly necessary, and introduced excitement only when the interest was beginning to flag. He kept them waiting for a long time before he called the chief witness for the prosecution.

Necks were outstretched, lorgnettes were raised and the cartoonists from the big newspapers set hastily to work, as the chauffeur Franz Xaver Ratzenberger, a fat little man with a round rosy face and a fair little moustache, advanced importantly, flattered to find himself an object of universal attention. Rather awkward in his unaccustomed black suit, he walked in with long, exaggeratedly natural strides, a very ungainly figure. In harsh and garrulous dialect he answered the questions relating to himself.

In dead silence the court listened to the short, clumsy sentences, insignificant in themselves, with which the stumpy little man decisively implicated the defendant Krüger. Three and a half years before, then, during the night from Thursday the 23rd to Friday the 24th February, he had driven the accused and a lady at about a quarter to two in the morning from the Widenmaierstrasse to a house at 94 Katharinenstrasse. There Dr. Krüger had got out, paid him off, and gone into the house with the lady. When the accused had sworn the contrary on oath at the prosecution of the late Anna Elisabeth Haider, namely that on that night he had only escorted Anna to her house and then had gone away in the same taxi, he had been guilty, if the evidence of the taxi-driver were reliable, of perjury.

Before the defending lawyer, Dr. Geyer, could interpose, the Judge in all fairness drew the chauffeur's attention to the improbability of his evidence. All that had happened more than three years ago. How came it that Ratzenberger, who must have driven several thousand fares since then, could remember so well Dr. Krüger and his companion? Was it not possible that he had made a mistake? Regarding the date, regarding the persons? In the easy style which he reserved for working people, he reasoned with the witness until the Public Prosecutor almost became uneasy.

But the chauffeur Ratzenberger was well prepared, and was not at a loss for a single answer. In any other case he could not have said with such certainty how and when it happened. But the 23rd of February was his birthday; he had been celebrating, and he had actually decided not to do any work that night. But he had got going all the same, because his account for the electric light hadn't been paid, and his old woman had kept nagging at him, and so, he meant to say, he had got going. Here the reporters inserted "laughter." It had been beastly cold, and he would have been jolly well annoyed if he hadn't got a fare. His stand was in the Mauerkircherstrasse, in a district where lots of fine people lived. And then, he meant to say, he had got a fare, Dr. Krüger himself and a lady. The gentleman and his lady had come out of a house with lots of lighted windows in the Widenmaierstrasse, where anybody could see there was a party.

He brought this out in his frank, simple dialect, smacking his lips over every sentence, very anxious to make himself understood. He gave an impression of candour, good-nature, and reliability; he aroused good-will and kindly attention. Judge, jury, the journalists, the public, all followed his evidence with interest.

How was it that he had noticed, asked the Judge—he, too, spoke in dialect now, which created a good impression on everybody—that Dr. Krüger had gone into the house in the Katharinenstrasse with the lady? The chauffeur Ratzenberger responded that in such things he and his colleagues were very much interested; for gentlemen who see a lady home and go in with her don't wait to get their change and always give good tips.

How had he been able to get such a good look at the accused in the dim light that he could recognize him now with absolute certainty?

He begged their pardon, was the chauffeur's reply, but a man like the doctor would always be easy to recognize.

Everybody regarded the accused; his massive head, the broad forehead with the low-growing, gleaming black hair, the grey eyes with the thick, gloomy eyebrows, the fleshy, salient nose, the beautifully cut, voluptuous mouth. It was true, that face was easy to single out. It was credible that the chauffeur should have remembered it all those years.

The accused sat motionless. His counsel, Dr. Geyer, had schooled him to make no intervention, and to leave everything to him. Dr. Geyer would have gladly wiped away as well the exasperating smile from Krüger's face; it was certainly ill-advised and brought him little sympathy.

The barrister, a fair, lean man with a thin, hooked nose, a face showing nervous excitability beneath its composure, sparse hair, and quick blue eyes hidden by thick glasses, perceived quite well that the Judge was asking leading questions, intended to strengthen the credibility of the witness Ratzenberger's evidence and not to shake it. He saw that they were amply prepared for the objection that it was impossible for a taxi-driver to remember the behaviour of a fare so minutely and completely after a lapse of more than three years. So Dr. Geyer resolved to try to shake the witness's evidence from another side. He sat as full of tension and impatience as a motor car throbbing before it is started; a quick flush came and went on his cheeks; and in an insistent tone, his sharp, vigilant eyes never leaving the chauffeur, he began, very innocently at first, to sound the past life of the witness, which was not such as to dispose one to believe his evidence.

As a mechanic Ratzenberger had been continually changing his employment. Then during the War he had been at the base a great deal, but at last he had reached the front, been buried under debris and sent back again as seriously wounded. At home in Bavaria for some reason or other he had been able to pull strings and had been demobilized. He had married a girl who already had had two children to him, was no longer young, and now had inherited some money, and with her money he had bought a taxi. He was in the habit of beating his children brutally, especially his son Ludwig, and his wife had given him in charge several times at the police station for ill-treating them. Also there was some talk of a family feud in which Franz Xaver Ratzenberger had wounded one of his brothers on the head, and he had been convicted of gross and slanderous lies against his brothers and sisters. And he had been often reported by owners and drivers of private cars for obscene abuse and threats of physical violence. Ratzenberger averred that those charges were simply intrigues against him, since most owner-drivers detested taxi-drivers because they drove better. But since the War he had also been apt to get violently excited for trivial reasons. Hadn't he once even tried to commit suicide, for no reason that he could give? One day while he was sailing on the Isar in the neighbourhood of Munich he had suddenly leapt from the boat with the exclamation, "Adieu, my beloved country!" but had been fished out of the water again.

Dr. Geyer was surprised that a licence to drive a taxi had been given to a man in such a state of nerves. It was acknowledged that the witness drank. How much? asked the insistent and no longer mild voice of the lawyer. About six pints a day. Sometimes a few more than that? Sometimes ten. Sometimes even twelve? Sometimes twelve. And was there not a police charge against him for assaulting a fare, because he had been refused his tip? Possibly there was. Probably the blinking bully had insulted him, and he wasn't the man to let himself be insulted. Had Dr. Krüger given him a tip that night? He couldn't remember, now. But didn't he always take note of his customers when they were escorting a lady, simply on account of the difference in the tip? The barrister's clear, urgent voice pressed the witness sharply, confusing him. Had he driven the accused on any other occasion? He couldn't remember now. But this much was certain, that once an action had been taken against him for the withdrawal of his licence?

Under the questions falling thick and fast upon him the witness became visibly more uncertain. He continually licked his dry lips, chewed at his toothbrush moustache, and his dialect became so broad that the reporters from outside Bavaria could hardly follow him. The Public Prosecutor intervened. These questions had nothing to do with the case. Emphasizing publicly his consideration for the accused, the Judge allowed the questions.

Yes, it was true, an action to deprive him of his licence had once been threatened. On account of that same alleged assault on a fare. But it had been quashed. The man's deposition hadn't held water; he was a shabby fellow who had only wanted to get out of paying, a foreigner besides, some Bohemian or other.

A quick flush flew again over Dr. Geyer's cheeks. He interrogated more sharply still. He kept his thin, transparent hands still now, not without an effort; his clear, high voice kept pressing the witness with pitiless exactitude. He wanted to establish a connexion between the chauffeur's evidence in this case and that action to deprive him of his licence. He wanted to show that the action was only quashed because it had turned out that there was a chance of using Ratzenberger's evidence to start a process against Dr. Krüger. He put innocent questions, beginning at a safe distance, but coming nearer and nearer home. But then Ratzenberger's appealing glance to the Judge found its mark; and Dr. Hartl intervened. Here the defending counsel found himself up against a blank wall. The court was not to learn that Ratzenberger had first been very vague about his evidence, and that the threat to withdraw his licence had been hung over his head, and manipulated until his convictions became unshakable. They were not to learn of the feelers stretching from the police to the Ministry of Justice and from the Ministry of Justice to the Ministry of Fine Arts. Here all was vague and uncertain, incapable of demonstration. All the same the pedestal on which the witness Ratzenberger stood had been damaged. But, with the help of the Judge, he made a creditable exit by an appeal to popular feeling. Perhaps he had indeed once handled a fare a bit roughly; but anybody could tell you that any taxi-driver in Munich drove all the better for several pints of beer under his belt. On that he was dismissed, firmly convinced that he had fulfilled his duty as a witness to the best of his ability, taking with him much sympathy, a justifiable hope of many tips in the future, and the certain prospect of remaining in secure possession of his licence, even if some other stupid goat of a fare were to charge him again with assault.

The court occupied itself next with the carnival ball from which Dr. Krüger and the lady had been driven by Ratzenberger. This ball had taken place in the last year of the War. A Viennese lady had invited some thirty people to her house. The decorations hung up in preparation for the party had been quiet and decorous; the guests had drunk a little and danced. But the tenants below, inimical to the Viennese lady for many reasons, had called in the police. It was a gross misdemeanour to drink and dance while the War was going on, and the police had arrested the guests. Those who were of military age and had no pull in influential quarters were posted for service and sent to the front, even when they were unfit or registered as indispensable.

As the Viennese lady who gave the party was associated with the Left Wing of the Opposition, the authorities had made a point of exaggerating the affair as much as possible. The perfectly respectable dance was soon transformed into a wild orgy, and strongly coloured details were circulated of the obscene nudity which had been prevalent there. The lady was deported from Bavaria. She had had a child to a respectable Bavarian, who had died two years before, and now his relatives sought to have her declared unfit on moral grounds to be its custodian. The citizens of Munich sniggered and licked their lips as they retailed with rising excitement still juicier details of that evening; they commented copiously, indignantly, and with perpetual interest on the refined forms of corruption known to these Bohemians, under which designation the people of this town comprehended all those who, whether in appearance, in vocation, or in ability, deviated from the norm of mediocrity.

Did Dr. Krüger gainsay that in that questionable party in the Widenmaierstrasse he and the lady had taken part? No. By a circumstantial chain of argument the prosecution now tried to establish that the obscene atmosphere of the party created a strong presupposition which made doubly probable the fact sworn to by the chauffeur; namely that Dr. Krüger had accompanied the lady into her house. The Public Prosecutor now proposed that, on grounds of public morality, the case should he held *in camera.* Dr. Geyer succeeded, however, in countering this move, for which he had chiefly to thank the fact that the Judge did not want to make himself obnoxious to the grumbling audience. Now in the public court it was made clear that cushions had been lying about the floor, that the lighting had been dim and mysterious, and that the guests had danced in the most immodest and voluptuous fashion. Dr. Geyer made the point that if the party had been so exciting, the accused would hardly have left it at such a comparatively early hour. But the Public Prosecutor retorted that it was just on account of the atmosphere of the party that Dr. Krüger had felt the necessity to be alone as soon as possible with his partner. In a conciliatory tone the Judge coaxed from the witnesses more and more trifling details, in themselves harmless, but highly suspicious after being interpreted by the Public Prosecutor. Were not persons of both sexes present? Did they not lie about on divans? Did they not eat stimulating dishes, German caviare, for example? The lady who had given the party was now interrogated. Had there not been at that party, at one and the same party, two men with whom she had had relations? Had she not danced with both these men? and finally, when the police at last appeared, had she not resisted the law, and scuffled with the policemen? Her beauty was of the full-blown, voluptuous type. She suffered from the heat, the ill-ventilated room, she was nervous; she gave her evidence in a loud, precipitate, hysterical voice. She aroused merriment and a certain good-will mixed with contempt, which the natives of this region were in the habit of according to their harlots. It appeared that she had not struggled with the police at all; a policeman had pushed her on the shoulders from behind, and she had merely struck at the invisible hand with her fan. Nor had she been sentenced for resisting the law, but only for disobeying the regulations regarding the rationing of coal and electricity; because, namely, in defiance of those regulations she had had lights burning in more than one room. But while they had chuckled with approval at the chauffeur's assault on a foreigner, they shook their heads over the lady's blow with the fan, although it amused them. In any case it was another proof how wildly these Bohemians carried on, and the public was not disappointed of its expectations. They were pleasantly titillated, even inclined to accord the accused the benefit of mitigating circumstances. But in spite of all Dr. Geyer's adroitness the court had managed now to convince everybody present of the man Krüger's guilt.

That evening, as the chauffeur Ratzenberger celebrated his appearance in court together with his friends who made up the club of "The Jolly Companions" at the Goat and Bells, he was received with great respect by his fellow-members. His brothers and sisters too, who usually looked on him as a ne'er-do-well, found for the time being that he was a jolly dog, and his wife, who had often reported him to the police for his brutality, knowing that he had only married her to get the money for a taxi and would gladly be rid of her again, was very proud of him.

But the one who admired him most was his eldest son Ludwig, a pleasant-looking young fellow, who listened with awe to every word of the slow and complacent statements issuing from under the chauffeur's ragged, beery moustache. Ludwig Ratzenberger had never thought much of his whining, complaining mother, not even on her belated wedding-day, when, still a youngster, he had acted, together with his sister, as her train-bearer; even on that day he had felt a kind of contempt for her tearful ecstasies. His father, on the other hand, had cut an imposing figure in his eyes at all times and in all circumstances. Ludwig remembered dimly, and with a hazy feeling of comfort, how his father had dripped beer into his tiny greedy mouth even before he was able to walk. And how his father's cursing and raging had dominated the living-room and the soul of the small boy, as an ideal of manliness. And then the halo of secret and guilty glory when his father had taught him how to drive the car, in defiance of the law, for the boy was still too young. And then, how blissful as a whooping Red Indian, he had gone for mad drives by night in cars whose owners would hardly have relished the sight of such excursions. And what a terrific impression it had made on him when his father, after a trivial encounter with a peremptory gentleman who objected to the chauffeur's language, had slit up his tires for him once he had parked his car. What stealth in the attack, what exultation in the triumph of revenge! And now that his father was renowned in the newspapers and among the customers at the Goat and Bells, and stood there swaggering, his whole life crowned with the felicity of that moment, the youth's heart swelled within him.

But in the Opposition press and a few foreign papers appeared several thoughtful articles on the connexion between the long memory of the chauffeur Ratzenberger and the official attitude to art in Bavaria. In other words, had Ratzenberger's recollection of the man Krüger not been so exact, then it would have been impossible to dismiss the latter from his post, and to remove those shocking pictures whose presence in the National Gallery he had secured and justified.

IV. BRIEF SURVEY OF JUSTICE IN THESE YEARS

In the years after the Great War justice all over the globe was more than ever before perverted to political ends.

In China, during the civil war, state officials of every grade who had served under the defeated government were hanged or shot after due trial by the party who were triumphant at the time for every conceivable crime which they had not committed.

In India, polite imperialistic judges, who paid deep homage to the disinterestedness and nobility of the accused, sentenced the leaders of the Nationalist movement on dubious and purely formal grounds to long terms of imprisonment for publishing certain books and articles.

In Russia Bolshevist judges executed supporters of the Tsarist regime for acts of espionage of which they were presumably innocent, after brow-beating any defence that was offered.

In Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria, after a parody of justice, Jewish and Socialist prisoners were shot, hanged, and imprisoned for life for offences which could not be proven, while Nationalists who had committed proved offences were either not proceeded against, or acquitted, or given a trifling sentence and pardoned.

It was the same in Germany.

In Italy supporters of the dictatorship in power were acquitted in spite of murders proved against them; and opponents of the same dictatorship after a secret trial were banished and declared to have forfeited their property and civil rights.

In France officers in the Rhine Army of Occupation were acquitted after murdering German subjects; while Parisian Communists, arrested during a riot, were sent to several years' imprisonment for unproven offences.

In England the Sinn Feiners were treated in the same way. One or two died while hunger-striking.

In America members of a patriotic club who had lynched innocent negroes were set free; while Italian immigrants, radicals, were sent to the electric chair ostensibly for murder in spite of credible alibis brought forward by witnesses from a large town.

These things happened in the name either of a republic, or of the people, or of a king; in any case in the name of justice.

The Krüger case took place in the June of one of those years in Bavaria, among many other cases of the same kind in Germany.

At that time Germany was still split up into states, and Bavaria was made up of Celtic, Teutonic, and Frankish districts, including strangely enough, a province west of the Rhine, the so-called Palatinate.

V. HERR HESSREITER MAKES A GESTURE

In a fashionable grey suit, swinging his beautiful ivory-headed walking stick (an heirloom), Herr Paul Hessreiter, a Councillor and a member of the jury in the Krüger case, left his quiet villa in the Seestrasse, in Schwabing, not far from the English Garden. As on technical grounds the opening of the proceedings had been postponed to eleven o'clock, he took advantage of the free morning to go for a walk. Originally he had intended to drive out to the Starnbergersee, to Luitpoldsbrunn, where his mistress, Frau von Radolny, had a beautiful estate; he meant to bathe in the lake and then have breakfast with her. The new American car which he had bought three weeks ago would have taken him there and back in plenty of time for the beginning of the case. But he had received a telephone message that Frau von Radolny was still in bed, and did not intend to get up that morning before ten.

So Paul Hessreiter sauntered through Munich with lazy elegance and an easy step in the June sunshine. In spite of the clear sky and the light, exhilarating air of his beloved Bavarian plateau, he did not feel as complacent as usual, and as satisfied with himself, the world, and his city. He turned along Leopoldstrasse with its wide avenue of poplars, between front gardens and peaceful houses. Glittering tram-cars rattled merrily by. From sheer habit he regarded the women's legs as they got in, which were exposed to the knee according to the fashion of that day. He returned many greetings with his usual ceremonious geniality, today a little forced. For many people greeted him; a few with envy, the majority with good-will. Yes. he was well off, was Hessreiter. Proprietor of an admirably run porcelain factory, the South

German Ceramics, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son, which he had inherited; a member of a respected merchant family, a fairly good athlete, and very young for his forty-two years, excellent company, pleasing, popular with everybody, one of Munich's few indigenous men of the world. Nowhere could one be entertained better than in his house in the Seestrasse or in Luitpoldsbrunn, the large and expensively conducted estate of his mistress.

Herr Hessreiter's native town of Munich with its surrounding lakes and mountains, its magnificent galleries, its light, pleasant architecture, its carnival and its parties, was the finest city in the Empire; Herr Hessreiter's quarter, Schwabing, was the finest quarter in Munich; Herr Hessreiter's house was the finest in Schwabing; and Herr Hessreiter was master in his house. Yet today he found no pleasure in his stroll. He stood beneath the great Victory Gate, above his head Bavaria with its lion-chariot, the mighty emblem of the little country. With his veiled brown eyes he gazed thoughtfully and earnestly down Ludwigstrasse, whose fine, cosily provincialized Renaissance style did not give him the usual pleasure. He leant on his ivory-handled stick in an attitude of singular depression, and the usually sprightly gentleman no longer looked young.

Could it be this silly trial? Perhaps he should have followed his first impulse and excused himself on some pretext or other when he got the summons. Through being a member of the aristocratic Gentlemen's Club, through his mistress, Baroness von Radolny, too, who had manifold relations with the late Court circles, he naturally knew the implications and secret ramifications of the Krüger case. Yes, he was well involved in the unsavoury business. He must sit today and tomorrow, as he had sat yesterday, in the great room in the Courts of Justice, in the immediate vicinity of Dr. Hartl, President of the Supreme Court, of Dr. Krüger, of Dr. Geyer, at the same table with five other jurymen: Dirmoser, purveyor by appointment to the Royal Family, from whom he bought his gloves; Lechner, the dealer in antiques, who got on his nerves by his perpetual and exhaustive blowing of his nose into his huge, checkered handkerchief; the classical teacher Feichtinger, who with his watery blue eyes hidden behind huge steel-rimmed glasses followed the proceedings, tense and unhappy, and obviously without any comprehension; the insurance agent, Herr von Dellmaier, a member of a very old and esteemed Munich family (actually with a street called after them), but now come down in the world, a windbag addicted to strangely feeble witticisms; and finally the postman Cortesi, a heavy, polite, diligent fellow, who stank strongly of sweat. He had nothing against these excellent men, but it wasn't really very pleasant to be associated with them in this case. He did not take much interest in politics, and it seemed to him rather too much of a good thing to hound down a man on account of a chivalrous lie. It was perhaps not quite the thing to take any part in the affair. It was his cursed curiosity that had landed him in this mess. He always wanted to see things happening. The mess which that wretched Krüger had got into fascinated him. Now he was in for it, and would have to sit in discomfort in the court all this beautiful June day.

He went through the Victory Gate, and passed the University. Out of the buildings to the left, devoted to religious instruction, came theological students in black gowns, youths with clumsy, expressionless, peasant heads. The aged, leather-skinned professor of Church Law, with his unseeing eyes and wizened, skeleton-like face, shuffled between the quietly splashing fountains. This was a scene which had always been the same, and perhaps would remain the same for some time to come; it was rather reassuring. But Hessreiter looked at the students today in an unusually critical temper. His veiled eyes became sharper, and he regarded attentively those young men who took themselves so seriously. Many were dressed in sports clothes, with their belts drawn tight over stout business-like jackets of rough material. Others, carefully attired, with stiff, military movements, had certainly been officers. Now that there was no opening for them on the films, or in industry, they would try, after a hasty and half-hearted course of study, to slip into some government department. Surmounting well-set, well-trained bodies he saw many an unscrupulous, brutal head, cut out for success in particular jobs and in various sports; promising faces, with their eyes fixed on the goal. But in spite of their keenness those faces seemed strangely slack to him. As if they were motor tires, still stiff, but punctured, so that the air would escape from them in a moment.

Before the spacious State Library four men of antique Greek appearance, hewn out of stone, their waist and shoulders bare, sat peacefully in the sunlight. He had learned at school who they were supposed to be. Of course he could not remember now. If one passed somebody every day, one should surely know who he was. He would refresh his memory about them some time soon. Anyway, it was a good library. Too good really for these young men with their eyes on the goal. Only a small proportion of those future teachers, judges, and officials were from Munich. In former times the beautiful, comfortable, well-beloved city had attracted the best brains in the Empire. How was it that all these had left now, and that all the lazy and the vicious, who could not find a home in the Empire or anywhere else, rushed, as if magically drawn, to Munich?

Some one growled a salutation, stopped, and began to speak to him. A thick-set man in a grey-green shooting-jacket, with a round head and small eyes: Dr. Matthäi the writer, whose descriptions of Upper Bavarian life had made him universally known. He and Hessreiter had sat together night after night in the Tyrolean Café; Hessreiter had stayed with Matthäi at Tegernsee; Matthäi was often his and Frau von Radolny's guest at Luitpoldsbrunn. The square-built, surly man in the shooting-jacket and the phlegmatic elegant in the fashionable grey suit liked each other's company, and addressed each other as "thou." Dr. Lorenz Matthäi had just come from the Galerie Conradi, where the pictures which had brought on Dr. Krüger the enmity of the right-thinking were today to be openly exhibited for the first time since their removal from the State Collection. On the heels of this announcement the right-thinking had last night broken the windows of the offending picture-shop. Dr. Matthäi was jubilant over this exploit. He asked if Hessreiter too would like to see the rubbish. He fired off a couple of daring witticisms over the pictures, mentioned a poem he intended to write about the snobs who were gaping at them now with such serious expressions, and related a fruity anecdote regarding Andreas Greiderer, the painter of the rejected Crucifixion. But Hessreiter did not hang with his accustomed admiration on the thick lips of the writer; he listened only with half of his mind to the anecdote, laughed somewhat constrainedly, ignored a question regarding his duties as a juryman, and excused himself as soon as possible. Behind him Dr. Lorenz Matthäi shook his clumsy head with a puzzled air.

Herr Hessreiter went on towards the Hofgarten. Today he was captious even with Matthäi, whose representations of Upper Bavarian types were classical. In his ill-humour he was even inclined to admit, quite simply, that Lorenz Matthäi's detractors were right. What though Lorenz had once been a rebel himself and had written mordant, malicious poems against the stiff-necked, selfish, stupid, hypocritical callousness of the Bavarian clerical system? They had been fine poems, hitting off his opponents with photographic accuracy. But now he had grown fat, yes and they were all growing fat; his wit was stumped, his teeth were drawn. Yes, Dr. Matthäi had lost his charm; Herr Hessreiter could not understand now why they had ever been on such intimate terms. That round head, hacked and slashed, those tiny, malicious eyes; how could anyone stand such a fellow! What he had said about Krüger and the pictures had been simply disgusting. But the most disgusting thing of all was that now even a man like Dr. Lorenz Matthäi should be driven into the arms of the ruling peasant class by his peasant blood. Well, well, he was certainly not critical, they were none of them critical; and his heart had apparently been there all the time.

Herr Hessreiter had now reached the Odeonsplatz. Before him rose the Field-Marshals' Hall, an imitation of the dei Lanzi loggia in Florence, erected to the two great Bavarian field-marshals, Tilly and Wrede, of whom the one was not a Bavarian, and the other was not a field-marshal.

As often as he saw the Field-Marshals' Hall, Herr Hessreiter felt a slight pain. He remembered how much pleasure he had found as a quite young man in the beautiful building which the architect Gärtner had erected as the finishing touch to the Ludwigstrasse. But when still a boy he had had to witness the planting of two rampant lions on either side of the entrance, destroying the austere vertical effect of the whole. Then later the louts had disfigured the back wall with a fatuous academic nude composition, the so-called military commemoration group. Since then Herr Hessreiter had always regarded the Field-Marshals' Hall with a certain apprehension that overnight they might have put up some new horror there, and the increasing desecration of the loggia served him as a barometer of the vulgarization of his city.

In the hall today a military band was performing, and a favourite air out of a Wagner opera fluttered out into the square, which was crowded by people strolling about. The traffic halted, cars were held up, the blue tram-cars with much ringing of bells had to force their way through the crush. Crowds of students in their caps were there standing in groups; they greeted one another with deep, angular, and jealously punctilious sweeps of their caps, and listened to the music of the brass band. Herr Hessreiter caught snatches of their talk. He learned that according to them they must take off their brilliant caps while eating warm food, but while consuming cold food on the other hand must keep them on. The debate now went on to the question whether the mess composed of raw minced meat with onions and hard-boiled eggs, and called "Beefsteak Tartar," should not be considered as warm food, whether it counted as warm, or not. With many arguments the supporters of several students' associations debated this question warmly. Women and children were feeding the fat, tame pigeons which nested in the Hall of the questionable Field-Marshals and in the Baroque Theatine Church. At the gate of the Hofgarten, as if he were the latest addition to the statues in the Hall, stood a field-marshal of the Great War still in the flesh, gigantic, like an idol, with a cramped, brutal skull, no back to his head, and a fleshy neck, arrogantly planted in the centre of a reverential group.

Herr Hessreiter had originally intended to drink a vermouth in one of the quiet, retired cafés in the Hofgarten, under the great chestnut trees, before he went to the court. But suddenly the idea had no longer any charm. He looked at his watch. He had still almost an hour. Yes, he would have a look at the pictures in the Galerie Conradi.

Herr Hessreiter was a peaceable man, in unusually fortunate circumstances, and he was not at all inclined to rebel against the established order. But Matthäi had exasperated him. He had read a little of Krüger's work, books and essays; the book on the Spanish painters he remembered particularly: it was not quite to his taste, too full of sensibility for him; sexual matters were over-emphasized; everything was rather exaggerated. He had met Krüger personally too a few times; Krüger had seemed to him a bit of a fop and an actor. But was that any reason for treating him so venomously? Was there any reason for packing a man off to prison because he had hung a few pictures in a gallery, pictures which a few fools of academic painters disapproved of because they would rather have seen their own rubbish hanging there? Herr Hessreiter's plump face looked anxious and unhappy. If they sent everybody to prison who had slept with a woman sometime or other and then denied it, what would it lead to? The people had not used to be like that. Turning into the Briennerstrasse, where Conradi's picture gallery was situated, Herr Hessreiter had to restrain himself from walking with unseemly haste, so anxious was he to have another look at the pictures, on whose account he was doomed to sit with the five other Munich jurymen in the chief hall in the Courts of Justice.

At last he was in the picture gallery. He was hot, the coolness of the rooms was very pleasant. Herr Conradi, the proprietor, a smart, dark little man, gave an effusive greeting to his appreciative and opulent customer and led him at once to the pictures before which were standing a knot of spectators, on whom two burly persons were keeping a sharp eye. His private detectives, Herr Conradi explained; for the State police declined to be responsible for the safety of the pictures. In brisk, flowing sentences the proprietor went on: the action of the Bavarian government had given the pictures even more publicity than he had expected. Already he had received a whole list of respectable offers. It was amazing how Greiderer had awakened to find himself the fashion; people were visiting him and buying his pictures.

Herr Hessreiter knew Greiderer; in confidence, a mediocre painter. But a good fellow in company, with amiable, rustic manners. He could play quite difficult things on the mouth-organ, Brahms, for example, and "Der Rosenkavalier." He had often entertained the Tyrolean Café with these accomplishments.

Herr Conradi laughed. Of course, the gentlemen who frequented the Tyrolean Café, the old, established Munich painters with their safely staked-out claims in the history of art and their solid reputations with safe and solvent art buyers, were green with envy of the new competitor who had popped up so suddenly; for his pictures were appealing to the public just as much as theirs. Moreover Greiderer was talking of his success so naïvely, with such disarming gratitude, that nobody, except of course his competitors, grudged it to him. It was touching to see how he was trying to transform his old mother, to change the peasant ways she had learnt in a little medieval village into the manners of a city matron with a car, a chauffeur, and a companion, while the old lady fought tooth and nail against it.

Herr Hessreiter listened uneasily. Herr Conradi's quick, rattling, Berlin accent disturbed him; and he was relieved when that lively gentleman took himself off.

Herr Hessreiter went over and looked at Greiderer's picture. He understood how this "Crucifixion" might have irritated sensitive nerves. But, God knows, these gentlemen who were so shocked now had shown strong enough nerves on lots of other occasions, had weathered the War without visible damage, and had afterwards done or at least permitted things which demanded a certain cold-bloodedness in the leading actors. Moreover it was not at all unknown to him that in most galleries, and naturally therefore in the Munich one, there were a great number of representations of the crucified Saviour which were not exactly conspicuous for their inoffensiveness.

All the same it was remarkable, this painter Greiderer's success. Because that cretin Franz Flaucher couldn't stand Krüger, Greiderer had become a success and was trying to force his old mother to become a harassed lady of fashion instead of a contented peasant. No, that was not how things should be; there was something out of joint there.

And Anna Elisabeth Haider, the painter of the nude, she knew nothing of the stir that her picture was making now. She was dead; she had killed herself, poor, unhappy creature, and there was nothing left of her except this unsavoury law suit and this one picture. For she had been a queer character; she had destroyed all her paintings. And now the bad odour of all this gossip and this disgusting case clung to the one picture that Martin Krüger had rescued from her.

He regarded the self-portrait, and was deeply moved; he could not understand what there was in it to arouse indignation. What a people, who could consider a picture indecent simply because a woman had painted herself naked! The girl looked out with a forlorn and yet strained expression; her neck, not particularly slender, and portrayed quite without flattery, was lifted in a helpless and touching attitude; the soft breasts swam in a tender, milky atmosphere, and yet seemed firm. The whole was anatomically correct and yet poetical. He defied the fine gentlemen of the Academy to do anything as good.

Herr Conradi was beside him again chattering.

"What do you consider a reasonable price for the nude?" Herr Hessreiter interrupted brusquely. Herr Conradi looked at him in astonishment and uncertainty, lost his aplomb, could not think what to say, and named at last a high figure. "Mm," said Herr Hessreiter. "Thanks," he added after a pause, parted from Herr Conradi ceremoniously, and walked away.

In five minutes he came back and with an attempt at a casual tone said: "I'll buy the picture."

In spite of his dexterity Herr Conradi could not quite disguise his astonishment. This was not exactly pleasing to Herr Hessreiter. If even Conradi stared his surprise, what would Frau von Radolny, what would all Munich say, when they heard that he had bought this picture? Of course, his buying the picture was a demonstration. The Krüger case and everything connected with it was obnoxious to him. It was this feeling that had made him turn back and buy the picture. But to show off in such a blatant way before others, was that not a little in bad taste? Would it not have been sufficient to demonstrate firmly, but in private, to oneself, and come to one's own conclusions?

Uncertain and a little depressed he remained standing beside the discreetly silent Herr Conradi. "I'm buying the picture at the request of a friend," he said at last, "and I should be obliged if meantime you would say nothing about my part in it." Herr Conradi was so earnest in his assurances, that both his incredulity and his discretion were proclaimed to heaven. Then vexed, defiant, cursing himself for his cowardice, but rather pleased with his courage, Herr Hessreiter proceeded to the Courts of Justice and sat down in his place in full sight of the President of the Supreme Court and of the man Krüger, and in the same row as Dirmoser, the purveyor by appointment to the Royal Family, Feichtinger, the classical teacher, Lechner, the antique dealer, von Dellmaier, the insurance agent, and Cortesi, the postman.

VI. EVIDENCE FROM NO. 94 KATHARINENSTRASSE

Dr. Hartl, President of the Supreme Court, proceeded to an examination of the occupants of the house in which the dead girl, Anna Elisabeth Haider, had lived. Fräulein Haider had had a studio at 94 Katharinenstrasse. 94 Katharinenstrasse was a shabby tenement occupied by shopkeepers, people in a small way, clerks and manual workers.

Fräulein Haider had not been an independent tenant, but a sub-tenant of Frau Beradt, wife of a Councillor, whose son had been an artist, killed in the War. Frau Beradt's evidence regarding the deceased Fräulein Haider was very tart in tone. Differences had soon arisen between her and the Fräulein. The Fräulein was disorderly in her habits, slovenly and dirty, came in at all hours, cooked food and made tea in spite of insurance regulations prohibiting the use of fire in the studio, was very unpunctual in her payments, and received questionable and rowdy visitors. When the acquaintance with the accused began Frau Beradt (as she affirmed now in a sharp voice) had at once given notice to the lady to leave. But unfortunately there were laws at that time protecting sub-tenants; it had ended in a long-drawn-out action before the House-Letting Commission, and Frau Beradt had not succeeded in getting rid of her troublesome tenant. Dr. Krüger had come very often at first, almost every day, and she, like everybody else at 94, had been indignant at the scandalous relations between the gentleman and Fräulein Haider. What grounds had she for drawing the inference, asked Dr. Geyer, that these relations were other than merely friendly? Reddening, the Councillor's lady declared, after a good deal of humming and hawing, that the lady and the gentleman had laughed together in a familiar and even intimate manner, also that Dr. Krüger had several times had his arm in the lady's, or round her shoulders, or round her neck, on the stairs, which was not usual with a couple who were not on intimate terms. Further, Frau Beradt went on to inform them, shrieks of laughter had come from the studio, little screams, whispering, and even scandalous noises. Was the studio's situation such that Fräulein Haider's neighbours would be bound to hear? It was true, there had been a room between, declared the Councillor's lady, but when one was wide awake in the night, and when one had as keen a sense of hearing as she, then one was bound to hear these sounds very distinctly. Was bound to hear or was enabled to hear? asked Dr. Geyer, flushing slightly and carefully controlling himself, his eyes flashing unpleasantly behind his glasses. Here the windbag of the jury, von Dellmaier, gave a laugh, but immediately relapsed into silence on receiving a reproachful glance from his colleague the postman, and a look of blank astonishment from the classical teacher.

Whether Dr. Krüger had been with the Fräulein on the night in question, the Councillor's lady could not say after such a long time. In any case she had on different occasions distinctly seen or heard the gentleman arriving and leaving at unseemly hours.

The other witnesses spoke in the same strain. There had been a great deal of whispering about the lady. She had been a very slatternly creature, badly dressed, neglectful of her appearance. That was why she had painted herself naked, tittered a journalist. Often her eyes frightened you. One could never speak naturally to her. All the children about the place, it was true, had been fond of her; although she was badly off she was always giving them sweets and fruit. But on the whole she was very unpopular, especially after she had taken in a mangy, stray cat, which had immediately infected another cat in the house with distemper. That she had intimate relations with Dr. Krüger was a generally accepted belief. The gossipping middle-class matrons, some of them dried up, some fat and blowsy, who populated the house, were most indignant of all at the fact that the girl had never so much as attempted to conceal the fact.

The juryman Feichtinger, classical teacher by vocation, stared at the witnesses attentively from behind his glasses, with pale watery eyes which showed no comprehension. With conscientious diligence he set himself to follow the evidence; but, slow of understanding as he was painstaking, he was never able quite to see what was the purport of the different questions and answers. He was unable in particular to establish what was the precise relation of the different depositions to the main case. Everything went too fast, the procedure was too hastily modern for him. He bit his nails, often mechanically corrected a sentence construction in thought, and with his pale eyes gazed at the mouth of witness after witness. Juryman Cortesi, by occupation a postman, wondered how many flats there were at 94 Katharinenstrasse. It did not seem a very big house, and yet a great many people seemed to live in it. Which of his colleagues could it be that went the round in this lower part of Katharinenstrasse just now? He remembered that once there had been an unpleasant story of a letter addressed to 94; it had been received by the daughter of the addressee and never delivered to him, and the postman of course had got into trouble.

The juryman Cajetan Lechner was very restless, kept stroking his long side-whiskers with his hand, and pulling out his checked handkerchief and blowing his nose and sighing. It was not only on account of the heat. The whole affair touched him intimately. Of course as a respectable citizen he was resolved to send Krüger to prison: for you must have law and order. But that did not prevent him from having a certain sympathy with the Bohemian. His own business touched on the province of art; he knew how to restore somewhat damaged old furniture in a fashion that made him prized by connoisseurs, and he came a great deal in contact with Bohemians, and had often had glimpses into their life. And his daughter Anni had relations, had an "amour," with a man whom, whether or no, he had to regard as a Bohemian. He wrangled daily with Anni over it, sometimes pretty violently; but at bottom he was tolerant. He was a man of experience, was Cajetan Lechner. Often at the annual fair, when he was going the round of the second-hand furniture booths, a piece of furniture would look quite well-preserved, as if it would still last another twenty or thirty years. But if you examined it carefully, it proved of no use, worm-eaten, and it was a miracle, a swindle, that it held together. Life was complicated; even with a big-wig like Dr. Krüger it wasn't always a simple business, especially when one was by nature a Bohemian in a sense. Juryman Lechner gazed at the accused out of his watery blue eyes, stroked his side-whiskers, sniffed, blew his nose in his checked handkerchief, and sighed.

Juryman Paul Hessreiter followed the depositions regarding the dead girl with an unmotivated but passionate interest. His small mouth hung slightly open, and this gave his plump face a somewhat foolish look.

Dirmoser, sitting next to him, threw him a side-glance now and then. Being a juryman in this stupid case was merely an annoying formality for him. He would have gladly got out of it; but he was afraid that might damage his good name as a citizen and a tradesman, just as it would if he were to absent himself from the funeral of a good customer. He suffered from the heat and his thoughts wandered; but, fortunately, for such occasions he had schooled himself to assume an official, alert look, which he could keep up for a long time without fatigue. It was disgusting that the chief saleswoman in his branch in Theresienstrasse had chosen to report herself sick now; probably the stupid goose had been gorging herself on ices again. And now his wife would have to look after both shops quite by herself. That was particularly inconvenient, for Pepi, their two-year-old, was ailing again, and no dependence could be put on the new maid. While he thought this, he mechanically regarded a pair of thread gloves which a woman witness had on; they were from a Baden factory; he should have asked that factory for a longer extension of credit.

The inmates of number 94 Katharinenstrasse could honestly affirm only that Dr. Krüger had been on several occasions at night in the lady's studio. But when or how, whether alone or in company with others, none of the witnesses dared assert with certainty.

The accused stuck to his first and positive declaration. He had been on terms of good friendship with Anna Elisabeth Haider, and had often been in her house, and she too in his. On the night in question he had seen her home from the party, but then had driven away in the same taxi. His relations with Anna Elisabeth Haider had not been of a sexual character. His evidence at the disciplinary examination regarding the dead girl had been true point for point; he stuck to it absolutely.

In spite of his long detention the accused today looked fresh and buoyant. His massive head with the strong jaw, the fleshy salient nose, the voluptuous mouth, was certainly paler, the outlines sharper; but he followed the windings of the case with all his attention; and it obviously cost him some pains to obey his lawyer's advice and remain calm, and keep from striking in with vigour. For the petty, middle-class housewives who gave evidence against him he had only a hasty glance of contemptuous indifference. Only once, during the evidence of Frau Beradt, did he give a sign of springing to his feet; but the look he turned on her was so menacing that the nervous lady drew back with a little scream.

Perhaps everything would have gone better if Krüger had oftener met Frau Beradt's fabrications about the dead girl with a like display of indignation instead of with his particularly irritating contemptuous indifference. It is true that Krüger's violent attitude drew a mild reprimand from the Judge, but the women did not look at him any longer with the same exasperated spite with which they had reacted to his unresponsive arrogance.

VII. THE MAN IN CELL 134

On the evening of this day the man Krüger sat alone in his cell. Cell 134 was fairly small and bleak, but gave no special cause for complaint. It was eight minutes to nine o'clock. At nine the light would go out, and one's thoughts became heavier and more oppressive when the light was out.

During the first days of his confinement Martin Krüger had fought desperately against it. He had shouted; his large-featured face had become nothing but a raging mouth beneath insane eyes. With his hairy hands clenched into fists he had hammered and hammered against the door of the cell.

When Dr. Geyer had at last managed by firmness to quiet down Krüger's frenzy, he told the exhausted man that he had little sympathy with such outbursts. He himself, Geyer, had learnt in a hard school how to control himself. That was not easy, when one came to know the whole compass of the injustice and imposture practised in this town, as he did. What was happening to Krüger had happened to thousands; worse things happened to thousands, and screaming was certainly not the proper remedy for it. He lashed his dazed client with his sharp, nervous voice, glaring at him with piercing blue eyes through his thick glasses until Krüger had pulled himself together again. Yes, it was extraordinary how uncomplainingly the pampered Krüger bore the privations of confinement. He had been accustomed to all sorts of comforts, but now the man who had always had his bath heated just to the right degree, and who had been fastidious to a fault about the arrangement of his rooms, endured without complaint his bare existence in the prison cell.

When he was alone the man Krüger sometimes fell sheer from that mood of mocking superiority, in which he treated his confinement as an unpleasant temporary episode, into rage and depression. During these two days in the court he had kept up his spirits by telling himself that the whole business was not to be taken seriously. They wouldn't dare to condemn, on such puerile evidence, one who had such a high reputation among German historians of art as he had. He came of a Baden family, and it was difficult for him to credit the slimy, tenacious methods by which the heavy inhabitants of the Bavarian plateau settled with anyone they hated. He could not understand how a zealous Public Prosecutor could construe a legally comprehensible case out of the sordid tittle-tattle of petty middle-class women, how the honest draper Dirmoser and the honest postman Cortesi could make such rubbish the occasion for locking him up.

But today, during the examination of Frau Beradt, when the pitiable history of Anna Elisabeth Haider had been so foully blackened, in a flash the peril of his position among these Bavarians had become fearfully real to him. He understood all at once why Dr. Geyer was so completely and terribly in earnest. Of course, he had been letting his vivid imagination play round his martyrdom, calling up pictures of what it would mean; the renunciation of all his pleasant everyday avocations, the renunciation of pictures and conversations with music-lovers, the renunciation of women, of tastefully arranged dinners, and of his comforting morning bath. He had even gone the length of heightening the pictures with a sentimental delight in contrast. Outside it was June, and people were stretching themselves now on the sunlit sand beside the sea, flirting in boats, rushing along white roads in dusty cars, or drinking wine, their limbs pleasantly tired, in huts among mountain peaks. Meanwhile this was going to be his existence: bare grey walls, a few square feet of floor-space, every morning brownish water in a tin can, every day the surly, ill-smelling warders with their humiliating authority, a half-hour's walk in the prison yard, then the bare grey walls again till nine o'clock; then lights out. And so on for a year, and then for another fifty-two weeks, and then perhaps for another endless three hundred and sixty-five days. Yet all the time, even during his attacks of frenzy, he had only been playing with these ideas. But when this forenoon they confronted him for the first time as immediate realities which could not be driven away, his throat had become dry, all the strength had left his limbs, and a hollow, sick sensation had risen up over him.

There were still four and a half minutes before the light went out. He waited in fear for the full hour, sitting on his plank-bed, around him a table, a chair, a water jug, an enamelled basin for his food, and a white bucket for his needs. His hands were lying on his knees, and his jaw slightly hanging; he certainly did not look dangerous now.

He had not seen the girl Anna Elisabeth Haider after the unhappy creature had killed herself. He had been in Spain at the time, putting the finishing touches to his book on Spanish painting, and he was very glad that he had had nothing to do with her last unhappy phase. It was strange that anyone should commit suicide: that had always been incomprehensible to him; he had refused to think about such things. But now, on the 4th of June, at three minutes to nine, they would not be refused. The image of the dead girl would not leave cell 134, although the light was still on, and although his thoughts were needed for something more important, namely for fighting this immeasurably stupid case.

He had not lied. He had really not gone up with the girl to her flat that evening; and had never slept with her. Under Dr. Geyer's sharp, penetrating gaze he had explained why he had never done so. It was really by pure chance that he had not slept with her as he had done with other women. At the outset some external cause or other had made it inconvenient. Then she had painted that picture and, why he did not exactly know, the impulse had left him. The picture had been there instead, too real, he said to Dr. Geyer.

He saw her before him, skipping down the stairs—she skipped too much for a woman so heavily built—her face broad and round, really the face of a peasant girl, with thick, fair hair, never properly cared for; her eyes were grey, with a profound and absent expression which disturbed one in a face otherwise so naïve. Being friends with her had not been a simple matter; she was terribly estranged from life, absolutely indifferent to externals so long as she could keep going on, and slovenly to such an extent that her neglected appearance was compromising. On the top of all this she had attacks of recurrent sensuality, which in their violence had been very embarrassing to him. But in spite of those hateful inconveniences his sure æsthetic instinct had been attracted by the determination with which she followed her art, groping her way forward with difficulty in the confusion of her days but with unerring sureness. For this heavy, disagreeable woman, who was the exact image of what the town meant by a Bohemian, and who struggled to make an indigent livelihood on the bad and irregular pay of a drawing teacher in one of the state schools, this women he considered one of the rare born artists of the age. She created painfully, with desperate deadlocks and collapses; she destroyed again and again what she had done; her aim, her methods were almost incomprehensible; but he divined in them the unswerving, the unique, the mature. Perhaps it was just her artistic genius that had made it impossible to take her as a mistress, as he had taken so many other women. This had made her suffer; it was because of the unaccountable passivity of his relations to her that she had taken up with a pretty numerous collection of lovers. Until at last her neglect of her school-duties, and especially the purchase of her picture by the State (which he had engineered), provoked the disciplinary inquiry regarding her in the course of which he had sworn that fatal and quite superfluous oath.

For, of course, as anybody in this country might have foreseen, she was condemned in spite of his favourable testimony. He had gone to Spain, not waiting for the issue of the inquiry or taking any precautions against the outcome, which all the same he might have foreseen if he had had more practical knowledge of the world. It was of course understandable that, once he had shaken himself free for some time from his duties in Germany, he should want to have quiet and devote himself to his work, and that he should refuse to have letters forwarded to him. But it was also understandable that after writing to him several times in vain, and not knowing where to turn, she should put an end to herself by turning on the gas. When he came back she was dust and ashes. Frau Beradt, with whom he had an unwilling interview about the disposal of the writings and paintings left at her death, had shown great hostility; the only relative there was was a sister who evinced little sympathy. The written matter, Frau Beradt said, had been confiscated by the legal authorities. A few drawings were there still; the deceased, it was well known, had destroyed all her paintings. One of the attendants at the National Galleries reported that Fräulein Haider had stood for some time there in front of her own picture on the very day before her death; her queer state had drawn his attention and when, disturbed by her wild looks, he had made an attempt to speak to her, she had finished by giving him an uncalled-for tip of two marks. That tip annoyed Frau Beradt exceedingly. For the deceased had left many debts to be settled. She had died without paying her rent, also she had ruined lots of things in the rooms she had used, so that the cost of the repairs was still to be paid, not to mention the gas bill which her very last action had increased considerably.

There was still half a minute till nine o'clock. Dr. Krüger could not succeed in calling up her real image. He strove almost desperately to think of her sprawling untidily on the sofa with a cigarette or tripping along the street with absurdly mincing steps, quite slowly, a tense look on her face, and without an umbrella though it was raining; or hanging on his arm, relaxed and yet strangely heavy, when she was dancing. But it was the picture which always appeared before him; there was nothing of her there but the picture.

The light went out, the air in the cell was heavy, his hands were hot, the blankets chafed him and made him uncomfortable. He pulled the neck of his pyjamas higher. His breathing was troubled. He closed his eyes, colours swam before him; he opened them again and lay in the oppressive darkness.

He was too soft, he hadn't enough energy; that was the cause of all the trouble. Atavistic, superstitious notions thronged on him in the darkness. All this was a punishment, a visitation. He had let things take their course, he had followed too easy a line. He had avoided the duties which his gifts laid on him. Things had gone too well with him, that was it. Everything had been made too easy for him. He had been seldom in need of money; he had good looks; the women had spoiled him; his talent had pleased; his style was flexible, fitting intimately and lightly the artistic subjects he wanted to elucidate. His more acid, less agreeable intuitions he had kept to himself. True, there was not a word in his books which he could not have upheld with a good conscience, but much was not there which would have been uncomfortable to hear and disagreeable to utter. There had been intuitions which he had divined, but which he had never acknowledged to himself, and still less to others. He had only one real friend, Kaspar Pröckl, an engineer in a motor car factory who had pronounced views on politics and art, a gloomy, unkempt man full of fanaticism and will-power. Kaspar Pröckl had often upbraided him for his spiritual indolence, and under the searching gaze of this young man, who was very devoted to him, Martin Krüger often seemed an impostor to himself.

But had he not confessed his faith? Had he not borne witness to it? If he was sitting here, was it not because he had borne witness, because he had stood by the pictures which he held to be fine?

Quite so. But how about "Joseph and His Brethren?" It had been an intricate business, and at the beginning he had really behaved very well. Someone had sent him a photograph of the picture, and made a great fuss, a sort of mystery about it. The painter was a sick man, it was said, very shy and difficult to handle: and only with difficulty had he been kept from destroying the picture. The photograph had been taken without his knowledge, certainly against his wishes. Mistakenly convinced of his own impotence, and of the senselessness of any artistic activity in this age, the painter had buried himself in some idiotic job as a subordinate technical clerk in an industrial undertaking. An intervention by Martin Krüger, whose books were known to the painter, would mean a lot to him.

Filled with enthusiasm for the picture, he, Krüger, had taken up the matter immediately. He had not been able to secure an interview with the painter. But he had secured the picture. He had seriously endangered his postion by putting an alternative to the Ministry, either to accept his resignation or to buy the picture. Then, when they had pointed triumphantly to its prohibitive price, he had taken great trouble to persuade Reindl, the motor car manufacturer, little as he liked him, to put down his name for a large sum. Up to this point he could vouch for his conduct. But what about it later? He had always shrunk from thinking of his later conduct; had compounded with himself by vague excuses. Now, in the darkness of cell 134, oppressed and perspiring, he clenched his teeth, reconstructed the story, and forced himself to face the whole of it.

This was what had happened. Once the picture was in the Gallery, he had relaxed. While he had found suitable praise for mediocre early Spanish painters, the right words to describe "Joseph and His Brethren" had never come to him. He had contented himself with the usual drivel. It should have been his business to make others understand this work as he had understood it, to paint it again in words, so that they might see it. But he had been too lazy, concentration was painful, and to translate the picture of "Justice" into words meant an expenditure of nervous energy. But that had been laziness merely, venial neglect; the utterly unforgivable thing had happened afterwards. When the new Minister Flaucher took office, dull-witted fool that he was, he had thrown all his energies into getting the picture removed from the Gallery. Krüger had then been offered a long holiday. It had been welcome, for it gave him the chance of recasting fundamentally his book on the Spaniards. But when he returned "Joseph and His Brethren, or Justice" had disappeared, exchanged for a few unexceptionable paintings, which served excellently, it could not be denied, to cover the walls. He had known this would happen before he went on his holiday. Not a word had been said, but he had known that he had made a bargain, by which he was assured his holiday as a *quid pro quo* for his passive consent to this act of gross treachery.

Although he put this bluntly to himself, after the event, lying in cell 134, he kicked against the revelation. Hosts of things had demanded his attention daily. Lots of things that he should have done, and hadn't done. One wasn't the Lord God, one was only a man with two hands, a heart and a brain, and it sufficed if one did a part of what had to be done. "A part," he growled to himself, "a part, not all." But the plausibility of the phrase did not dispel his consciousness that it was false. The face of his young friend, Kaspar Pröckl, rose before him; he saw that haggard unshaven face with the deep-set eyes and the strong cheek-bones. He felt hopeless, and turned on to his other side.

But what the devil had the "Joseph and His Brethren" affair to do with this accursed law suit? He must be getting confoundedly nervous if he was beginning to concern himself with mythological conceptions like guilt, atonement, and Providence. Would any other man have done better in the same circumstances? No, probably not. But he himself might. The man who had first sent him the reproduction of the picture, and then, after its disappearance, had written him that passionate and insulting letter, had been perfectly right. At the time he had flung the letter with a stupidly superior smile into the waste-paper basket. But the writer had been just; he was a wicked man, he was a lazy man. He had not used his gifts to their full extent. Whoever didn't do that was a lazy man.

The regular step of the warder going along the corridor outside his door came to him. He could hear nine footfalls quite distinctly, then nine fainter ones, then they died away.

Yes, he was a lazy man, a bad man; it was right that he should be on his trial, even if Dirmoser, the purveyor, and Lechner, the furniture dealer, didn't guess why. For he had known quite well what "Joseph and His Brethren" demanded of him. It was obviously not a rounded and consummate masterpiece. But he had had the opportunity to bring before the public a painter such as appears perhaps only once in a generation; he had recognized this opportunity, and, out of love for his comfort, had let it pass.

Had he not once half in jest—what had he not done half in jest?—drawn up the scale of values which he lived by? Yes, once on a rainy day among the Bavarian foothills, walking with Johanna in the peaceful garden of a royal castle, he had explained this scale to her. He still remembered it quite clearly. The neatly trimmed garden was filled with mythological figures in the taste of Versailles. He had seated himself stridelegs on one of those wooden monsters. For it was not in the season and it was towards evening, and they were the only visitors. And so, from the wooden back of the mythological beast he had elaborated his scale of values for this life. First, at the foot, were the comforts, the countless amenities of everyday life. Then, somewhat higher up, there was travel, the delight in the manifold variety of this world. Then, still a step higher, stood women and all kinds of refined pleasures. And still a grade higher was success. Yes, success was good, success tasted sweet. Yet all these things were on the lower reaches. Up above them stood his friend, Kaspar Pröckl, and she herself, Johanna Krain. But quite honestly, even that was not the final grade. The final, the highest, was his work.

Johanna had listened pensively, standing below in the light rain. But before she could reply, a park keeper had come with a big dog, and had asked threateningly what he was doing up there on the work of art; riding on works of art was strictly forbidden. And

Martin Krüger had clambered down from his wooden mythological beast; he had his card with him, and the keeper had had to stand stiffly at attention before the Director of the National Galleries, and had submissively acknowledged that for the examination of this kind of work of art it was necessary to ride upon it.

Yes, it was extraordinary that Johanna Krain should have borne with him for almost four years. He saw her before him, her face, broad and pale, the skin stretched very tightly, her brownish, rebellious hair caught in a knot in defiance of the fashion, her dark eyebrows over her large, grey candid eyes. It was extraordinary that she should have endured him for so long in the clear atmosphere which surrounded her. One didn't need to be as straightforward and clever as Johanna Krain to recognize even from his behaviour in the matter of "Joseph and His Brethren" how flabby and accommodating he was. Yes, that was his way, to fling himself into a project with wild enthusiasm, and then, when it became a matter of persevering, of sticking to his guns, to become vague, to compromise and give way.

Suddenly without warning he was overcome by an intense desire to see Johanna. He had scanned the rows of people in the court, hoping to find her strong, pale face. Probably it had only been some pettifogging legal reasons advanced by that disagreeable fellow Geyer that had kept her away. All the same she must on no account appear as a witness. He didn't want her to appear as a witness. He had told his lawyer that two or three times already. He did not want Johanna to be mixed up in this filthy business, which stuck like pitch to everybody concerned.

But the man in cell 134 knew that it would be an acutely bitter disappointment to him if Dr. Geyer were actually to obey him and dispense with Johanna Krain. He could not keep himself from picturing again and again with lightning quickness Johanna giving her evidence in that unconcerned voice of hers. It would be splendid to see Johanna giving the fools a piece of her mind, and the case collapsing into its fatuous nothingness, and then everybody coming forward to apologize. Dr. Flaucher first of all, the poor square-headed ass. Oh, he wouldn't gloat over his enemy.

Quite undramatically, with a faint, superior smile, almost with cordiality he would take the repentant old fool's hand, content to know that henceforth he would have to be granted greater independence in his job.

All the same it was a torment that he wasn't allowed to see Johanna during these days. The prudent Dr. Geyer, always too much of an opportunist, probably thought that it would weaken the effect of her evidence if it was found out that meanwhile she had been a great deal with him. That Johanna's presence would bring him an influx of strength, of course the lawyer took no account of that. It was almost with hatred that Krüger thought of the lawyer's clear, penetrating eyes behind their thick glasses.

But that Johanna had stuck so long and so close to him was a great help. Yes, he had once been found wanting. But he would repair his fault and make a new start, he would furbish up his arms, and then, when he was well out of this sad business, he would be himself again at last. He would hunt out the picture of "Joseph and His Brethren" again, even if it was in farthest Siberia; what was more important, he would unearth this man Landholzer. He would associate himself with young Kaspar Pröckl; he would emerge from his invertebrate state, he would work.

Again the footsteps of the warder. Nine loud steps, nine fainter ones, and then the sound died away. But the turn his thoughts had taken made him chafe less in the coarse blankets, and he could even lie comfortably on his left side again, without anxiety about his asthma. His natural fatigue triumphed over his fear of the darkness and the cell, and he fell asleep with a faint contented smile on his lips.

VIII. DR. GEYER, THE BARRISTER, MAKES A RECOMMENDATION

Every day, including Sunday which was supposed to be a holiday, Dr. Siegbert Geyer the barrister had himself called on the stroke of eight by his housekeeper. And on this Sunday too he had the prospect of a busy day in front of him. He had to interview the witness Johanna Krain, and he must put in an appearance at the Tyrolean Café (which served as a kind of neutral club every Sunday morning for all the politicians of the small country), in order to keep his none too adroit colleagues of the party from making bad breaks. But above all he had to work at his manuscript. *A History of Injustice in Bavaria from the Armistice of 1918 to the Present Day*. For it had to be kept going. He must not endanger it by shelving it for too long.

As the housekeeper's loud shrill tones aroused him, he forced his reluctant limbs by an effort of will out of his bed. In the bath, however, he allowed his thoughts to wander from the path of strict logic to which he had disciplined himself.

Did anybody realize what it cost him daily to achieve anew his famous air of superior composure, to get his clear intellect going and to keep it working all day at full pressure? He was really made for a meditative life, not for all this hustling activity. It would be glorious to retire into the country, free from professional and political cares, and to concentrate on writing theoretical works about politics.

Would he find leisure today to add anything to his *History of Injustice?* It was damned difficult to detach one's thoughts from the Krüger case and from oneself. If he was to make anything of the book, he must call a halt at some time or other and escape into solitude for a month or two.

Ah, he knew what would be the outcome of that. As he rocked himself lazily in the warm water a wry smile hovered about his thin lips at the thought of his earlier attempts to escape from himself. After two weeks of country quietness he always began to pine for his letters, his newspapers, his legal and political conferences. He wanted to be in the Law Courts, to be speaking in Parliament and to see rows of people hanging upon his words. Well as he knew the hollowness of such triumphs, it was too difficult to renounce them.

Dr. Geyer rocked himself in the bath; his limbs floated gently in the clear greenish water. He thought of his book, *Law, Politics,* *and History,* the great book which he was going to write some day. He thought with affection of some definition he had constructed, which seemed to him particularly happy; he shut his eyes and smiled. The subject had been in his mind ever since he was a student. He knew that *Law, Politics, and History* would be a good book; there would be more and weightier matter in it than anything he would ever be able to say before a jury or in Parliament. It would also reach a better audience than judges and members of Parliament, it might perhaps even influence someone who could translate his thoughts into deeds. He had already gathered his material, and planned his book; but he kept on classifying the material and year after year altering the plan and general scope of the book, always putting off the actual working out which would demand all his resources. Finally he had set about writing the smaller book, the *History of Injustice in Bavaria,* lulling his self-reproaches with the excuse that this was after all a preliminary sketch for the great work. Yet in secret, not only as now in his bath, but in quiet moments of realization, he knew that he would never be able to write his great work, that he would fritter away his life between law suits and petty political intrigues, that like a fool he would give up his great task for the small change of a busy existence.

He rubbed his fair delicate skin with a cold friction brush, and towelled himself. The sharp aggressive glitter came back into his eyes. Fatuous, theoretical reveries. It wasn't good for him to stay too long in the warm water. He had to pull his wits together and concentrate on the defence of Krüger.

Krüger's sanguine and undisciplined character annoyed him profoundly. But however he disliked this particular victim of injustice, and hopeless as it was to champion justice against a State which did not want to be just, none the less it was a good thing to make a stand, to do something, to set an individual case full in the glare of publicity.

He breakfasted hastily, carelessly cramming large pieces of bread into his mouth, and munching vigorously. Agnes, the housekeeper, a bony creature with a yellow face, scolded him as she came and went: he should eat slowly, that kind of thing wasn't good for him. And of course he had gone and put on that impossible old suit again, instead of the new one she had laid out for him. He sat in a slouching, uncomfortable attitude, turning a deaf ear to her, and munched on, beslobbering his clothes, running his eye over the newspaper cuttings which his head clerk had marked and sent on to him. His glance was once more quick, cool, and critical as in the law courts. His photograph was in several of the newspapers. He looked at it, at the thin hooked nose, the sharp prominent cheek bones, the somewhat tensely out-thrust chin. No doubt about it, he was now classed among the three or four barristers of the very first rank in Bavaria. He ought to have left this second-rate town and gone to Berlin. Nobody understood why he contented himself with his seat in the provincial Parliament, and why he did not plunge into national politics. On the face of it he had lost himself in the absorption of his stupid struggles with that pretentious duodecimo dictator, Klenk, and of his trumpery little triumphs in the country.

Unfolding a fresh newspaper, he winced suddenly with the same start of alarm as in the law courts when the sight of von Dellmaier's fatuous and disreputable smile in the jury-box had discomposed him. It was a Berlin morning paper which he had taken up, and its cartoonist had drawn a daring and brilliant row of portraits of the jury in the Krüger case. They were heads of hopeless mediocrity; the artist had caught their stupidity in a few merciless and convincing strokes, and right in the foreground, large and overshadowing two others, he had set the face of the insurance agent von Dellmaier, that lean, arrogant, fatuous face which the barrister had to look at day after day. It always upset his hardly won equanimity. For wherever this Dellmaier was to be found, Erich was not far off; these youngsters, so unreliable in everything else, could be relied on as inseparables. Yes, Erich. The advocate had thought out everything involved in the Erich-complex, had cleared it up and laid it aside. It was settled once and for all. Yet he knew that if the boy were to appear before him now—and some day or other he would stand before him and speak—in that moment nothing at all would be settled. He sat with the paper in one hand, the other hand holding a half-eaten roll suspended in mid-air. He sat staring at the cartoon, at the three or four strokes which sketched the juryman's mocking and impudent face. Then with a jerk he turned his eyes away from the paper, and forbade himself to think any longer of Dellmaier, and certainly not of Dellmaier's friend and comrade, Erich, his boy, his son.

While he was still bolting his breakfast, Johanna Krain came in. As she walked into the room with her quick, firm step, her well-moulded and athletic figure set off by a cream-coloured costume, and as he looked at her calm, broad, clear-skinned face, the barrister was struck by her resemblance to someone he did not want to remember. He wondered, as he always did whenever he saw her, what it was that bound this strong, decided girl to such a changeable man as Krüger.

Johanna asked if she might have the window opened. The June air came into the stuffy, uncomfortable room, and Johanna sat down on one of the narrow stiff-backed chairs which were cheerlessly ranged in it. Dr. Geyer, usually impervious to such suggestions, realized for the fleeting part of a second that a man might actually think of making his home less dingy.

Johanna, her steady blue-grey eyes fixed upon him, begged him to go on with his breakfast, and listened attentively while he expounded the progress of the law suit. He looked at her only now and then with his sharp, inquisitive glance, breaking up his bread and crumbling it in heaps, as he explained that the statement of Ratzenberger, the chauffeur, had as good as queered the whole case. With any other kind of court it might perhaps have been possible to challenge the credibility of the chauffeur; but this court would never allow the circumstances in which his statement was made to be called in question.

"And my statement?" asked Johanna, after a short pause.

The advocate shot a brief glance at her and then spooned into his egg, while he formulated what she had told him earlier. "So you want to make a deposition that Martin Krüger on the night in question, the evening of the 23rd of February, came to your room and spent the night in your bed?" Johanna said nothing. "I don't need to tell you," continued the lawyer, darting another keen look at Johanna through his thick spectacles, "that there's nothing much to be gained by it. The fact that Dr. Krüger spent the night with you does not in itself invalidate the chauffeur's statement."

"Can he be credited . . . ?"

"He will be credited," answered the lawyer dryly. "I consider it wiser to rule out your statement. Dr. Krüger's visit to you during the night does not exclude the possibility of an earlier visit to Fräulein Haider. The prosecution will naturally take up the attitude that you were only his second string." Johanna said nothing, but knitted her broad white brow into three painful furrows. The lawyer went on crumbling his bread. "I don't believe that your statement would have any influence on the judge and the jury. On the other hand it might conceivably tell against the defendant if it were proved that he had relations with you too. A statement like that would be unpleasant for you," he added, again darting a glance at her, and speaking in a clear voice. "You would be cross-examined about the particulars. I recommend you to refrain from making a statement."

"I want to make the statement," said the girl obstinately, looking into his face; always when she looked at anyone she turned her whole head. "I want to make the statement," she repeated. "I can't believe that . . ."

"You've lived long enough in this town," interrupted the lawyer impatiently, "to know with mathematical certainty what effect your statement will have." Johanna looked sullen. Her strong, firmly cut red mouth stood out vividly in her olive pale face. The lawyer pointed out that Krüger himself did not want her to make the statement.

"Oh, that's only a gesture," said Johanna, with a sudden flicker of amusement. "However badly he wants anything, he always puts up a polite resistance and has to be forced to accept it."

Dr. Siegbert Geyer usually quite unappreciative of such gestures, felt a sudden inclination to approve of Krüger's attitude in this particular case.

"Of course I should do my utmost," Dr. Geyer said, "to make as much capital as possible out of your statement. You are a brave woman," he added, with a rather wry smile, for he was not accustomed to paying compliments. "So you are fully aware that it will be an unpleasant ordeal for you?" he shot at her again, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes," said Johanna Krain, with a rebellious sniff. "I'll stand up to it."

"But all the same, I suggest that you refrain from a statement," insisted the lawyer obstinately. "There is really nothing to be gained by it."

Agnes the housekeeper came in, large and bony, with a sallow, prematurely wrinkled face; her shrewish black eyes were full of suspicious curiosity as she examined the robust young visitor. She fussily cleared away the dishes, cheap blue patternware from The South German Ceramics, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son, and changed the cloth, while Dr. Geyer and Johanna remained silent.

When she had gone out again, "Can you remember," asked the lawyer suddenly, "when it was that Dr. Krüger came to your house that evening? The exact hour I mean." Johanna reflected. "It's a long time ago," she said. "I am aware of that," returned Dr. Geyer. "But, you see, in spite of that, Ratzenberger the chauffeur can remember exactly what time it was. I asked him when Dr. Krüger left his car, and he said just after two o'clock. Nobody had stressed that point, but it's in the deposition."

"I'll try to revive my memory," said Johanna Krain slowly. "If by any chance I should happen to remember that Martin Krüger was in my room before two o'clock—?" she reflected, thinking furiously.

"Then, to say the least of it, the chauffeur's evidence would be severely shaken," was the lawyer's quick reply. He picked up a newspaper and unfolded it, so that the cartoon sprang into view, with the heads of the other jurymen and the fatuous face of von Dellmaier. "But probably even then they would believe the chauffeur rather than you," he added, and carefully folded the newspaper up again. "In any case your statement would still have some point."

"I'll try to revive my memory," said Johanna, getting up. There she stood with her broad face, her clear undaunted eyes above her obstinate nose, her strong mouth, a tall Bavarian girl determined to help her thoughtless friend out of his stupid scrape, even if it meant peril.

"But, everything considered," insisted the lawyer, "I recommend you to refrain from making a statement. Especially if you cannot recollect the exact hour." Johanna laid her large and somewhat coarse hand in the fine, delicate hand of the lawyer, and departed.

From the window of the neighbouring room the yellow face of Agnes the housekeeper, under its mat of black hair, peered after her, resentfully noting the firmness and strength of her carriage as she walked through the June sunlight in her well-fitting cream costume.

Dr. Geyer sat in pathetic listlessness at the table strewn with its disarray of newspapers. That girl was far too good for Krüger. And although she was a Bavarian, with a broad Bavarian face and an unmistakably broad Bavarian accent, still there was a certain resemblance. But he wouldn't think about that; he wouldn't think about the boy, or the boy's mother. She was dead; it was an old story now. He had finished with it all.

He rose with a little sigh. Then he noticed that he had made a horrible mess of his coat, and rang the bell. Agnes came rushing in. He shouted at her that she was always nosing about when she wasn't wanted, and never on the spot when she was wanted. In a shrill, nervous voice she retorted that the least he could do was to put on the right suit which she had laid out for him. But his attention had already wandered, and he sat down again and scribbled notes, or it might have been only scrawls, on the margin of one of the newspapers.

Long after the housekeeper had gone he was still sitting there. His eyes were smarting, and he kept his inflamed lids shut behind his thick glasses. He looked old and worn, and all his self-discipline could not keep his thoughts from dwelling on the witness Johanna Krain, and on a certain Ellis Bornhaak, a North German woman, who had died many years before.

IX. POLITICIANS OF THE BAVARIAN PLATEAU

Although the lovely Sunday had drawn flocks of people to the lakes and the mountains, the Tyrolean Café was packed to the door on this morning in June. All its windows were open to the sun, but the large room was still pleasantly dark, and clouds of cigar smoke hung low over the massive wooden tables. People were eating small crisply-fried pork sausages or sucking at thick juicy white ones, while they aired violent opinions about art, life, and politics. Politicians frequented the Tyrolean Café particularly on Sunday mornings. They sat there importantly in their black Sunday coats. Bavaria was an autonomous state, and to be Bavarian politicians was something.

For if at that time Europe was split up into countless separate sovereign states, of which one was Germany, so Germany in its turn was split up into eighteen federated states. These so-called *countries,* with Bavaria at their head, watched jealously over their autonomy, though by their economic structure they had long since become provinces. They had their traditions, their historical sentiments, their *racial characteristics,* their separate cabinets. The men with high-sounding titles who ruled those countries, the state presidents, the state ministers, the members of parliament, had no desire to disappear, or at the best become provincial officials. They would not admit that their countries were dwindling into provinces of the republic, they fought against it, they orated, ruled, administered, to prove their political importance. In this battle of the countries against the republic the Bavarian Prime Minister and parliamentarians were the leaders. They framed the most trenchant words in support of the autonomy of the federated states. They felt immensely important.

A reflection of this importance fell also on the gentlemen of the Opposition, Dr. Geyer's colleagues, although they fought Bavarian particularism in their programme. Because of the political structure of the German republic they too in a sense sat at the centre of high politics, they felt important, and those Sunday mornings in the Tyrolean Café were great times for them.

The politicians of the Opposition Party sat not in the smaller and more expensive inner room, but with ostentatious homeliness in the thickly crowded main room. The lawyer's spare figure and worn face looked out of place between the leaders of his minority group, Herr Josef Wieninger and Herr Ambros Gruner. The first thing he did was to peep into the inner room where the Minister of Justice was usually to be found, but he could not see Klenk, he could only make out the large bulk of Dr. Flaucher. He was mildly disappointed at the absence of his enemy, and yet glad of a respite from the struggle, tired as he was; so he sipped his wine hastily and inattentively and studied the heads of his neighbours through the smoke. Josef Wieninger had the usual round skull of the country with good-humoured watery eyes in a fair rosy face, while Ambros Gruner wore his moustache fiercely twirled upwards, was domineering in his ways, and kept his fat body drawn up like a sergeant-major's, tight against the edge of the table. He was especially vehement in his denunciations of the Government. What was Dr. Geyer doing in that galley? He knew well enough that these two men, however different in outward seeming, would react in the same way when the Minister of Fine Arts spoke to them; they let anyone lead them by the nose who treated them with rough and ready familiarity. They were both made to the same measure, steeped to saturation in the same traditions.

From the inner room the gruff voice of Dr. Flaucher could now be clearly heard. The conversation at his table had become deafening. They were arguing about Bismarck, about the reserves of the Bavarian Bank, about what had caused the death of Tutankhamen, the Egyptian King whose tomb had been newly excavated, about the quality of the Spatenbräu beer, the commercial policy of Soviet Russia, the indigenous disease of goitre, expressionism, and the cooking at the restaurants on the Starnbergersee. But the talk kept on recurring to the nude self-portrait of Anna Elisabeth Haider. Rumour had it, on the authority of the Galerie Conradi that the picture had been sold, sold to an influential personage in Munich and at a considerable price. The name of the personage, of course, was not divulged. They guessed it must be Baron Reindl, the great industrialist, and argued about the quality of the picture. Dr. Matthäi, the journalist, was going to publish in the next number of his review that poem about the picture which he had mentioned the day before to Councillor Hessreiter. His sabre-hacked visage worked as he reeled off the spicy lickerish verses in a thick, malicious flow, and from behind his pince-nez his greedy eyes devoured his listeners to see what effect he produced. A yell of laughter greeted him, and his health was drunk. He stuck his pipe again between his teeth and leaned back in his seat, bursting with satisfaction. But Dr. Pfisterer, the other writer in the party, objected to the cynical tone of the poem. It was his opinion that Anna Elisabeth Haider would certainly have found her feet if she had not been persecuted so much. Dr. Lorenz Matthäi and Dr. Pfisterer both wore grey shooting-jackets, and wrote lengthy romances about the Bavarian highlands, which were a great success all through Germany. Only Dr. Pfisterer's stories were optimistic, full of thrills and pathos; he believed that there was good in all men except in Dr. Matthäi, whom he hated. They sat facing each other, the two Bavarian writers, with red faces, measuring each other warily with their small eyes behind their glasses; the stocky one with the sword-cuts kept his head lowered, the other thrust out his greying-red beard irritably and with a touch of helplessness.

And now they all went at it, hammer and tongs, with Professor Balthasar von Osternacher in the lead. His voice, though not loud, bore down the others, and emerged triumphant, denouncing the dead girl. Wasn't he by way of being a revolutionary? Hadn't he always advocated unconditional freedom in Art even in the presentation of erotic subjects? But as for this picture, it was simply a physiological act, it was an unsatisfied woman's satisfaction of her lust, it had nothing to do with Art.

Zenzi the waitress leaned against the buffet, listening to the clamour, and saw with solicitude that Professor von Osternacher in his zeal was letting his sausages get cold. She knew exactly how her regular customers stood in the estimation of the world at large and among experts. She heard so much that it was not difficult for her to put two and two together. She could have given surprising and well-founded explanations of many an unlooked-for event in political, economic, and artistic circles; and she knew also why Professor von Osternacher was so indignant that he let his sausages grow cold.

The Professor was a great man, firmly embedded in the history of art, famous and highly paid, especially on the other side of the Atlantic. When she pointed him out to foreign visitors they always looked at him with curiosity and respect. But Zenzi could well remember his distorted face on the day when a bosom friend had retailed to him that Dr. Krüger had called him a gifted decorator, and she understood perfectly that the sale of a picture sponsored by Krüger, to somebody actually in Munich, and for a high price, afflicted him like a personal insult. She knew him better than his own wife and daughters. It was quite true that he had once been a revolutionary, but his early style, which time had proved to be only a passing fashion, had developed no further. He had grown old: when he thought no one was looking—Zenzi the waitress knew it—his shoulders sagged. Zenzi the waitress knew well what ailed him when he laid about him like that. It wasn't really the others he was hitting at, it was his own failure which wounded and hurt and infuriated him. At these times she was always especially motherly to him; and now she soothed him until, hoarse from the brawling and wrangling, he turned to his sausages again.

In the middle of all this noise and clamour a brand-new dark green motor car slid up, and out of it there stepped beaming Andreas Greiderer, the painter of the Crucifixion, a man with a sly, good-natured, furrowed peasant face. He advanced confidently with long strides to the table where the great painters sat. He had always been made welcome there, for he was not taken seriously as a rival, and the sly naïveté of his peasant assurance and his skill on the mouth-organ had earned him a place in their circle. But now when he risked an ironical joke about his mushroom success he came up against sour and unbending faces. No one moved to make room for him, nobody offered him a seat. In the ensuing silence the music sounded from the great beer-garden on the other side of the square, where a brass band was playing a popular ballad about how in Mantua in chains the noble Hofer lay. Embarrassed by this reception, Greiderer withdrew and went into the main room, planting himself at the table of the Opposition. In other circumstances this avowed enemy of the Minister of Fine Arts would have been welcomed on grounds of policy, but on this day Messrs. Wieninger and Gruner wished him far enough, for they guessed rightly that their longed-for jovial encounter with the big-wigs was not likely to come off until they had got rid of him. So they became more and more monosyllabic, drinking and smoking without answering anything but "Hm" or "Ha" Greiderer did not notice for a long time that he was the cause of this lackadaisical atmosphere, but finally as it grew more palpable he removed himself in the dark green car, while everybody craned to look after him.

But very soon after his departure Flaucher and Dr. Pfisterer the author came over at last to the Socialists' table. For the custom had established itself that the Ministers of the Government Party should flatter their plebeian opponents into good-humour by joining them in the main room at their early snack on Sunday mornings, and entering into jovial argument. So now the group of Bavarian politicians settled down. They were very polite to each other, stalking each other warily. Herr Franz Flaucher, with a long, black shabby coat on his huge stocky body, addressed himself to Herr Wieninger with a show of courtesy varied by an occasional growl. Pfisterer, the writer, turned to Ambros Gruner and clapped him on the shoulder.

Dr. Geyer felt that the four men were all cut out of the same cloth, the heavy cloth of the country; they were sly, narrow, shut in and tortuous like the glens of their own mountains. Their rough voices, accustomed to dominate the roar of countless meetings filled with the reek of beer and bad cigars, could hardly be constrained to the tones of urbane conversation in a halting affectation of literary German through which their harder, broader dialect was always breaking. They sat heavily on their solid wooden chairs, smiling to each other with uncouth politeness, sly peasants who would not trust each other in a deal over cattle.

They were discussing a personal question. A few years previously an age limit had been fixed for State officials, so that on attaining the age of 65 they had to retire with a pension. Only in exceptional cases could the Government retain the services of men who were difficult to replace. Now Dr. Flaucher wanted to exercise this right of discretion in favour of Privy Councillor Kahlenegger, a historian in the University, who had long since passed the age limit. There were no less than three chairs of history in the University of Munich. One of them, according to the terms of the Concordat with the Pope, was in the patronage of the Bishop, and so was filled by a trustworthy Catholic. The second chair was reserved for the national history of Bavaria, and so of course was filled by a trustworthy Catholic. The third chair, which was open to any shade of opinion, had been founded by Max the Second for the great scholar Ranke, and was now filled by the old Privy Councillor Kahlenegger, who had dedicated his life to research into the biological laws governing the development of Munich. He had collected material from all quarters with fanatical zeal, rigidly applying everything, cosmic events and the findings of geological, biological, and palæontological science alike, to the history of his city, and had come to the conclusion that Munich was by natural necessity an agricultural settlement and must continue to be so. In the course of those researches, far from coming into conflict with the teaching of the Church, he had rather shown himhelf a trustworthy Catholic through and through. Outside of Munich, it is true his conclusions were regarded as nonsensical, although all the steps leading up to them were logically valid; for the learned Professor had omitted to take into account the effect of technical science in freeing humanity from its dependence on local climate, and in developing human intercourse. Dr. Flaucher was aware that if Kahlenegger were now to be pensioned off on reaching the age limit, the Faculty meant to propose a man who was a Protestant, although a Bavarian. Indeed, this man so highly esteemed in the University had actually propounded in a book on the Papal policy towards England the idea that the policy of the Vatican in relation to Queen Elizabeth had been dictated by unchristian principles, and that the Pope had been a party to Mary Stuart's plots for assassinating Elizabeth, and had officially approved them. So Dr. Flaucher was determined, come what might, to keep the age limit from applying to the worthy Professor Kahlenegger.

While Flaucher with sweeping enthusiasm was upholding Kahlenegger's importance, Dr. Geyer studied the old Professor, who was sitting in the inner room at the big-wigs' table. He was tall and thin, but in spite of that, clumsy; his haggard skull, with its broad, irregular nose, was set on a long, withered neck, and regarded the world through curiously dull, helpless, and bird-like eyes. The old man's voice was smothered deep in his throat, but, although loud enough, it sounded strained and flat as he enunciated a few well-composed, interminable, and lifeless sentences. Dr. Geyer reflected on the length of time the old man's critical powers had already been in abeyance. The whole of academic Germany was beginning to laugh at him. For he had devoted the last ten years of his life to the service of a single idea; he was working out the history of the stuffed elephant in the Munich Zoo, that elephant which had fallen into the hands of the Emperor Maximilian the Second when Sultan Soliman the Second unsuccessfully besieged Vienna, and which Maximilian later had presented to Albert the Fifth, Duke of Bavaria.

Dr. Geyer did not object to the old Privy Councillor Kahlenegger, but he did object to Flaucher's hearty and confident exaggerations. His clear, unpleasant voice suddenly rapped out the question: "And what about your Kahlenegger's four books on the elephant?"

There was a pause. Then Dr. Pfisterer and Flaucher both plunged in almost simultaneously. Dr. Pfisterer praised the old man's work in regional survey, in which both science and feeling were so inextricably blended. Did Dr. Geyer seriously think that such regional surveys had no value? "We won't turn Kahlenegger's mountain of an elephant into a molehill," he said good-humouredly. Flaucher, on the other hand, with disapproving seriousness maintained that although there were individuals who might not appreciate the sentiment behind these researches, the people as a whole would emphatically repudiate any such Americanized attitudes. This elephant, the Minister went on, was as dear to the heart of the people as the Lady Tower, or any other landmark in the town. He remarked blandly that naturally one could not blame Dr. Geyer for not understanding these matters rightly, for these were sentiments which could only be entertained by people who were rooted in the soil. And, ignoring the lawyer with almost pitying contempt, he looked Herr Wieninger in the eye with candid simplicity, and then turned the same gaze of honest exhortation upon Herr Gruner. All honour to the ancient scholar Kahlenegger, he concluded, all honour to him; and the four of them turned to look at the old man. Herr Wieninger nodded, with a touch of emotion and embarrassment; Herr Ambros Gruner absent-mindedly threw a sausage-skin to the Minister's dachshund.

And suddenly Dr. Geyer felt himself peculiarly isolated. Kahlenegger and his elephant brought the reactionary Minister, the reactionary author, and the two members of the Opposition into line, in spite of their political antipathies, as four sons of the Bavarian plateau, leaving the Jewish lawyer a disturbing and hostile alien among them. He noticed that his coat was old and dirty; he felt ashamed. He rose with hasty embarrassment and left the room. From the big beer-garden over the way there sounded sentimentally with much blaring of brass the old town ballad about the green Isar and the ever-flowing good-fellowship of Munich. As he beat his retreat Zenzi the waitress, although he had tipped her lavishly, felt that he was an objectionable creature who didn't really fit in. And she carefully poured more wine into the glass of Privy Councillor Kahlenegger, who was half asleep.

The lawyer's office, which was made for a large staff and was usually full of running clerks and clattering typewriters, lay dull and lifeless in the Sunday silence. The air smelt of documents, smoke, and extinct cigars. The glaring sun illuminated every speck of dust in the bare room, and shone brightly on the littered desk covered with tobacco ash. Dr. Geyer sighed as he pulled out his bulky manuscript and lit himself a cigar; he looked old in the harsh light, which showed up all the wrinkles in his fine fair skin. And he began to write, drawing up and classifying statistics and documents, circumstantially laying down the complex *History of Injustice in Bavaria* during the period he had chosen. He wrote on, smoking; his cigar went out, and he wrote on. Boldly, objectively, earnestly, and without hope.

X. ALONSO CANO THE PAINTER (1601-1667)

About the same time the defendant Krüger was sitting in cell 134 with a good reproduction before him of a self-portrait of the Spanish painter Alonso Cano, from the museum at Cadiz. It should not have been difficult to say several striking things about this portrait. There was the man's indolent idealism, his adaptable talent which made work too easy for him so that he lazily abstained from pushing himself to the utmost, and his superficial, decorative flimsiness; it was an attractive enough task to demonstrate how all that could be traced in the dandified, elegant, and not undistinguished head of the portrait. But the phrases which rose in the prisoner's mind were too empty and facile; the picture infected him; he could not attain the standpoint of calm strength from which to deal seriously with the man and his work.

The little cell looked particularly bare and bleak in the strong light. He thought of Cadiz, which lay full on the sea, white and sharply outlined in the sunshine. He did not feel depressed, only completely blank and uninspired. There was the table, the chair, the folded-up bedstead, the white bucket, and beside them the elegant head of the artist Cano, with his dandified trim blond beard, on a decorative russet background. He reminded himself philosophically that one's background was of little importance. The grey walls of a cell were no worse as a background than the russet setting of such a picture or the kind of sentences he was writing at the moment.

Kaspar Pröckl was shown in, and his deep-set burning eyes rested disapprovingly on Alonso Cano's picture. The young engineer appreciated the sensitive sympathy with which Martin Krüger could impart his interpretation of a picture, but he was convinced that his gifted friend was on the wrong track. He himself conceived the significance and function of contemporary painting to lie in quite another sphere. He was steeped in the theories of that time which found an economic interpretation for every historical event, and he was convinced that the first duty of æsthetics was to discover the function of art in a socialistic state. Marxism had omitted to define this function, quite excusably, for it had more important work to do. But the science of æsthetics had the chance of freeing itself for the first time since its inception from dry-as-dust abstractions, and of coming to life by joining with political science in making fruitful the soil for art in the new proletarian State: therein lay its sole significance for that decade. Young and ardent as he was, eager for service in the cause of art, he strove to enlist his beloved friend Krüger for the right cause.

So the presence of Alonso Cano's self-portrait vexed him exceedingly. He had at first deplored Krüger's misfortune in being caught in the toils of Bavarian politics, but later had almost welcomed it; for he hoped that this personal encounter with the rottenness of contemporary conditions would shock Krüger out of his dilettantism and bring him over. It was a black look which he turned on the picture from his deep-set eyes, sunk between the high cheekbones in his hollow, unshaven face. He said nothing about it, however, but plunged immediately into the business which brought him. Baron Reindl, the head of the Bavarian motor works where he was employed, was an objectionable character, but he had some interest in art, and was very influential. Perhaps Kaspar could persuade him to intervene on Martin's behalf. Krüger didn't think that much was to be gained by that; for he knew Herr von Reindl and had the impression that he was not regarded with much favour in that quarter. As often happened in their discussions they soon strayed from their immediate topic, and began to canvass with excitement the potentialities and actual accomplishments of art in the Bolshevist State. Kaspar Pröckl's time was nearly up when they returned to the question, so that they had only two minutes in which hastily to arrange the barest outline of what Kaspar was to do for Krüger.

When the young man had gone, Martin Krüger felt unusually fresh and stimulated. He swept the reproduction of the picture from his table, and set down some of the thoughts which had occurred to him in his talk with Kaspar Pröckl. The most important of them, of course, had only come into his head afterwards. He smiled. That was no bad symptom. He wrote freshly, forcibly, convincingly, with a degree of success he rarely attained. He was so absorbed in his work that it was only the entrance of the warder with his supper which reminded him where he was.

XI. THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE TAKES A JOURNEY THROUGH HIS COUNTRY

On the same Sunday Otto Klenk, the Minister of Justice, was driving through the green and golden Bavarian foothills towards the mountains. The bulky man drove at a moderate pace which freshened the light breeze to a cool wind. There was practically no dust on the roads. The car ran into a thick forest, and Klenk, in his rough mountaineering kit, gave himself up to the physical pleasure of swift movement.

His pipe in his mouth, and his tanned face relaxed like his sturdy limbs, he drove his car with a careless ease unusual in that district. The country was looking lovely; everything was definite and solid in the clear, strong air. It was good to live in such strong air; it swept away all superfluous thoughts; one spent the whole day in climbing up and down, on stony tracks, where breath had to be economized and the wind, the snow, and the sun tanned both body and soul. Klenk's huntsman was waiting for him, and they were to range through the preserves. He thought with satisfaction of the rough fare that Veronica would set before him. He made a note of the fact that he would soon have to look out something for their son, Simon, whom he had got into the bank at Allertshausen. He was a real lad, who gave his neighbours something to talk about. That pleased Klenk. Veronica was a pleasant creature; she didn't keep dinning it into his ears about the brat. Everything considered he had arranged all that very well. His wife, the dried-up old sheep, did not interfere and was glad enough to be treated with a kind of good-humoured sympathy.

The car glided past a beautiful long lake, set among hills, behind which soared the cheerful line of the mountains.

A comfortable touring car overtook him, with a collection of exotic-looking foreigners inside. There were many strangers touring the country now. Not long ago he had read in an essay that the intensified tourist traffic was bound to result in something like a new folk-migration; that the slow-moving, settled type must be displaced and broken up by the quick, nomadic type; that a great universal intermingling was impending, indeed, had already begun.

The Minister watched the receding car-load of foreigners with derision and disgust. Fortunately for him these marvels were hardly likely to happen in his lifetime. He did not object to foreigners as such. Possibly the Chinese were the heirs of a much older and riper civilization than the Bavarians. But he liked dumplings and sausages better than sharks' fins, and the books of Lorenz Matthäi were more to his taste than those of Li Tai Po. He had no intention of letting himself be swallowed up by a foreign civilization.

His attention was caught by a roadside memorial which he had not noticed before, erected to commemorate the victim of an accident. He stopped and studied with interest the naïve peasant painting, a representation of a worthy farmer of four-and-fifty toppling with his haycart into the water in most lively and lurid fashion. An inscription beneath in wooden verse urged the traveller to pray for the soul of the dead yeoman, upon whom God would surely have mercy since his wife had already made his homestead a hell upon earth. The Minister grinned as he read the sly uncouth rhymes, tipping the wink to the bystander as they haggled with God. Such things interested him deeply. He was a mine of curious information about Bavarian history and ethnology; he knew the exact reason why his name was Klenk and not Glenk or Klenck; and with Dr. Matthäi, who was the greatest authority in these matters, he could carry on a well-informed dispute for hours about minute shades of meaning in dialect forms.

Another car drew up beside his. The newcomer curiously examined the memorial painting and its inscription, and slowly and incomprehendingly spelled out the verses in an unfamiliar accent. A North German, of course. Soon there would be more strangers than natives in the country. The houses of the indigenous population were being almost swamped by the hotels and tourist bars. He must remember to have statistics drawn up to show how many non-Bavarians had settled in the country since the War.

He went on again at greater speed, holding himself more stiffly. His thoughts flew naturally to Dr. Geyer. In his mind's eye he could see the lawyer's fair-skinned delicate face, his piercing eyes behind the thick glasses, his restless, gesticulating hands which needed all his self-control to keep them still. He could almost hear the man's high, unpleasant voice. Dr. Klenk bit fiercely at the mouthpiece of his pipe. It would be a red-letter day for him if he ever got a good shot at the fellow. Logic, Rights of Man, Imperial Unity, Democracy, the Twentieth Century, Pan-Europeanism; stuff and nonesense! He curled his lip and snorted, growling at his enemy like an angry dog. A meddlesome, pompous ass of a busybody, a swine of a Jew; what could a man like that understand of what was right in and for Bavaria? Nobody asked him to interfere. Nobody wanted to be reformed. All he could do was to turn one's beer sour with the fusty smell of his stupid mutton head stuffed with papers.

His anger soon evaporated under the clear wide sky of that Bavarian June. Dr. Klenk was a clever and well-informed man.

A brilliant jurist, a member of an old and wealthy Bavarian family which had for generations sent its sons into the Government, skilled in handling men and material, he was well able to let Dr. Geyer have a fair deal, if he felt inclined. But he did not feel inclined.

He had now come to the southern end of the long lake, and the lovely contours of the blue and green mountains could be clearly seen. The weather was perfect, and made travelling a delight. He speeded up his car and relaxed himself again into an easy, careless attitude at the steering-wheel, letting his thoughts wander at random, as gaily-coloured as the clear and glowing landscape.

A picture either appealed to you or not: there's no point in making so much fuss about it as Krüger did. All the same, Krüger had a pleasant, open countenance. What did that *enfant terrible* of Bavarian politics mean by trying to poke a finger into its machinery? Why was he always up in arms? Couldn't the fool hold his tongue? Who was backing him up? Yes, my friend, where Bavaria is at stake we don't allow anyone to be a nuisance.

That braying Flaucher was an ass, of course. It was a scandal that the Party should stick such a set of fatheads in the Cabinet. It wasn't as if they hadn't good men. He could put his finger on three or four. Why didn't they give him colleagues like that subtle old Count Rothenkamp, who lay low in his castle among the mountains of the Chiemgau, going over to Rome now and then to weave quiet intrigues with the diplomatists of the Vatican, or crossing to see the Crown Prince Maximilian at Berchtesgaden? And there was Reindl, the motor king, why should he lurk in the background, a man who dominated the country's industrial life through his connexion with the huge undertakings in the Ruhr? Not to speak of Dr. Bichler, that sly old fox who led the peasants by the nose, and pretended never to know anything or to have said anything. But woe betide any Minister or member who did or said anything without his instructions! Of course, these were the real rulers and kept themselves out of sight. All the responsibility was left to the others, honest fellows, limited as they were, and anything but too independent.

That was Toni Riedler's estate. He was another who had withdrawn from official political life. He had lived at a great pace as long as he was a Bavarian diplomat, but in the War and after it he had retrieved his fortunes and managed his estate well. Now he had got his third automobile, a magnificent Italian car, a whole host of illegitimate children, and was enjoying himself in organizing illegal secret societies, so that it was all he, Klenk, could do to keep his eyes shut. They were laying it on a bit thick in their clerical Upper Bavaria with the illegitimate children: the percentage was higher than anywhere else in Central Europe.

Hard lines on Krüger to be put in jail for sleeping with a woman. It was a rotten job to run official Bavarian politics; the others who did the real business behind the scenes had a much better time. According to the latest table of statistics rape was still commoner south of the Danube than anywhere else in Germany. As for their criminal statistics in general, they were worth looking at. The Bavarians were a vital people; nothing much wrong with them.

Hallo, he nearly ran down that cyclist. His speedometer was registering 55 miles an hour. "Bloody fool!" he roared over his shoulder to the alarmed man. Even dogs had more sense. Cyclists were the most idiotic creatures on the road. He smiled as he remembered that Munich had a bigger percentage of cyclists than any other town in Germany. What a fine carry-on there would be in the Opposition Press if he had the bad luck to run one down!

He should have taken with him that new book on jurisprudence. He liked to read while he was waiting in the covers, and he was an ardent student of jurisprudence. He had an exact knowledge of the knottiest problems in heteronomy and autonomy, in law and equity, in organic theory and the theory of contracts, and often astounded Parliament by an unfamiliar and striking quotation from some theoretical work. He could well afford to study problems at his leisure; it was a game for him, a relaxation. "I-de-o-lo-gical superstructure," he muttered to himself grinning, enjoying the syllables, and opened the throttle. What did theories matter? He was the lawgiver, whose word of correction, as the saying is, turns whole libraries into waste paper.

What an ugly mug that Geyer had! Always spoiling for a fight, always arguing. An hysterical busybody! And he must get to grips with Toni Riedler some fine day. Him and his squibs! But as for jurisprudence—that was a wide field. He himself was neither just nor unjust. He was appointed to see that no harmful influences got into the country. He was only doing what the veterinary surgeons did to prevent foot-and-mouth disease from spreading.

The wind had freshened. As soon as he had had something to eat he would start for the Gschwendt hut with Alois the huntsman. He turned on more petrol, and took off his cap to let the wind play on his sparsely covered skull. He journeyed through his country, his pipe in his mouth, contented, alert, and with an excellent appetite.

XII. LETTERS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

On the very next day the Public Prosecutor brought off his big *coup*, and called for the production of certain documents found among the effects of the dead girl Anna Elisabeth Haider. These documents had been confiscated by the court immediately after her suicide, and no one but the authorities knew what was in them.

A clerk of the court read them out. They consisted of portions of a diary and several unposted letters, written in the dead girl's capricious handwriting with a finely pointed pen and violet ink on odd scraps of paper, as was her habit. A typewritten copy had been made to facilitate the clerk's reading. It was through the childish, amiable mouth of this clerk, whose insignificant moustache vainly aspired to fashionable elegance, that these tempestuous outpourings of a troubled spirit were given to the judges, the jury, the journalists, the public, to Dr. Geyer, counsel for the defence, and to the defendant himself who had never heard them before. The clerk had read them over previously in order to acquit himself the better in court, but none the less the subject matter was so unexampled and the absorbed attention of his audience made him so self-conscious in spite of his feeling of importance that he perspired and stammered as he read, clearing his throat continually and dropping into broad dialect. The defendant Krüger, listening for the first time to these touching sentences read in such a manner, and in such a place, found it no easy task to keep his face as expressionless as propriety dictated.

From the wealth of material at his disposal the Public Prosecutor had selected two entries in the diary and a half-written letter. These contained passages referring to Krüger, written in an arresting, gripping style reminiscent of the dead woman's painting. She described the effect his embraces had upon her circumstantially, shamelessly, and in a way which enforced conviction. The touch of his fingers, his mouth, his muscles. There was a smouldering fire in the words, strangely mingled with an element of Catholicism which probably derived from her school-days in a convent, the whole shot through and through with dark sensuality, which burst out continually in smoky flame, although continually smothered. They were unusual confessions, like pent-up animal cries. In the mouth of the clerk they often sounded actually comic, for they were difficult to comprehend; but they could by no means be construed as the expressions of mere friendship.

The audience gazed at the defendant's hands, which were so often mentioned, at his lips, and at his whole body. The uneasy sense of the extraordinary immodesty of the procedure, which affected a few unpleasantly as these private confidences of a dead woman were publicly flung in the face of the man concerned, was swallowed up in the enjoyment of a great sensation. They watched Krüger as intently as one watches an exhausted boxer gamely standing up to his opponent in the last round, to see if he will take the count; they waited to see Krüger floored by those admissions. Dr. Geyer's blue eyes were fixed on the clerk's lips, his mouth was firmly set, but an involuntary flush every now and then swept over his painfully composed face. He cursed the vaguely poetical metaphors indulged in by the dead girl, which made it possible for any of his opponents to interpret them as best suited his book. He observed their overwhelming effect on the court, the public, and the press: it was a good shot the Public Prosecutor had got in; a bull's eye, no doubt of it. Even those who were sympathetic showed by their faces that every word was confirming them in the belief that Krüger's relations with the dead girl had been highly ambiguous.

In conclusion the Public Prosecutor brought forward a letter which the deceased had begun and never posted. Her whole body, it said, was a smouldering fire when he was not with her: she ran out into the rain, she could not breathe: she left her canvases unfinished and stood for hours outside his house or the National Galleries. She knew that he did not love her with the same wild devotion she had for him. Only when she swooned in his embrace would she be able to breathe again. When she heard his step on the stairs her knees gave way; but it was a long time to wait until he came. She tried to force herself to work, but she couldn't do it: her heart was so sad and she desired him so much that she spoilt every portrait she attempted. She was sitting in weariness with hot hands and a parched mouth, conscious of nothing but of her profound and dreadful trouble and melancholy, and of the shrill voice of her landlady asking for money.

This was what was read out by Johann Hutmüller, clerk of the court, in room number three of the Law Courts, before the jury and the public. Some of the ladies present sat with their lips parted, looking charming and silly, others drew long breaths in their absorption, distressed to think that any woman should write such things to a man. Women had always looked long and approvingly at Martin Krüger, but he had never been so intently examined by so many feminine eyes as on this fifth day of June.

Dr. Hartl, the presiding judge, smiled philosophically, with a touch of sadness. The letter of the dead woman was typical, a document. The Bohemians were like that. They had no sense of appearances, no pride. They took a large allowance of freedom, and said outright what they felt, without restraint or shame. What good did it do them? All that was left was sorrow and misery, a gas-jet turned on full, and a disturbing, ambiguous picture. He tactfully guided the long-drawn-out reading, helped the clerk indulgently over a few difficult words, and ordered a window to be opened now that a light breeze outside was tempering the heat of the day.

The Public Prosecutor enjoyed the recital, pricking up his ears so as to hear every word, and marking their effect with grim triumph.

In the jury-box there was absolute attention. Cajetan Lechner, the antique dealer, stared as if dumbfounded at the moving lips of the clerk, stroked his side whiskers and pulled out his checked handkerchief less frequently, almost mechanically. His thoughts flew to his daughter Anni, and her affair with the objectionable fellow, Kaspar Pröckl. It was incredible, the kind of silly stuff that could come into a girl's head. Of course a girl with such a fresh, rosy face as Anni wasn't likely to make a hash of things like that, still, whenever a boy or a girl took up with a Bohemian, you never could tell what might happen. But nobody ever learned the lesson. He moved his head uneasily and his watery blue eyes looked at Krüger with dislike. Feichtinger the school-teacher, and Cortesi the postman, who were least able to follow what was going on, understood this much that it was something shocking and indecent which proved Krüger's perjury up to the hilt. Dirmoser the Court purveyor, too, although the bad state of his business and the sickness of his child sufficiently occupied his mind, listened to it all and thought what a lot of long-winded words could be used to describe such a simple matter as the affair between Krüger and the Haider girl. If they ranted so much about it before they ever got into bed at all, what an endless amount of speechifying they would need to deal with a more complicated job, such as running a glove shop. The insurance agent von Dellmaier was thrilled by the reading, and sat with a fixed smile on his pale lips, the ironical smile of a would-be man of the world, and his watery eyes superciliously half-closed. Every now and then he laughed outright, a high, neighing, foolish laugh, and drew on himself a look of profound disgust from Dr. Geyer.

But one man in the jury-box regarded Krüger with sympathetic brown eyes, and that was Councillor Paul Hessreiter. He was an affable man, though he sometimes grumbled a bit, it was true, but he was placable, and he was proud of living at peace with his neighbours and the world, particularly with his native town of Munich. All the same, this was too much. He didn't particularly like Krüger; but it was simply outrageous to persecute a man with love-letters from the grave. Paul Hessreiter's face lost its usual expression of phlegmatic tolerance, its customary veil of amiability, and his forehead knotted itself uneasily, his breathing became laboured, so that his neighbour looked at him in astonishment, thinking that he had fallen into a doze and was beginning to snore. Perhaps he was reflecting that it had been made absurdly difficult to get divorced, and doubly so in a priest-ridden town like Munich. Perhaps he was thinking that not a day passed without some man having to swear that he had no relations with some woman or other; he himself, for example, had had to do it twice already.

The clerk, however, went on reading to the bitter end the dead girl's long letter, which had been written during the night from the 16th to the 17th of October with icy fingers, in an unheated studio, written, it would seem, in her heart's blood, and which had reached the person to whom it was addressed in most unusual circumstances and after much delay.

XIII. A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE AND MANY EARS

The newspaper reports of the dead girl's letter were extremely graphic; they described it as the sensational climax of the Krüger case. With facile eloquence practised reporters described how this ghastly love declaration from the grave had been made, in the full light of day, before countless witnesses, through the mouth of a clerk of the court, to a deeply moved man, whom it might help, moreover, to put in prison; and how thrilling had been its effect on all present. Many passages from the diary and the letters were printed verbatim, some in large type.

These reports were read by the men of the town of Munich, broad-built men, round-headed, heavy-footed, slow in gesture and thought; they sniggered, and with an air of conviction took long, comfortable draughts of strong beer out of their grey earthenware jugs, and smacked the waitresses on the hips. These reports were read by old ladies who declared that such shameless goings-on would have been impossible in their young days, and by young girls whose knees weakened as they read, and whose breath came faster. These reports were read by dwellers in Berlin returning from their offices and factories, travelling on the tops of buses over the hot asphalt in the summer evening, or crushed into the long carriages of the underground, hanging on to the straps, very tired, languidly fascinated by the strange mingling of innocence and shamelessness in the dead girl's words, casting furtive glances at the women's arms, necks, and bosoms, which in accordance with the fashion of that time were much in evidence. Boys who were quite young, only fourteen and fifteen, read them, and were envious of the man who had got those letters. They dreamed of the time when letters like that would come to them, and were resentful of their youth.

These reports were read by Dr. Flaucher, as he sat among the ancient, plush-covered furniture in his frusty, dingy house, and contentedly hummed an air to himself. This was more than he had hoped for. They were read by Professor Balthasar von Osternacher, the fashionable painter whom Krüger had once called a decorator. He smiled, started to work anew and more intensely, though he had finished for the evening; he held that this had finally demolished Krüger's criticism of him. Dr. Lorenz Matthäi, that supreme creator of Bavarian national types, read the reports too, and his fleshy, violent, dog-like face became still more surly, the sabre-cuts that were a legacy from his student days grew still redder. He took the pince-nez from his small weak eyes, polished them carefully, and read the account a second time not with so much pleasure. Perhaps he remembered certain fancy-dress balls, which he had attended as a young barrister. Perhaps he remembered a certain photographer's assistant, who had written in a style somewhat like the author of these letters, and who had since gone to the bad. All that is certain is that he seated himself firmly at his desk and wrote a malicious, obscene epitaph on the dead artist after the style of the "Marterls," those commemorative tablets which used to stand by the road-side among the Bavarian mountains. He leant back, read the verses over, and saw that they were good. There was a fine and sensitive analysis of Anna Elisabeth Haider's picture, written by that man Krüger; but his poem was as heavy as a cudgel. He grinned. It would certainly supplant Krüger's criticisms, and become the definitive epitaph of the dead girl.

When Frau Dirmoser, wife of the purveyor to the Royal Family, read the reports, she became very bitter. So it was just to let her husband be present when such filth was read out, just for that she had to neglect her little Pepi, and take over the branch in Theresienstrasse herself. Of course without her husband there the case could not go on; the whole Bavarian State would go to pieces! So she grumbled to herself, while she looked solicitously after Pepi, the little ruffian, who kept on crying until at last, in spite of the doctor's orders, she gave him a warm drink of milk and beer to comfort him.

On the other hand the pretty buxom Zenzi's face as she read the news in the Tyrolean Café became pensive, as it did sometimes in the cinema, and for a couple of minutes she left her assistant Resi to attend to the customers. She had known the man Krüger quite well, a pleasant, facetious gentleman, who had often flirted outrageously with her. It wasn't right of them to make public the high-flown stuff the dead girl had written to him. They were very improper letters, people didn't write such things, but she made a note of a few phrases. There was a young man who often sat out there in the main room, a certain Benno Lechner, the son of Lechner the antique dealer, a bachelor and an electrical engineer in the Bavarian Motor Works. But he wasn't likely to hold that job long; he never stayed for long in any place; he was too much of an upstart and a rebel for that. No wonder, either, for he was hand in glove all day long with Kaspar Pröckl, that Bohemian, that objectionable specimen. And he'd been in jail already, he was a jail-bird; only for political offences, maybe; but jail was jail all the same. But in spite of these obvious failings, he attracted her, and it was a burning shame that he paid her so little attention. It was three years now since she had been promoted to be head waitress and cashier, and she had an assistant under her, too, Resi, who was at her beck and call. There were plenty of other men in the main room and in the more expensive room who did their utmost to get her to go out with them, and fine gentlemen at that. The market was literally hers. But Zenzi reserved her infrequent free evenings for the electrical engineer, Benno Lechner: and he was high and mighty, he, whose father had an old junk shop, and she had to beg and pray before he would spend an evening with her. It was a trial. But he had a feeling for refined things, could be moved by high-flown sentiments. Perhaps she could use some of the dead girl's phrases sometime in a letter to him. And she carefully cut the report out of the paper, and pasted it in her album, which was well filled with the verses of her friends and relatives, and autographs of the best-known figures who frequented the Tyrolean Café.

Count Rothenkamp, too, read the news, with a repulsion which confirmed him in his views; that quiet gentleman in his castle among the extreme south-eastern mountains, who was always journeying to the Vatican and to see the Crown Prince Maximilian at Berchtesgaden, was the richest man south of the Danube, with an immense influence in the counsel of the Clerical Party, with soft manners and an extreme solicitude to keep free of any official participation in public affairs. The Crown Prince Maximilian himself read the report. Also Baron Reindl read it, the Managing Director of the Bavarian Motor Works, nicknamed "The Fifth Evangelist," the leader of Bavarian industry by virtue of his interests in the Ruhr. He glanced through the report without much interest. For a moment he thought of ringing up the editor of *The News*. He had a financial pull with *The News,* a word from him could give the report of the trial a decidedly different colour. One of his engineers, a certain Kaspar Pröckl, a comic fellow, very gifted, had tried in his rude, awkward way to get him to intervene for Krüger. Perhaps Baron Reindl would really have intervened.

But he remembered that this Krüger had once called him a threepenny Medici behind his back. He wasn't revengeful, Baron Reindl, but neither was he a threepenny Medici, that was certain. Had it not been his munificence that had made it possible to buy that picture, "Joseph and His Brethren"? It had been a bit insolent of Krüger, that, or at any rate, as would be shown now, a bit unwise. Baron Reindl read the report a second time, more attentively, his fleshy face took on an appreciative look, he did not telephone.

And Pfisterer, the apostle of optimism, read the news too, and Agnes, the housekeeper, and Conradi, the picture dealer, and young Ludwig Ratzenberger read it, with pride in his father, and disgust for the Bohemian. But Dr. Bichler, the most powerful of the five secret rulers of Bavaria did not read the newspaper report. For he was blind. He lounged about in the great, shabby badly aired rooms of his Lower Bavarian country house, in which many generations had built, repaired, and built again. He sat there surly and badly shaved, with his knotted, purplish hands lying before him. A Privy Councillor from the Ministry of Agriculture was striving anxiously to get a hearing. His private secretary was standing there too, with the newspapers, ready to read them out. The fat, unwieldy doctor rapped out a few surly half-finished sentences; and the secretary, thinking he heard the name Krüger, began to read out the report of the case. But Dr. Bichler stood up. The secretary made to help him, and the doctor pushed him angrily away, and fumbled his way through the rooms by himself, the Privy Councillor from the Ministry of Agriculture and his secretary following behind him, still anxious to be heard.

XIV. THE WITNESS KRAIN AND HER MEMORY

The witness Johanna Krain read the reports, her lips half parted, baring her strong teeth, her face tense. Beneath her dark hair, which in defiance of that year's fashion she wore caught into a knot at the back of her neck, her broad brow was knitted. The room was a large one, but almost too small for her present state as she marched up and down with her athletic, vigorous stride, snorting indignantly, and impatiently snapping the fingers of her coarse, capable hands. Then she went to the telephone, and after several attempts managed to get Dr. Geyer's office, but was told, as she had expected, that he was not in.

Her strong mouth and resolute grey eyes under their dark brows contracted with an expression of ill-temper which made her almost ugly. With lips tightened by revulsion she ran through the report once more. The news-sheet was still damp from the printing press and had a sickening smell, and through and beyond her personal interest in it, the oppressive atmosphere which emanated from the dead girl's words filled her with loathing. Martin shouldn't have got about so much with the Haider girl. Wasn't it disgusting to be the object of letters like those?

She remembered the Haider girl distinctly. She remembered her crouching at a table in the Minerva, a dance-hall in the Latin quarter, huddled up, sucking her cocktail through a straw, and then later in the evening hanging strangely passive and abandoned on Martin's arm. Once Martin had asked if she wouldn't make a graphological analysis of Fräulein Haider's writing; for her analyses—at that time she had not yet made a profession of them—were well known and prized in those circles. But the Haider girl had simply refused, hastily and rudely. Perhaps it had been fear more than anything else. Your characteristics were as changing as water, she had maintained; in every situation and in all your relations to separate people, you become a different person. She refused to have herself saddled with definite characteristics.

Johanna walked up and down her large room, with its bright pleasant walls, its substantial serviceable furniture, its orderly bookshelves, and the apparatus of her profession, the gigantic writing-desk and the typewriter. In her looking-glass, she could see the changing reflection of the clear Isar, the gardens, and the wide jetty. No, they had not got on very well, she and the dead girl. The half-unwilling friendship by which the Haider girl in her curiously clinging, stifling way had bound Martin to her was thoroughly objectionable and could never have ended well. She ought to have warned Martin. Of course he must have long wanted to rid himself of the burden, but he always had to be screwed up to the proper pitch. He shrank from anything unpleasant, he shrank from scenes. Certainly that must have been the only reason why he had refrained from breaking off with the Haider girl.

There was little sense in worrying oneself about that now. It was past and done with. The only thing that she could do now was to wait until there was a chance of speaking to Dr. Geyer.

Hadn't she promised the analysis of a woman's writing for this evening? Number 247, yes. She would set to work on it straight away, and in a half an hour's time try to get on to Dr. Geyer again. She lifted the news sheet from the table, and laid it neatly on the pile of old newspapers. Then she looked up number 247, stretched it on the little apparatus, somewhat like a reading-stand, which she used for her graphological analyses. She darkened the room, and switched on the reflector, until the written characters stood out almost in relief from the background of the paper. She began to dissect the writing in accordance with the ingenious methods which she had learned. But she knew that by those means the characters would never give her the image she wanted. Besides she was making no serious attempt to concentrate.

No, it had certainly not been her duty at that time to set Martin free from the Haider girl. She wasn't his governess. Besides, it was nonsense to want anyone to be different from what he was. One should be clear about a man before one bound oneself to him. But it was a pity that with Martin one never came up against the real man. He was most himself in the twilight. Then he opened his heart without reserve. He even went so far in his frankness that she became uncomfortable; it seemed almost shameless to her, the way he told the most intimate things to the first comer. But one could pull off his wrappings, sheath by sheath, like an onion, and one came on nothing hard. He ran away from decisions. Things could go on as they liked: sometime, in one way or another, everything solved itself. Why should he worry himself trying to find solutions.

Outside her room she heard the heavy step of her aunt, Franziska Ametsrieder, who shared her flat and looked after the house. She would be wanting again to air her decided opinions on the case, and to tell in vigorous and pithy terms what she thought of the man Krüger. Usually Johanna did not take offence at her aunt's assumed pose of plain-speaking; on the contrary, she used to chaff her on it in a friendly way, to their mutual amusement. But today she wasn't in the mood for an exchange of feelings and judicial opinions with the old lady. She announced in a clear decisive voice through the door that she had work to do, and the old lady went off in a huff.

Once more she tried to compel herself to concentrate on the writing. She had promised the analysis for that evening; she hated to keep anybody waiting. But today she couldn't make anything of it, anything at all.

Their most delightful times together had been when they were travelling. Then happy and carefree as a boy he would give himself up to every impression, jubilant at every favourable turn of the weather, deeply injured when they came to an ill-kept inn. She thought of their evenings in hotel lounges, when they sat apart from the others, guessing from the faces of all the people the nature, the occupation, the destiny of their possessors. Martin could compile the most thrilling, the most interesting life-histories, with a sure eye for divining small, out-of-the-way details from some unobtrusive trait or other; but on the whole his conclusions had a knack of turning out surprisingly wide of the mark. It was extraordinary that one who saw so deeply into the meaning of paintings should possess so little practical psychological insight.

For the way he could burrow into art, the way in which he became possessed, given up, completely transformed before a work of art, that was always an inspiration to her. She could like a picture well enough and be moved by it. But the way in which Martin could be lifted clean out of a childish and irritable mood into a state of reverence and complete self-forgetfulness by art, that was a miracle which never failed to stir her.

Dr. Geyer was certainly right; it was the politic thing for her not to see him during those days. But it wasn't easy to keep away. She would have done anything to stroke his cheeks, to tweak his thick eyebrows. She and this vain, buoyant, sanguine, dandified man who lived for art belonged to each other.

She stood up with an abrupt, violent movement, drew up the blinds, and set aside her graphology. One could not sit there and wait in idleness. She rang up Dr. Geyer again, this time at his house. The shrill nervous voice of Agnes the housekeeper answered. No, she didn't know where Dr. Geyer was to be found. But seeing that Fräulein Krain was speaking, might she ask her as a favour to do what she could with Dr. Geyer? To her, Agnes, he would never listen. The man was a trial. He gulped down his food any way. He had time for nothing. He never slept. He neglected his clothes, so that they were a scandal. He had no one to care for him. If Fräulein Krain would only speak to him, then at any rate he would have to listen. For whenever she, Agnes, began on him, he took up his documents, or the newspaper, or a book.

Johanna Krain responded with an impatient half-promise. Everybody wanted something from her. God knows, she had to worry about more important things at present than Dr. Geyer's clothes.

But it had always been the same. With a curious inevitability people had expected her to be the one person to put things right whenever anything went wrong in their lives. Even when she was little more than a child, after her parents had separated and while she still oscillated to and fro between them, it had been so. Her father, always occupied and closed within himself, had expected her to keep the house running, a heavy task considering his irregular ways of life; and he had made violent scenes whenever anything went wrong. As a half-grown girl she had always to arrange for fresh credit with new shops, and to ensure that unexpected guests found everything prepared for their comfort;

and she had to adapt the economics of the house to the ever-fluctuating state of her father's finances. If she went to her mother's, then she had to discharge all the more difficult and unpleasant household tasks; for her mother who loved gossiping with her friends over a cup of coffee, slipped into the rôle of martyr, and left all the work to her daughter. And later, after her father's death, when her mother married again and she finally broke with her, the wide circle of her acquaintances simply exploited her good-nature, and had expected her to help and advise even in the most remote cases.

It filled her with a fury of exasperation that in the very place where she was seriously needed, in the case of Martin Krüger, she had refrained from helping. She knew perfectly well now that it had been a mistake not to concern herself sooner and more energetically in Martin's affairs. Her theory of the essential self-autonomy of the individual, which no one had the right to interfere with unless on direct invitation, was too comfortable. When one bound oneself to a man, as she had bound herself to Martin, knowing what kind of man he was, then one had to accept part of the responsibility for him.

She sat at the table supporting her chin on her square, capable hand, and thought of Martin as he was in those moments to which she could give her most whole-hearted assent. There was the time when they had been in that sleepy little town with the old picture gallery full of good things, which Martin had wanted to loot for his Munich collection. With what a superior and persuasive air he had taken in the provincial pundits, palming off on them the old rubbish that he wanted the State collection rid of, and talking them out of their most beautiful things! And when, after long and wearisome negotiations, the exchange was ceremoniously ratified, then for her and his own private amusement Martin had impudently added the further condition, that the magistrates of the town should fittingly celebrate his services in adding to their collection by giving him a public dinner. She sat there, chin in hand, her strong face with the blunt nose bent downwards. She saw clearly before her Martin's face as with mock seriousness he listened to the laborious toast which the Mayor proposed in his honour.

Then all at once she was with Martin in the Tyrol. Sitting next to them in the carriage there had been that pedantic Englishman with his nose always glued to his Baedeker, who kept turning his head short-sightedly from side to side, and could never discover whether the natural features he wanted to see were on the right or the left. Martin had kept the carriage amused by giving him a grave and tireless supply of topsy-turvy information, allaying all his doubts with great adroitness and presence of mind, convincing him that insignificant hills were famous mountains, that farm houses were ruined castles, and once, as the train was passing a town, that an image of the Virgin was the statue of a man.

All this was very vivid in her memory. Oh, there were lots of things she could remember, even the smallest details. All due respect to traditional notions about the sanctity of one's plighted word and one's social responsibilities, but for the moment she had had enough of them, and she would freshen up her excellent memory. She could remember the time exactly; it was two o'clock when Martin had come to her that night. How did she come to know it so exactly? It was because she had originally wanted to go on an early excursion into the mountains next day. But Martin had insisted on going to the party. They had had a quarrel over it. Then Martin had come unexpectedly to her after all; he had awakened her. So it had been quite natural that she should look at the clock and see what time it was. Yes, that sounded perfectly plausible. If the taxi-driver Ratzenberger had good reasons to give for his exact recollection, she could give just as good. That was how it had been. She would swear to it before the court. On her oath. And as soon as possible, too.

She did not know whether Martin had slept with the dead girl. She fancied not; she had never spoken to him about it, she had not been interested. At all events, her sound common sense told her, it could not possibly be a good thing for anyone to remain longer than one night under the stigma of evidence such as the Haider letters and diary provided. She would intervene, she would clear it up and contradict it with the good material she had at hand.

She went again to the telephone, and this time managed to get Dr. Geyer. She told him at once that she had gone over her recollections again, that now she remembered everything distinctly, and that she wanted to give her evidence if possible at once, or at least tomorrow. Dr. Geyer retorted that he would not express his opinion on the matter over the telephone; he would see her at his house in an hour's time.

An hour. Even if she went on foot she still had plenty of time.

If she could not see Martin she had letters of his. She went over to the desk in which the letters lay, countless letters from many places, in many moods, and telling of many situations. He poured himself out in his letters, easily and without hesitation, as few people did any longer in that busy age. The letters were of all kinds, some dry and prosaic, others boyishly merry, full of wild, extravagant conceits; then there were long impulsive disquisitions on pictures, on matters concerned with his work, all without any restraint, and full of contradictions.

There they lay, those letters, lovingly preserved and docketed. Martin had once made merry over her orderliness, asking whether his letters were all filed for reference too. She took out a written sheet, and cast a glance at the large, hasty, characteristically sensitive writing, and quickly turned her steady grey eyes away again. She put the letter back.

In his uncomfortable parlour Dr. Geyer informed her coolly and dryly that in Bavaria her good memory might land her in trouble. Probably they would rather indict her for perjury than Ratzenberger. Three furrows appeared on Johanna's forehead, her pale face stiffened, and she asked why he should say that to her. Did he imagine that made any impression on her? He considered himself obliged to enlighten her on the possible consequences of her evidence, he responded dryly. She thanked him as dryly for his kindly intentions, and left him with a smile on her lips.

Still smiling, she made a detour through the English Garden, humming the same toneless tune between her teeth, almost inaudibly, never varying from the same few bars. The lovely, spacious park lay cool and peaceful in the evening light. Countless young couples were disposed about. The older people too, after an early dinner, were enjoying the evening coolness. They sat on the benches, smoked, and read peacefully the detailed reports in the newspapers about the dead Bohemian's love-affair with the man Krüger.

XV. HERR HESSREITER DINES AT STARNBERGERSEE

By the same road which the Minister Dr. Klenk had taken the day before, Councillor Paul Hessreiter travelled in the evening of that day. He travelled in company with his friend, Frau Katharina von Radolny; for it was his custom to spend the greater part of his summers on her beautiful estate Luitpoldsbrunn on the Starnbergersee.

Herr Hessreiter was driving. It was the new American car, which he had acquired only three weeks before. After his disagreeable day in the court it was pleasant now to rush into the falling night, over wide roads, through sparsely wooded country. The lights picked out little sections of the road and the landscape. Herr Hessreiter drove at a moderate speed, enjoying the descending freshness and the intimate nearness of Katharina, the woman dearest to him of the many whom he, one of Munich's five real men of the world, had possessed. They were not married: Katharina combined the charms of a mistress and a wife.

They sat side by side and carried on a lazy conversation with many pauses. The theme was inevitably the Krüger case. It was distinctly unpleasant, Herr Hessreiter admitted, to have to sit in judgment on a case of that kind. But he wanted to impress Katharina with his practical, cynical, high-handed sophistication, and so he added that he was first of all a business man, and it was conceivable that certain influential customers might have gone elsewhere for their pottery if he had shirked his duty as a citizen. Besides it couldn't be denied that as a whole the case was very interesting. These letters from the dead girl, for instance, that they had heard read today. Very unpleasant, certainly; incomprehensible how any man could take up with such an impossible, degenerate type. All the same it was unquestionably interesting. By the way, why had she never come to hear the trial? Frau von Balthasar had been there, Baron Reindl's sister, and Kläre Holz, the actress.

He sat at the wheel, guiding the easy-running car with an occasional light touch. It was a beautiful night. They had passed Starnberg. Great crowds were on the banks of the lake, but the hubbub they made was swallowed up in the night; around all seemed still; they drove through the leafy forest; a steamer with all its lights blazing was out on the lake.

No, Katharina had no desire to go to hear the trial. Her sonorous voice rang out beside him, full of that lazy assurance which continually appealed to him. Katharina disliked politics. The politicians who had emerged since the Revolution were somehow stuffy. This hounding down of the man Krüger did not please her in the least. It gave one a bad taste in one's mouth. And such stupid ideas might land anybody in the most awkward situations. Men would always be having to swear before judges and journalists what women they had been sleeping with, which moreover was nobody's concern, and had no connexion with the administration of the country.

The beautiful, sumptuous lady went on speaking in her deep, serene voice out of the darkness. Herr Hessreiter gave her a side look. No, she wasn't smiling. Apparently she wasn't thinking of the fact that he had once sworn (when her husband, now happily deceased, had taken divorce proceedings) that he had had no intimate relations with her. Without an instant's hesitation, without the least scruple, he had sworn it. When, after her long-standing friendship with Prince Albrecht, Herr von Radolny had married Katharina, hadn't he shown himself accommodating, and wasn't he quite pleased with the distinguished position at Court which he acquired by this arrangement? And when he suddenly became unpleasant, and made scenes and threatened a divorce, wasn't it a matter of course that Herr Hessreiter should protect his lovely and amiable mistress against such unmannerly behaviour? Now Herr von Radolny was dead, and Katharina had inherited his ample property; what a good thing for her that she had fought so energetically against the divorce! With the deceased's money she had put in order again her neglected estate of Luitpoldsbrunn, which Prince Albrecht had transferred to her as a parting gift; and with her rents from that estate and the income which she drew from the treasury of the former royal house, she could lead the life of a great lady. Her property was perfectly administered, her pretty villa in Bogenhausen was a meeting point for society; she was received at court, was always welcome at the house of the Pretender to the throne, the former Crown Prince, Maximilian; her friendship with Hessreiter seemed firmly established; she went on grand tours, and took a friendly interest in art. What she had said about the Krüger case was incisive and shrewd, just what was to be expected from a woman of her position and style. Then why could not Herr Hessreiter drop this subject once it was exhausted? Of course he was not so tactless as to draw any parallel between his own oath during those divorce proceedings and Krüger's case. All the same he shaved it pretty close. He announced that only a Bohemian like Krüger, unused to the ways of society, could have landed himself in such a mess. These chivalrous oaths, by which men denied having relations with women, had become a pure matter of form, and were being sworn everywhere; every judge was quite well aware of it. They weren't taken seriously, any more than saying "Good morning," when you really meant "Go to the devil." But of course one had no right to give oneself so gratuitously into the hands of the public prosecutor as Krüger had. For as an institution marriage must be protected by the State. As she remained silent, he added after a pause that he had not much understanding of social questions. But he considered the family as the organic unit in the state, and so he believed that marriage could no more be dispensed with than, say, religion. Of course it was binding only for the masses, not for the intelligent few.

Herr Hessreiter had seldom before expressed himself so fully on social and moral questions. Katharina gave him a side glance. When he felt particularly a Munich man, he had the habit of wearing a little longer the side whiskers which were fashionable in his country. When he travelled, or otherwise wished to be considered a cosmopolitan, he curtailed those side whiskers. Tonight as during all these last weeks, he wore them well down on his plump cheeks; what was his idea? He remained silent for a while, and she decided to treat his disquisition as a temporary lapse, and announced finally in her quiet voice that she did not think it right that the man Krüger should have no chance of going to the mountains or the sea this summer, while she and Herr Hessreiter were rushing along the banks of the Starnbergersee at that very minute. With a gesture of faint disapproval the lady pushed back a wisp of copper-coloured hair that straggled below her motoring cap; the brown eyes in her beautiful face with the strong nose and mouth steadily gazed into the darkness flying past her.

In the boats on the lake people were singing. Sorry that he had vexed his mistress, Herr Hessreiter changed penitently to another subject, advancing the theory that water self-evidently excited mankind to æsthetic expression. Even he often felt when in his bath an irrepressible impulse to sing.

During the last stretch they were silent. Usually Herr Hessreiter acknowledged to himself that his mistress was the more shrewd, practical, and worldly-wise of the two. But today he felt at a secret advantage. He had once amused himself by getting an analysis of her handwriting from the graphologist Johanna Krain: he had almost had a bad conscience about it, for it wasn't quite fair, he thought, it was decidedly indiscreet, to pry into a friend's secrets with the help of a third person. The analysis had been worded most politely, but he had been pleased to find that it only confirmed what he already knew: that Katharina was really very clever in practical matters, but quite devoid of romantic feeling, incapable of enthusiasm for spiritual adventures. That fitted her. She did not understand, she even disapproved, his desire to peep behind the scenes on the stage of life, and, however quiet and uneventful his destiny, his wish to keep his spirit from sinking into complacency. It stiffened his manly pride to think that she lacked the questing curiosity which distinguished him. How Katharina's eyes would widen if she found out that he had secretly bought that picture, by which smart and dauntless action he had salved himself in his own eyes and in those of the world, and shown himself open-minded and European! He pictured her amazement clearly. "What do you think of that, eh?" he thought to himself with a chuckle, as he drove his mistress carefully through the night.

When they arrived at Luitpoldsbrunn they found Herr Pfaundler, whose villa was near by and who often used to drop in of an evening. Frau von Radolny was always glad to see this enterprising man. A waiter originally, then a restaurant owner, Herr Alois Pfaundler had been a meat contractor for the army during the War. Thus despite the rationing regulations he had been in a position to set choice and savoury dishes before the habitués of his expensive and luxurious restaurants, dishes for whose rarity in those lean times people gladly paid through the nose, and so Herr Pfaundler had quickly become rich. He had sunk his capital in the entertainment industry; he had shares in a great number of large variety theatres and cabarets in the Empire and also in the adjoining countries, and he was indisputably the first entertainment magnate in South Germany. He would have been completely at the head of his profession if he had not obstinately persisted in financing large undertakings in his own native city of Munich, in an attempt to give its pleasure resorts a cosmopolitan flavour. He owned the largest and most elegant variety theatre in Munich, a well-conducted cabaret, two restaurants of the first-class, and he was preparing to open a large bathing establishment on the lake this summer. Shrewd business man as he was, he knew of course that if Munich were to be merely a country town it would be difficult to make such enterprises succeed. For although the Bavarian capital had been known before the War as Germany's chief holiday and health-resort, the petty administrative measures of the new regime were scaring visitors away. But Herr Pfaundler persuaded himself that Munich's position as the one large town in a wide agricultural region made it peculiarly fitted to provide an urban contrast to its environment. Country people coming to Munich wanted the pleasures of city life as a change from their daily round. So he set his teeth and made up his mind that he would revive the entertainment industry in his native town or nowhere. Partly, also, he was moved by the instinct for the decorative, for the theatrical, which at intervals has always emerged in the people of the Bavarian upland and which was deep-seated in him. The popular fêtes of Munich which he had taken part in as a boy with such emotion, the regular yearly fairs in the public meadows, popular carnivals accompanied by an ear-splitting din, the Wagner festivals, the military parades, the magnificent procession on the day of Corpus Christi, the carnival balls in the German Theatre, the tumultuous beer orgies in the gigantic halls of the great breweries; scenes such as these had made a great impression on him. He wanted to recapture all that, to intensify it with the resources of modern technique, to make the noise noisier, the rush speedier, the glitter more splendid. With peasantlike obstinacy he flung the money that he drew from the rest of Germany into this perpetually miscarrying attack on Munich.

Frau von Radolny gave a large, white hand to Herr Pfaundler and greeted him with a vivacity unusual in her. Her origin was wrapt in mystery; she never spoke of it; but, whatever it may have been, she was extremely interested in questions concerning variety and cabaret life, had an astonishing knowledge of the technical phraseology of the profession, and was a judicious financial partner in some of Herr Pfaundler's concerns.

During dinner on the lovely terrace overlooking the lake she questioned and listened with great interest to the bulky, corpulent man. Her somewhat husky, sonorous voice alternated with the high smooth tones of Pfaundler. The ponderous man with the sly little rat's eyes in the pale puffy face, had no genuine convictions about the Krüger case. Of course it damaged the reputation of the town to have those backwoodsmen attacking an art critic of established reputation in this solemn way, and sniffing under his blankets; and by their fatuousness the Government had already made all the visitors and any intellectuals who counted at all leave in disgust. Someone would have to intervene sooner or later. Someone from the business world. He knew one man at least who could, if he really liked, make something of Munich, Herr von Reindl. But he was secretly in with Prussia, on account of his interest in the Ruhr, and in spite of his Federal phrases didn't care a button for Bavaria. Herr Hessreiter's face darkened at the name of Reindl: he had a constant grudge against the man who was so much his superior in wealth and social prestige, and was so much more a man of the world.

He thought vaguely of his porcelain factory, and that in the art department there they were turning out chiefly pierrot and columbine groups again. The South German Ceramics, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son had manufactured originally articles of utility, crockery in particular. A majority of the Bavarian people south of the Danube ate out of their plates, bowls, cups, and relieved themselves in their products. A particular favourite was a cheap pattern in bright blue: gentian and edelweiss. Herr Hessreiter's father had already added an art department to the factory. But it had never come to much. An ambitious attempt to put artistic beer jugs on the market had been a dismal failure. But in recent years the art department had gained tremendously. German money had greatly depreciated in value, already a dollar was worth 65 marks. German labour was cheap and made it possible to undertake profitable foreign trade. Hessreiter's concern had soon become wise to that; in foreign countries the products of the art department in particular had caught on, and gigantic toadstools, long bearded gnomes and the like flooded the whole world. These products were very much against Herr Hessreiter's taste; but what could he do? Was he to let somebody else collar the trade?

Herr Pfaundler saw that Herr Hessreiter did not like the reference to Reindl. Still looking troubled he asked if Katharina had a sufficient stock of Forster 1911 left; he could in any case let her have another fifty bottles. Then he told them of his plans for his big new establishment in Garmisch, the Powder Puff. In the past year he had already begun to advertise this winter health resort on a grand scale; and this year Garmisch-Partenkirchen was going to be absolutely the most fashionable winter resort in Germany. He had been laying his ground-bait abroad, too, above all in America.

Katharina sat up with interest, and asked for particulars of the programme which he planned for the establishment. An energetic worker, Herr Pfaundler had already made out a complete list of engagements. He promised himself his chief success from a Russian danseuse, Insarova, hitherto unknown in Germany, about whom he threw out dark and mysterious hints. Frau von Radolny expatiated with expert knowledge on the points of particular artistes whom Pfaundler had named. She hummed to herself the favourite number of a cabaret star. With an expert's keenness Herr Pfaundler picked holes in the song, explaining what was ineffective in the artiste's methods, and how it should be put across. He begged Katharina to sing the number again. The beautiful heavy-limbed woman complied without any affectation, singing the trifling suggestive verses in her deep voice, and lending her statuesque proportions to the usual provocative gestures and rhythmic swayings of the halls. Herr Pfaundler looked on with gloating eyes. His whole heart and soul were in the business, and he declared huskily that the song gained a particular charm through her very statuesqueness. They grew excited over one or two nuances, and compared them with certain gramophone records; Herr Hessreiter listened in silence. He was gazing at the two gigantic vases on the top of the terrace towards the lake. Here at Luitpoldsbrunn in his mistress's estate the products of his factory were scattered everywhere, in the house and the garden, huge statues here, knick-knacks there. It was remarkable that Frau von Radolny during her long connexion with him had never asked why there was not a single product of his factory in his own house in the Seestrasse.

Frau von Radolny obviously enjoyed her own performance, although her statuesqueness endowed gesture and word with something of the extraordinary. When the table-maid appeared to clear away one of the courses she made no attempt to interrupt her song, but rather seemed pleased when the girl lingered over her work so as to hear a little more of it.

Herr Hessreiter, to whom those evenings in the terrace by the lake were usually so dear, did not feel happy tonight. The lake slept peacefully under a half-moon, a grateful wind rustled in the trees, bringing with it a strong fragrance of woods and meadows. The roast game had been very tender, the wine cool and of a fine bouquet; Katharina sat by his side, sumptuous, beautifully gowned and seductive; Herr Pfaundler was a man of cosmopolitan experience, who knew how to keep Munich skilfully in touch with world-affairs. On other evenings his sociable and sedately pleasure-loving nature had been completely satisfied and complacent in the same situations; he had contributed broad, racy jokes with more in them than at first appeared, and a quiet gaiety had radiated from his well-groomed, elegant figure. But tonight, after some casual remarks at the beginning, emphasized by decisive gestures, he had fallen into absolute silence. He was quite relieved when at last Herr Pfaundler left.

While the sound of his car was still audible in the still night, Herr Hessreiter and Katharina sat on together. Smoking nervously Herr Hessreiter was thinking that a man like Pfaundler was well off; he was absorbed in his work, and he got things done. But what did he, Hessreiter, do? Every fortnight or so he visited his factory, which would run just as well without him, to see that they were turning out the same rubbish as they had been doing for the last ten years. And his collection of Munich antiques could be just as well completed by someone else. Frau von Radolny gazed in silence at her strangely distraught companion, his emphatically gesticulating hands, his groomed traditional side whiskers. Then she took out the gramophone and played two of his favourite records. She asked him next whether he would like another bottle of wine. He thanked her but declined; his cigar was finished; he sighed unhappily. They still sat for a while together, silent. Frau von Radolny was thinking that it wasn't advisable for two people to see each other too much. She would go to Salzburg at once. That was near enough to the south-east corner of Bavaria. Her old Court friends were living there; the Pretender to the crown, too, would be glad to see her again. Her circumspect ways put her high in his favour, and she was very devoted to him.

Next day when she came down to breakfast, Hessreiter had already taken his swim in the lake and departed to his duties in the city.

As he passed the Odeonsplatz he saw that at the Field-Marshals' Hall great scaffolds had been set up; he remembered having read of new atrocities that were to be erected there. He decided to proceed shortly with some ceramic models done by a young sculptor, still unknown, which had little chance of commercial success, but which pleased him artistically. Particularly a series called "Bull Fighting" which his patrons considered precious and which until now had filled them with particular aversion.

XVI. A BEDROOM IS INVESTIGATED

The witness Johanna Krain was born in Nürnberg; she was twenty-four years old, a subject of Bavaria, a Protestant by religion, and single. Her pale face was tense and strained while she gave her evidence; she made no attempt to conceal her agitation; her grey eyes flashed under her dark brows, and her broad forehead was furrowed in anger.

It was with a divided heart that the man Krüger saw her step forward. Naturally it was a welcome sight at last to see a reasonable human being interposing in this medieval nightmare of a law suit; but it was very unpleasant, all the same, to feel responsible for a woman's putting herself at the mercy of the stupid gossip of a whole country, and to stand helplessly aside while millions of filthy tongues were set wagging about her. Even if one were emancipated from atavistic notions of chivalry, one should have decency enough to refuse to accept such a sacrifice. But he had already refused. All the same, it seemed to him now, in the clear light of day, that he could have refused more peremptorily.

He had not seen her for a long time. When she stepped forward now, agitated and yet sure of herself, strong and steadfast in a well-fitting cream-coloured costume, her fine dark hair lying in a thick wave over her broad forehead, a current of affection and confidence ran through him. To him she appeared the very incarnation of sound human sense stepping forward to deliver him from the stuffy fanaticism of hidebound Philistines.

Many of the men present had somewhat the same feeling when the indignant lady appeared in the witness box. His plump face almost foolish with amazement, his small mouth slightly open, the elegant Herr Hessreiter stared at her with wide eyes, which had no longer their veiled look. So this Johanna Krain, whom he had got to analyse Katharina's handwriting, was Krüger's mistress! Not without her points; he had liked her that time, when he had had dealings with her about the analysis. He liked her today too. He thought of the girl Haider's letters; he weighed the girl Anna Elisabeth Haider against the girl Johanna Krain. He couldn't understand Krüger, and decided that he was stupid, uncultivated, antipathetic. Dr. Geyer's clear, urgent eyes flashed behind his thick glasses, and his transparent cheeks flushed and paled as he gazed steadily at his witness. Seeing her agitation he was not quite sure of the issue; on the other hand he congratulated himself that the very genuineness of her indignation would have its effect on the jury. There was excitement at the tables where the reporters sat; the dry air of triumph with which Dr. Geyer had asked this witness to be called promised an interesting turn in the proceedings, it would be worth their while to squeeze the last drop of journalistic sensationalism out of this deposition. The cartoonists worked feverishly to get as much expression as possible into the unique face, the broad white forehead, the strong mouth, the whole indignant bearing of the lady, for the evening edition. A professional sceptic had some information to impart. This upstanding lady lived ostensibly by graphology; but it was nearly all men who went to her for her analyses, and it was extremely questionable whether it was only her science they paid her for.

The Public Prosecutor was very unpleasantly disturbed by the unexpected witness. This clear, incisive, indignant lady did not look as if she could be "impressed" in the Bavarian official sense, or as if she could be confused by clever cross-examination and induced to substantiate his conception of the charge. Of course, simply because she was a good-looking woman, she had gained the general sympathy even before she had opened her mouth. And the defending counsel, Dr. Geyer, one must give him credit, had produced her at the right psychological moment.

The judge, Dr. Hartl, became uneasy for the first time during the case. He blew his thin nose repeatedly, a fact which moved the juryman Lechner also to pull out his checked handkerchief still more frequently. Dr. Hartl took off his cap and wiped the sweat from his bald head, a thing which, in spite of the heat he had never done yet during the whole proceedings. The unexpected appearance of this witness made the hitherto easy-going trial full of thorny points, and presented the ambitious judge with an opportunity of facing a more difficult position; the defence of the accused must not be curtailed, but neither must his condemnation be endangered.

The witness Johanna Krain gave her evidence as follows. The accused was her friend. What did she mean by that? The defence interposed with a request that the public should be excluded. But as the Judge saw here a probable chance of intimidating the witness by the size of her audience, the request was refused. Johanna Krain must give her evidence publicly. Was she prepared to swear that she had had intimate relations with the accused? Yes. What did she know of the events of the night in question when Dr. Krüger had been at the party in Widenmaierstrasse? During that night Dr. Krüger had come to her. As one man the jury craned their necks towards the witness; even the heavy, expressionless features of Cortesi the postman became a little animated, and the classical master's soft mouth, surrounded by a downy black beard, grew round with an expression of astonishment which was very unwelcome to the Public Prosecutor. Upset by the visible sensation which this evidence had caused, the Public Prosecutor went on to ask if she could remember the exact time at which Dr. Krüger had visited her during that night. The audience held their breath. Yes, replied Johanna Krain very clearly, she could. It had been at two o'clock.

The hot, packed court became quite still. How was it, asked the Public Prosecutor in a somewhat hoarse voice, that she knew the hour so exactly? With great confidence, neither too briefly nor too much at length, the witness Krain now related the story of the planned excursion into the mountains. And how Martin hadn't wanted to join it, and how they had quarrelled, and how at last, in open repentance, he had come to her after the party in the middle of the night, and awakened her. Naturally her first glance in the circumstances had been at the clock; they had then naturally enough talked for a long time about the proposed excursion; for when one was wakened out of one's sleep at two it wasn't very pleasant to have to get up for good at half past four. Krüger listened attentively, and almost believed himself what she was saying. She was very sorry now, the witness Krain concluded, that she had not accompanied Krüger to the party; for then the case would never have been brought up. As not relevant to the proceedings this observation was gravely ruled out by Dr. Hartl.

During the time that Ratzenberger was being sought, so that the Public Prosecutor might confront him with Johanna Krain, the cross-examination went on sharply and at length. First she was asked whether during the night of 23rd to 24th February the accused had had intimate relations with her. Once more Dr. Geyer demanded that the public should be excluded; once more his request was refused. Very pale, Johanna replied stubbornly and distinctly in her broadest accent, yes; Martin had lain with her that night. Every word, every gesture, was full of firmness and conviction: she was glowing with hot rage against her fellow-countrymen. Feichtinger, the teacher, even shrank a little with fear before the wild flash in her resolute grey eyes. Did she live alone then, the question went on, and how could he have reached her without being seen? She lived with her aunt, Franziska Ametsrieder, an elderly lady, who was always in the habit of going to bed early. Her own rooms were in another part of the flat and quite separate. Dr. Krüger had a key, and could easily get in without being seen or heard. The grin had faded from the face of juryman von Dellmaier, he nodded familiarly, approvingly, with the appreciation of an expert. The Public Prosecutor, for his part, decided to put as lurid a construction as possible on the part played in this affair by the respectable aunt.

Had the witness Krain known, he went on to ask, that Dr. Krüger had relations with other women as well? Yes, she had known it; they had been transient affairs for which she did not blame him very much. This remark made an unfavourable impression; it was extraordinary, the Public Prosecutor repeated several times. But she considered it inconceivable, Johanna went on, that Martin Krüger had come to her straight from the bedroom of another woman. The Public Prosecutor hummed and hawed; others too hummed and hawed. It was inconceivable, repeated Johanna Krain with passionate indignation. The Judge besought her to control herself. The artist of the *Berlin Illustrated News* captured this moment in an effective sketch showing Johanna's broad, shapely head turning with flaming wrath on the blunt, coarse head of the Public Prosecutor; always when she looked at anyone, she turned her head towards him at the same time. What was her means of livelihood? asked the Public Prosecutor. She had a little money of her own; also she made an income from her graphological analyses. She did not see, moreover, what that had to do with the case. For the third time she was cautioned mildly but with firmness by Dr. Hartl to stick to the point.

Had she received money from Dr. Krüger? the Public Prosecutor went on to ask with exasperating deliberation. Here Dr. Krüger, who had listened to the last few questions with a gloomy, impassive face, rose in anger. The line artists flung themselves eagerly on the opportunity; but this time only one of them, the representative of the *Leipzig Illustrated News*, succeeded in catching it, showing Krüger in an effective pose, gesticulating in fury, his chin thrust out violently, and glaring at the Public Prosecutor with his arched grey eyes under their thick eyebrows. The Public Prosecutor bore his angry looks with ironical patience; he did not even appeal for protection to the Judge; at last, as Dr. Krüger sank back exhausted, Dr. Hartl mildly rebuked him. Had then, the Public Prosecutor went on imperturbably, as if Krüger's demonstration had not occurred, had Fräulein Krain then never received presents in money or of monetary value from the accused? Yes, replied the witness, she had received flowers several times, once a hamper of eatables, once too a pair of gloves, books as well. Dirmoser, purveyor by appointment to the royal family, gazed with interest at Johanna's hand, which was firm and rather childlike; when she was sworn he had noted with disapproval that she hadn't had to take off her glove, for she had come without gloves; now his attitude both to Krüger and to Johanna Krain lost some of its acerbity. As for the money value of the presents, declared Krüger coolly, the hamper, if he was not mistaken, had cost ten marks fifty; it might however have been even eleven marks. Smiling faintly himself, the Judge reproved the unseemly mirth of the public. Had not the witness been threatened once with proceedings for fortune-telling? No, she had never been threatened with any such proceedings. The counsel for the defence asked leave to bring forward expert opinion showing that the analyses of the witness had scientific value. This was ruled out as irrelevant. Privately Dr. Hartl wondered at the clumsy tactics of the Public Prosecutor, whose logic had been obviously incapacitated by the surprise stroke of the defence. The witness had visibly won back the sympathy even of those who had at first been alienated by her arrogant attitude, and was now in high favour with everybody. This was partly achieved by the fact that in her rising excitement her Bavarian accent became unmistakably broader and broader; her speech and her actions were such that nobody could possibly suspect her of being a foreigner or a Bohemian.

Had the accused told her the particulars of his relations with other women? asked the Public Prosecutor, obstinately persevering on the false scent. No, she had neither asked him, nor had he told her anything about them. She only knew that they existed.

Could she then give any evidence in regard to the letters of the dead girl, or, with reference to these, was she conversant with Dr. Krüger's erotic habits? At this a murmur of indignation arose from the public. Herr von Dellmaier snickered aloud, but Dr. Geyer gave him a look of such boundless hatred that the pale vacuous man broke off in the midst of his laughter, almost in terror.

But now, with a loud hem! and a sweeping gesture of the arm juryman Hessreiter arose. This courageous Bavarian girl pleased him, and he felt that the way she was being attacked was abominable. "When courage springs within one's breast," he thought, in the words of a once-famous line of Ludwig the First, without being quite clear whether he was referring to himself or to the girl. At any rate, he rose majestically and declared in an unusually firm tone that he believed he spoke in the name of the whole jury in saying that this question was superfluous. Juryman Cajetan Lechner, dealer in antiques, nodded his assent slowly, but with decision. He had objected from the beginning to the way in which this witness was being handled. He thought of his dead wife, whose maiden name was Rosa Hueber, and who had been a cash girl, and he was strongly of the opinion that one shouldn't treat any woman so rudely as the Public Prosecutor was doing. He thought of his daughter Anni, the baggage; one never knew, she might be sometime in the same position as this witness, Johanna Krain. He thought particularly of his son Beni, whom they had put in prison, and he was not at that moment particularly enamoured of Bavarian justice. In a tone of courteous reproof the Judge explained that it was his affair to decide whether a question should be allowed or not. The witness Krain replied that she did not rightly understand the question. The Public Prosecutor declared that that satisfied him.

When he was confronted with Johanna Krain, Herr Franz Xaver Ratzenberger spoke up very perkily. Once more he was asked circumstantially whether it was possible that he was mistaken in the date or in the hour. No, there could have been no mistake. The taxi-driver Ratzenberger had driven Dr. Martin Krüger to the house at 94 Katharinenstrasse about two o'clock in the morning of February 24, and Dr. Krüger had gone into the house with the girl Anna Elisabeth Haider. But he had been in bed with the witness Johanna Krain in the Steindorfstrasse as well, and about the very same time. In the course of the confrontation the taxi-driver changed his tone, becoming frank and genial. Fräulein Krain must be making a mistake. That often happened when ladies tried to remember things. He made not at all a bad impression. All the same the obstinacy with which the indignant Johanna Krain stuck to her evidence had a strong effect on the jury and the public. And the Judge closed the sitting not without perplexity; for the first time a tiny cloud of anxiety regarding the outcome had appeared on the horizon.

XVII. A LETTER FROM CELL 134

Frau Franziska Ametsrieder learnt of Johanna Krain's evidence from the newspapers. Now she understood why the telephone kept on ringing, and why troops of visitors came who certainly weren't all wanting analyses of their writing.

Frau Ametsrieder dismissed the visitors, and finally disconnected the telephone and the door bell. Then she went to Johanna. The lust of battle was in her eye; her short, strong legs bore her stiff, fat body like an engine of war into the fray with her unhappy niece. In her powerful masculine face her clear, bright eyes were gleaming with the joy of battle beneath her short-cropped, raven black hair, in which there was only a thread or two of grey. She fancied that Johanna would refuse to see her.

But here she was mistaken: Johanna let her in. Attentively and with perfect courtesy she regarded the stout, resolute figure of her aunt, who avoided all mention of the moral question, and confined herself to pointing out, with sound reasoning, first that Johanna's evidence would have no appreciable effect on the fate of the man Krüger, and secondly that, considering the prevailing spirit in Munich, Johanna had only ruined her own hope of livelihood once and for all. Johanna ignored her aunt's arguments, and asked briefly what particular steps should be now taken, in her aunt's opinion, seeing that the situation was what it was. Then it appeared that while as ever Frau Ametsrieder had very clear and decided views on what had happened, she had only the most vague and general advice for the future. Johanna announced finally that if her aunt felt herself in any way compromised by staying in the house, she had only to tell her, whenever she liked, that she was going. Her aunt, who could not resign herself to that, only managed to keep to her resolution with difficulty and said that surely one could utter a word or two in season. Johanna, suddenly white with rage, burst out in her broadest dialect that her aunt was to leave her alone, then, and clear out of it. Aunt Ametsrieder answered that she would send Johanna in some tea and toast, and made her exit as best she could.

She left a pile of newspapers and letters on the table. Johanna was abused in them in the most vituperative terms. It was frequently pointed out that her testimony to Krüger's innocence proved nothing; for why shouldn't a Bohemian like Dr. Krüger go from one easily accessible lady to another in the course of a few minutes? She saw several sketches of herself in different poses. All except one struck her as being so false that she asked herself if she could really have looked so theatrical. A few newspapers interceded for her, but usually in the patronizingly benevolent style of those who understood all. The majority made merry over her graphology, and in cautious terms gave public expression to the insinuation that graphology was only a pretext for getting hold of men, while those who defended her efficiency in her profession adopted such an exaggerated, fulsome tone that these friendly paragraphs were still more painful to her than the hostile ones. Several letters threatened that she would be taught a lesson. They were distinguished by their intimate acquaintance with the smuttiest suburban terms of abuse. Johanna discovered with interest how rich and graphic was the vocabulary of the quarter of Munich on the other side of the river.

A new and measureless fury mounted within her, making her pale. With a sudden movement she swept the pile of written and printed filth from the table and stamped on it. She must do something, intervene in some way. Slap one of these scoundrels in the face. But her fury did not last long. She stood for a while in a strangely cramped pose, biting her upper lip and thinking deeply. She must keep all her wits about her. After Martin Krüger had let himself be caught so easily by his ox-like and narrow-minded fellow-countrymen it would be damned difficult to set him free again.

She came out of her rigidity, sat down and mechanically picked out a letter from the confusion of envelopes before her. The sight of the handwriting made her jump. The letter was from Martin Krüger.

She had not sought Krüger out after giving her evidence, for he had a slight weakness for theatrical scenes which she did not share, and he would probably have expressed himself somewhat melodramatically. So now he had written instead. She stared at the envelope in exasperation. There was nothing to write about. With three furrows over her nose, snorting impatiently, she tore open the letter.

He would not have this, wrote Krüger. Chivalrous gestures were not in his line, as she knew. But he was altogether against anyone else coupling her fate with his just now, when it was evident that he was in for a rotten time. He begged her to leave him to himself and to Bavarian justice. He set her free.

Johanna bit her upper lip fiercely. This was what she might have expected. He set her free! She wasn't taken in by such stupid drivel. Inane sob-stuff. The imprisonment had knocked him all to pieces.

She held up the letter in front of her. Suddenly, half as if compelled, she stretched it on the little apparatus, somewhat like a reading-stand, which she used for her graphological analyses, and began to dissect the writing according to the cold, ingenious methods which she had learned. In doing this she was only playing with herself and with Krüger; for these methods were a mere vehicle for transporting her into the ecstatic state in which alone she could seize the living significance of the writing. Sometimes she would stare for hours at the little apparatus, and not a single gleam would come. Sometimes too the characters would resist every method of elucidation, and she had to hand the writing back unanalysed. Sometimes again her reading of a specimen of writing had such a strong effect on her that she had to set up her sober, routine methods almost like a rampart between her and it. She felt oppressed, she longed for illumination, but almost always the revelation was bound up with suffering. She had an ambiguous feeling, partly shame and partly titillation, when the being of the other began to detach itself from the letters, took shape and entered into her. At first, when she had made analyses for amusement, to entertain an appreciative company, it had been a great joke to see their grave or dumbfounded faces. Then it had cost her an effort to turn to mere monetary account this gift so strange and uncanny. Now she was hardened to it. She took her analyses seriously. She said nothing which she did not honestly mean; but she was silent about much that she divined. Often, too, words failed her; often she shrank back from unwelcome perceptions.

She sat in the darkened room and stared intently into the apparatus. In the strong light Martin's writing leapt up towards her, almost plastic in its reality. Not just yet, but soon, now in a moment, with the certainty of an unrolling film, the image of the writer would come to her. Already she felt that excitement and elevation, that lightness of the limbs, that dryness in the mouth, that unsealing of every sense, the presages by which revelation announced itself. Then she tore herself away. She flung up the blinds, she let the day in. She switched off the apparatus, opened the window, breathed deeply. The man was in trouble, the man was in prison. The man with whom she had been in the mountains, and by the sea. The man who had winked at her when the mayor of that provincial town had proposed his toast. The man with whom she had lain, who had whispered things childish and strong, things foolish, kind and wise to her.

She took the letter out of the stand. Martin Krüger was perhaps a bad man, perhaps a good man: in any case he was her friend. She would not spy on him. She realized well enough why she had let herself in for this business. She had no need of ingenious arguments to justify herself in her own eyes. It would take the devil himself to stop her from smashing up the whole stupid and villainous conspiracy.

Slowly and thoughtfully she tore into little pieces the foolish letter from the man Krüger, her friend.

The heap of letters and newspapers caught her attention again. She would be reasonable, but she could not fight down a wild access of fury that made her broad face still broader. Let her countrymen be obstinate, she could be twice as obstinate. If Dr. Geyer could have seen her sitting there with glaring eyes he would not have been so sure of the outcome of this struggle between the two Bavarians; the Minister of Justice and this tall girl.

XVIII. PETITIONS FOR REPRIEVE

Two petitions for reprieve, in which wider interests were concerned, were lying before Dr. Otto Klenk, the Minister of Justice.

On one of the chief lines in the Bavarian railway system an express train had run off the rails; nineteen people had been killed, and thirty-one injured. The cause of the catastrophe could not be clearly established. Some attributed it to a neglect of proper provision for the public safety, and averred that the permanent way of that line was not strong enough for the heavy new engines. As a violent quarrel was going on at the time between the central office of the Imperial railways and the administration of the Bavarian system, this catastrophe came very inopportunely for the Bavarian separatists. And so the decision whether the accident was the work of a criminal or not was one of great importance. If a criminal could be produced, then the administration was absolved of responsibility; in the opposite case they would have to pay out considerable sums to the wounded and the dependents of the dead. The railway authorities stubbornly denied any responsibility, and declared that the accident was due to a criminal act, as was evident from the loosening of the rails and similar clues.

Things were in this state when the rural police laid hold of a suspicious character who had been admittedly seen wandering in the neighbourhood of the line about the time of the catastrophe. This man, twenty-nine years old, Prokop Voditchka by name, a Czech by nationality, had already been convicted several times for crimes of violence in his native country. Now he had been wandering about in Bavaria for weeks without visible occupation, keeping himself alive on potatoes and vegetables, sometimes earning a few pence in the inns along the road by dancing and singing; for the sturdy rogue with the pale, perspiring face, into which neither wind nor sun brought any colour, was a wild singer and dancer, whom the waitresses and chauffeurs at the inns were always ready to listen to. And he had been airing violent Communistic sentiments, threatening that he would show the big-wigs what was what, and he would give people something to talk about, they would soon read all about it in the papers. At any rate, it was proved that only an hour before the accident he had been seen at the very place where it had happened; also he was in possession of suspicious tools which could easily have loosened the rails and sleepers on the fairway, and so subsequently brought about the catastrophe. It was very suspicious too that he had had the wit to leave the place in a great hurry after the accident occurred.

In any case the Bavarian court before whom he was charged had been convinced by this circumstantial evidence that he was guilty, and had condemned him to ten years' imprisonment. The Bavarian administration stood justified before those carping critics in the North, and their coffers were relieved from a disagreeable liability.

The Bohemian vagrant, however, had found a spirited advocate, of course from Dr. Geyer's circle, a barrister called Löwenmaul who wrangled with the Bavarian authorities over him. He maintained in court and later in the columns of the Opposition press, that it was on psychological grounds that he doubted the man's guilt. At first, for instance, the sturdy rascal imagined that he had been arrested for certain other offences and was being charged with them. When presently he was accused of wrecking the train, he had been simply dumbfounded and had roared with laughter as if at an excellent joke. He certainly did not look like a fanatic who would sacrifice himself for an idea, and what advantage could he have got from such a crime? Then when they had persisted in trying to prove that he had some connexion with the derailing of the train, he had produced the most reasonable arguments, which showed that it was incomprehensible to him how they had implicated him in the affair. It had been really pure chance, his being in the neighbourhood at the time of the accident. He had indulged in all sorts of threats, certainly, but who wouldn't have done so in his position? His fleshy, intelligent face had a malicious look, but indolent too, not like that of a man who would commit a crime for the sake of a principle. He strove indefatigably to make this clear, believing that his obviously plausible arguments must soon set him free. But presently when he learnt by chance, from a newspaper or one of the warders, what interest the Government had in proving that the catastrophe had been caused by a criminal hand and not by official negligence, he gave up, with a fatalism that shook his lawyer, all attempt to defend himself. If a whole country of six millions, he declared to the lawyer, had an interest in stamping him as a criminal, he wasn't such a fool as to take up the fight, one man against six millions. From then on he was content to chaff his judges with a kind of lazy, malicious joviality. But it was precisely this attitude of Voditchka, which confirmed the lawyer, in his opinion, that though the man was obviously a criminal type of the purest stamp, he was undoubtedly innocent of the railway accident.

After he had failed to carry his point in the courts, he carried on the battle for his client in the press, adroitly and stubbornly, but scrupulously avoiding provocation; and so a circumstantial, carefully drafted appeal for a reprieve from the barrister Löwenmaul on behalf of the prisoner Prokop Voditchka now lay before Dr. Klenk. Klenk was a man who was amenable to reason; violent by temperament, but only narrow-minded where his own interests or the interests of his Bavaria were concerned. These were amply guarded by the legal sentence pronounced on Prokop Voditchka, particularly as Voditchka had requested Löwenmaul not to appeal. Yes, his temperament being what it was, the Minister must needs have been taken by the impudent, lazy, intelligent rascal, and the lawyer reckoned confidently on his appeal being granted.

The question of prestige gave Dr. Klenk little anxiety in this matter. Of course if Voditchka were released the Opposition press would weigh in with telling articles, saying that after all the Government had not felt sure of their ground, and that the railway catastrophe was still as ambiguous as it had been at first. But that was mere sound and fury; the affair was dead and buried, settled once and for all by the judge's sentence. Everybody was indifferent to the man Voditchka himself. So the only real consequence of a reprieve, the long experienced, permanent official had told him, reporting on the petition, would be that for the future .instead of Bavaria, Czechoslovakia would have the job of looking after Voditchka.

As he read this, Klenk's thoughts took another turn. He suddenly saw Dr. Geyer's slim, nervous hands, sharp blue eyes behind those thick glasses, though Geyer had had nothing to do with the Voditchka case. He had engineered that well, the cur, bringing in the evidence of this Johanna Krain at the very end of the trial. Not that it had given him, Klenk, a moment's worry about the outcome, and so he could all the more appreciate the cleverness of the move.

The Minister forced himself to consider the document before him again. "The only real consequence of a reprieve would be." Geyer was an extraordinarily objectionable fellow. "When one takes into account that it was only circumstantial evidence." In his place Flaucher would have refused the appeal. One could get on with Löwenmaul. When he read of the pardon Geyer would screw up his thin face.

In huge letters across the last typewritten page of the appeal Dr. Klenk wrote slowly in red pencil: "Refused. K."

Dr. Geyer would not screw up his face.

The telephone rang. Nothing of importance. As Klenk gave short evasive replies into the telephone, the face of Prokop Voditchka returned to his memory. It was a pale fat face with sly little eyes. Really not unsympathetic. So he would continue to sit in prison, plaiting straw mats, searching every corner with his sly little eyes; but he would serve his time quietly, he wasn't stupid enough to try to escape.

At last the voice in the telephone ceased, and the Minister hung the receiver back on its hook. Really at the bottom he wasn't so unsympathetic, this prisoner Voditchka. Compared with the thin-skinned, spectacled, deeply antipathetic Geyer he was acutally sympathetic. With his thick, red pencil the Minister Klenk scored out the word "Refused" and made it illegible. Then he wrote firmly and distinctly in still larger letters beside it: "Granted. K."

The next petition concerned the stoker Anton Hornauer. Hornauer had had a job in the Kapuziner Brewery, one of those great old breweries which had gained world-wide fame for Munich. On week-days he worked for eight hours, on Sundays for twelve. He stoked his boiler, kept his eye on the water-gauge and the steam pressure, and shovelled in coal. There he stood; for eight hours on week-days, for twelve on Sundays. Twice a day he pulled a lever. Then the stream, heated to 130 degrees, ran into a pipe, then into a tunnel, carrying with it all the dross that clung to the boiler. This was the usual way of purifying boilers.

One Sunday, when the stoker had pulled his lever as usual, he heard horrible screams. Someone rushed in: "Turn it off! Turn it off!" The stoker Hornauer throttled off the steam and rushed into the cellar. From the tunnel they were pulling out a workman. The man had been asked to clean the tunnel; when he had gone down a few feet, the flood of white-hot steam poured over him. He died before the stoker's eyes, and left a wife and four children.

Experts disputed before the judge regarding the responsibility of the stoker. Had Hornauer acted in accordance with the regulations? Had he been legally bound to make sure whether someone was working in the tunnel or not? Did he know where the steam ran when he released it? Was it his duty to know it? The Kapuziner Brewery, in which the accident happened, had a world-wide reputation; it exported beer all over the globe. That its organization functioned flawlessly, that no criminal negligence should be found there, was not only a matter which concerned the management deeply; it affected the whole economy of Bavaria. So the country was satisfied when the court announced that here the guilt lay with an individual, not with an old, honourable and universally esteemed company which in spite of the wretched economic situation paid 39 per cent in its dividends. Besides, the management were giving of their own will an extra allowance of twenty-three marks, eighty pfennigs to the dependents of the scalded workman, quite apart from the compensation which fell due to them. The guilty stoker Hornauer was condemned to six months' imprisonment.

He accepted it with the dull, vacant submissiveness of a man who does not understand. For he had been in the brewery for a long number of years, and for a long number of years had pulled this lever twice daily. He had an ailing wife and two destitute children. So there lay his petition for a reprieve.

The directors and several of the chief shareholders were members of the ultra-aristocratic club in which Klenk, too, often used to spend his evenings. The whole affair was more personal than the Voditchka case. If the stoker was innocent, then the Privy Councillors von Bettinger and Dingharder, distinguished and high-principled burgesses were guilty. True, Reindl would be involved as well, and Klenk would gladly have seen him upset. He was only on the board of directors of the Kapuziner Brewery, but everybody knew that he was the real brain behind it. It was an attractive idea to save a poor ill-used devil from some months' imprisonment, especially if by so doing one could get in a blow at Reindl. But on the other hand it was an old and honourable business which was concerned, the most important industry in Bavaria, and the general prestige of Bavaria besides. Klenk could not indulge himself in this small pleasure.

While the Minister of Justice somewhat mechanically wrote the word "Refused. K." in large, distinct letters, his thoughts were already elsewhere, were already with the lecture which he was to broadcast that evening. He rather liked to hear himself talk. His deep, jovial voice was impressive, he knew. What he stood for, how he said it; all went well together. He had announced as his theme: "The ideal modern administration of justice." And now, towards the end of the Krüger case and after about a year of his administration, he proposed to play off the ideal of a genuine national justice against the erroneous ideals of rigid, standardized, absolute Roman Law.

XIX. A SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE AND A VOICE FROM THE AIR

In making a speech for the defence one must be careful to take the character of the jury into account. In the Bavarian plateau especially it was a mistaken piece of cleverness to appeal to the minds of the popular tribunal. One had instead to wrestle with their complete lack of understanding. It would have suited Dr. Geyer's disposition much better to develop his lines of thought sharply and logically, to demonstrate mathematically how weak were the arguments pointing to the defendant's guilt, how strong were those for his innocence. But he knew how little power of judgment resided in any body of men, and particularly in a body of men drawn from the Bavarian plateau. He pictured the jurymen, Feichtinger, Cortesi, Lechner, and resolved to control his nerves, and not to let his disgust at the whole system become evident. He would give them the stale platitudes that went to their hearts. If it was his heart's desire as a representative of the people, and still more as a man, to proclaim to the world his shame, disgust and anger at the state of justice in Bavaria, his duty as a lawyer was to save his client, that and nothing more. Policy demanded that he should let his burning indignation cool. The only thing that mattered was to get a hold on the jury.

He let his thoughts roam now; he could afford it. He had drawn up his speech clearly. In spite of all the efforts of his housekeeper, his study looked just as untidy and uncomfortable as usual. Papers and books were scattered about; he had changed his shoes on the spot instead of in his bedroom, and now his muddy street shoes were standing in the middle of the floor; the overcoat which he had thrown off was hanging over a chair; a packet of chocolate was lying among his documents; on the stove stood a half-empty cup of cold tea, and there were cigarette ashes everywhere.

He lay down on the sofa and stared at the ceiling, his nervous hands clasped behind his head. Why was he defending the man Krüger? What was the man Krüger to him? Was it worth while defending one man? Were there not more important things for him to do? Who was the man Krüger, that he should exhaust himself and work himself to a shadow for his sake, and make a fool of himself in trying to influence a jury of yokels on his behalf? He blinked rapidly, mechanically lit a fresh cigarette, and puffed hastily at it, lying on his back.

What above all was he doing in this exceptionally ignorant town? These people actually liked their filthy illogicality, they enjoyed themselves in their amorphous disorder. God had given them obtuse hearts, which was certainly a big asset on this planet. He had seen Balthasar Hierl, the comedian, a melancholy clown, who was always trying to solve absurd problems by a lugubrious pseudo-logic. Asked, for example, why he wore a pair of spectacles without glasses, he would reply that surely it was better than nothing. He would be told that the benefit to the eyes came from the glasses, not the frame. Why did people wear the frame then? he would retort. So as to hold the glasses, he would be told. Just so, he would say with an air of satisfaction, that was what he had said, it was better than nothing, surely. He was a very popular comedian, celebrated far beyond Munich; but he only repelled Geyer. Yet the whole nation was just like this man with the glassless spectacles. They were content with the empty form of justice, even when they suffered horribly because of it, and refused to have the reality. And for this people he was working himself to death. To what end? Why try to clean the filthy machine of justice, when its victims felt perfectly comfortable among the filth? He had an abnormal, fanatical need for exactitude in justice, for clarity, a need which went far past the bounds of reason and logic. Well knowing the inadequacy of the whole machine, he wished nothing less than to see it working with mathematical certainty. And why? Nobody would thank him. He was like a housewife who wanted to scrub and polish a house where people only felt comfortable when it was stuffy and higgledy piggledy. He was like Agnes, his housekeeper. These people felt much better under the popular justice of their Klenk.

He lay on the sofa, empty, dead tired, exhausted with the strain of keeping a curb on nerves which wanted to fly off at every moment. Would it not have been wiser if he had finished in quiet his *History of Injustice in Bavaria?* Of his *Law, Politics, and History* he dared not even think any longer.

He lay on his back; his cigarette had gone out; he was too tired to take off his glasses. But his eyes were closed, and under the thick glasses the veins stood out red in his eye-lids. He breathed heavily; in spite of their vivid colouring his cheeks seemed fallen in under the straggling down upon them; for he was badly shaved.

So he lay for a while, resolved to think of nothing. But his indefatigable memory continued to throw up new things; verses about the just judge in an old Italian play, deductions of the popular comedian, remarks of the man Krüger in an essay on the relations between Flemish and Spanish art, the faces of the jurymen. The face of the juryman von Dellmaier. Yes, von Dellmaier's fatuous, pallid face, with its pointed chin, appeared before him again, in spite of himself. It was a rat-like face, sharp like a rat's, with the same tiny, silly teeth. The flat, shrill laugh of the man too had something of the squeak of a rat. A gnawing, poisonous rat: that was the fellow all over. And behind him, over his shoulder, appeared another still paler face. The lawyer breathed so heavily that it sounded like a smothered snarl of pain. With a jerk he sat up. That wasn't the way to relax. He stretched, yawned, and gazed with vacant eyes round his disordered study. It wasn't too late yet; he could perhaps make a passage here and there of his speech still more incisive. But it was wiser to be fresh for tomorrow morning and to go to sleep now, early as the hour was. Half mechanically he put on the wireless; he wanted to hear a little music first. But his face hardened, and his eyes became sharp, malicious, calculating. He was listening to the deep, jovial, mocking voice of the Minister of Justice. "It is not given to mortals to attain the Absolute. Our ideal must be to give a national character to the norms which only become alive when brought into contact with human nature."

Dr. Siegbert Geyer, barrister and member of Parliament, slowly took off his head-piece again, and put away the apparatus with unaccustomed carefulness. His brow was clouded. With the back of his hand he wiped the sweat away; he no longer looked tired. He rummaged among a pile of papers and pulled out a bulky manuscript on whose blue jacket was written: "History of Injustice." The manuscript always accompanied him; it went with him from his office to his flat, from his flat to his office. He ran through it, became intent, noted passages, and began to write. With her slow, furtive tread Agnes the housekeeper insinuated herself into the room. She yapped at him in her shrill nervous, voice: he hadn't taken his supper again, and tomorrow he had a heavy day, and this couldn't go on, and he absolutely must have something to eat. He looked blindly past her, and wrote on. She began to shout. He did not stop. Finally she went out. Two hours later he was still sitting working.

During his speech next day Dr. Geyer had himself perfectly in control. His hands did not flutter, his face was impassive, the usual quick flush did not flicker over it. His high voice was certainly unpleasant, but he controlled himself and did not speak too fast. He watched the faces which followed his speech. Above all it was on the attentive face of the juryman Lechner that he kept his penetrating gaze, blinking hardly at all; and he took his cue from the antique dealer's checked handkerchief, judging his course from the frequency of its appearance. He got every single effect which he intended.

It is true that perhaps such an expert observer as the lawyer

Löwenmaul might remark that Dr. Geyer twice lost the thread of his discourse. Once he launched into a superfluous denunciation of the many corruptions of the age, of its lack of discipline, its empty inflated, destructive lust for pleasure, which hadn't even temperament to recommend it; and only with labour could he get back to his theme by the gratuitous, even damaging declaration that Martin Krüger too had been infected by this lust for pleasure, but that in great part he had sublimated it in art. Löwenmaul had not observed that as he switched on to this diatribe, Dr. Geyer's eyes had glided from Lechner's face and fixed themselves on the pallid, fair, pimply face of the insurance agent von Dellmaier, who meanwhile never turned his sarcastic, impudent, superciliously bored gaze away from the passionate lips of the lawyer. Then later, Löwenmaul noted, his colleague turned aside to make a few quite general remarks, which he certainly had not intended originally, remarks on the ethics of justice, very temperamental too, which would have been more effective in Parliament than in a law court. And this happened too just when the Minister of Justice unexpectedly appeared in the court.

Besides, both times Dr. Geyer gathered himself together again, and even the most antagonistic newspapers had to allow that the speech of the well-known lawyer had been an impressive forensic performance.

XX. A FEW ROWDIES AND A GENTLEMAN

On the day after Dr. Krüger's condemnation Johanna Krain was walking through the park on her way to Dr. Geyer. Her legs, strong and a little too solid for the taste of the times, were revealed by her almond-green, close fitting dress, which was short as the fashions of that year prescribed. She had plenty of time and walked slowly, her soles crunched on the gravel. A fresh wind was blowing; the town looked well in the clear, strong light of the high plateau, and Johanna loved it. She was enjoying her walk, and realized, to her own surprise, that she was not really angry any longer. She walked commandingly through the bright green park, regaling herself with the freshness of early summer; beneath her flowed the river swift and powerful; she was calm and braced for battle.

Out of a side path came four youths, talking loudly. One of them was wearing a sports jacket of grey-green material. They eyed the tall girl searchingly, whistling; one of them brandished his slender cane. Then they passed her and kept looking back, laughing with exaggerated boisterousness; presently they seated themselves on a bench. Johanna half-thought of turning back, and taking another path. But they were all four staring at her, obviously waiting to see what she would do. She went on, she passed them without hastening her step. "Of course it's her!" said the one in the sports jacket. The youth with the cane gave a loud whistle, staring at her. As soon as she was past they got up and followed. Two small children were coming towards her, there was nobody else in sight. She continued to walk on slowly, three angry furrows now on her forehead. She would have to walk on for about three minutes before she could strike into another path; but perhaps somebody or other would appear before then. The four behind her made their obscene remarks so loudly now that it was impossible to ignore them. Obviously they were only waiting for an answer from her; then there would be a scene. Oh, but she would be astute, she wouldn't pay any attention. As soon as anybody appeared, she would be rid of the young hooligans at once. There in front was someone coming in sight now, a well-dressed man by all appearances. She gazed straight ahead at the slender bridge which spanned the river in the bright sunshine, and at the haze which stretched far beyond it. The man who came towards her grew bigger, the four behind were so close now that they almost trod on her heels. Their coarse lewd voices droned in her ears, they seemed to have been drinking. The advancing gentleman now began to hasten; he had noticed that something was wrong.

"Pretty soon to be looking for a man for the night, Miss, don't you think? How about one of us? We can do it twice, three or four times even, at a pinch. You can surely give us a look, anyway. Or don't you take up with people unless they've been convicted of perjury?"

She did not vary her regular, unhurried step. But now that the gentleman was quite near, she began to walk fast after all, she even broke and ran towards him, her skirts flying. He was a lean man with a keen, tanned face, and he wore a well-cut light suit. "What's up?" he asked in a light, rather falsetto voice, "What do you want with the lady?" Johanna Krain stood quite close to him, one hand stretched out towards him, as if she wanted to cling to him, her mouth half-open, more frightened now than angry. "Why, a man can surely have a look at a whore on her beat," said one of them. It had a confidential, explanatory ring, as if he were already preparing to draw back; it was apologetic, almost good-humoured. But the gentleman had already rushed at him; the catch that he tried to bring him down with, however, did not come off. He seemed to know ju-jitsu, but not well enough. In any case he was lying on the ground now, and the four were pummelling and cuffing him "What has it to do with you anyway?" they shouted. And one shouted, "You're her bully, are you?"

On the path behind them an elderly married couple now appeared, and in front people were approaching. The fair-haired gentleman lay on the ground, without speaking or stirring a limb. Johanna Krain screamed, screamed at the top of her voice. The people in front began to hasten; the married couple behind came to a stop; they were obviously afraid that they were going to be mixed up in a row; they turned back.

The four looked down on the man lying on the ground. He lay without moving; he looked very dirty and dishevelled; over his face and hands ran thin trickles of blood. But he breathed faintly, with closed eyes. "He's had enough now, the silly fool," said one of them uncertainly. "You had no right to scream like that, Miss," said the youth in the sports jacket; "these strapping wenches always scream as if someone were sticking a knife into them." "Nobody was wanting to touch you," said the third. But the fourth put in briskly, while he swung his cane: "No offence meant, Miss." And therewith the four beat an orderly but very quick retreat in the direction of the disappearing married couple, just before the people from the other side arrived.

Johanna Krain knelt beside the prostrate man; the gravel pricked her knees. The people came forward, there was all at once a whole crowd; an honest proletarian, a middle-class couple, a callow school-girl with a bag, two youths, apparently students, an old lady hobbling on a stick.

The gentleman blinked. "Are they gone?" he asked cautiously. Then a little painfully, in his high, falsetto voice to Johanna: "You'll soil your dress."

"Can you move?" they asked him anxiously. "Should we send for a doctor? The ambulance? A policeman? What has happened, anyway?" The gentleman half raised himself, groaned and grumbled a little, and supported by everybody, got to his feet. "Thanks, I don't think I'll need any help," he said.

"Look how they've handled him," the old lady with the stick exclaimed indignantly, "his beautiful suit." "If I could only get a brush," said the gentleman while he tried in vain to wipe off the blood with his handkerchief. Johanna offered him hers. But "Ladies' handkerchiefs are not fit for this sort of thing," he said dryly. He did not seem to be disturbed by the fact that he was standing in a dense circle of gapers, swaying a little, his face and hands soiled with blood. "I don't really need anything, ladies and gentlemen," he said at last. "At the bridge there are lots of taxis. I can walk there quite comfortably, it's only five minutes. Then I only need a wash and a brush-up."

"To handle a gentleman like that!" the old lady with the stick exclaimed again. And amid an animated discussion of the affair the gentleman moved in the direction of the bridge. He had taken Johanna's arm as if it were a matter of course. The spectators were somewhat disappointed, for now all seemed to be over without their knowing the ins and outs of it. But when they took in the fact that the gentleman and the lady were acquaintances, they let him go off with Johanna without further comment. "Her face seemed to be known to me," said one of the students. "Perhaps she's a film actress," remarked the callow school-girl dreamily. "He's had a scrap with a man," said another authoritatively. "Who? What man?" everybody asked, and the authority went on giving more and more details. "And just look how they've handled him," persisted the old lady with the stick again, and at a slight distance they all followed the gentleman, who was hobbling away on Johanna's arm; it appeared they had got over their disappointment.

"Didn't I turn that off nicely," he was asking Johanna meanwhile with a sly air. "What? How do you mean?" Johanna replied in astonishment while she dusted her skirt. "Why, when I missed my first hold, there was nothing more I could do," he explained. "Of course it was the wisest thing then to keep my eyes closed and sham dead." He still limped a good deal. "Would you have considered it more heroic if I had let myself be beaten a bit more?" Johanna had to smile. "Do you know the young gentlemen at all?" he asked, and looked at her slyly out of his clever, keen, and somewhat battered face, "How do you mean?" asked Johanna with raised brows. "If you don't want to tell me anything about the row," he remarked, "you must have your reasons. I would have loved to hear the details. I'm inquisitive by nature, you must know." He looked at her confidentially with a roguish cock of the eye. "Ooh," he ejaculated suddenly with a grimace. But when she offered to support him he growled at once: "Take your arm away. You'll only make yourself bloody." "Of course I knew nothing about the young hooligans," she said. "But they probably recognized me." "What do you mean, recognized?" he asked in his falsetto voice. "Should one know you? Are you a film-star? A swimming champion? Yes, now I seem to remember your face."

"I'm glad we've got to the taxi," she said, seeing his face twisted with pain again. "I'm afraid you've been hurt after all. Shouldn't I go with you?" "Nonsense," he answered. "My name is Jacques Tüverlin," he added after a short pause. "If it amuses you, you can inquire after my health. You'll find my number in the Telephone Directory."

She recalled having seen his name mentioned somewhere, but let him spell it out for her all the same. "My name is Johanna Krain," she said then. After a moment's thought he replied, "Ah, yes, now I remember. But in that case perhaps it would be better for you to come with me. Not on my account, but considering the present state of affairs," and he grimaced again, so that his face became twisted. But immediately it cleared again, and he stood waiting.

She looked at him, noting his broad shoulders and lean flanks. The taxi's engine started up, and it stood waiting. He hesitated a moment, and then climbed in.

"Oh, I don't think I'll be insulted a second time," she said. "These men were only drunk. In the mass the people are quite good-natured." "You may be right," he replied. "All the same, they have killed a good round number of people in these last years in spite of all their good-nature." The taxi-driver had started the engine. "Are you good at ju-jitsu?" he asked. And when she laughingly shook her head, he added: "Then perhaps you had better come with me." He blinked at her with his roguish, slightly sleepy eyes.

"But I must be at my lawyer's at half-past eleven," said she, her foot already on the foot-board. "Now that's more reasonable," he replied contentedly, as she seated herself beside him and the car got under way.

BOOK II

INTRIGUE

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I. A CAR ON THE SUBWAY

Car 419 of the Berlin Elevated and Underground Railway, half of it red, with red leather cushions, and half yellow, with plain wooden seats, was crowded to the door, for it was the rush hour at the end of the business day. People stood packed together, hanging on to straps, crushed against the knees of those who were sitting; they poked their elbows into each other, flattened themselves, complained or apologized. One man, smelling strongly of antiseptic, shut his eyes and leaned his bandaged head against a corner; one girl crunched sweets out of a paper bag; another kept on dropping her handbag or one of her innumerable packages. A helpless creature in spectacles continually bumped into his neighbours, in spite of frantic efforts to avoid it, a man skilfully picked his neighbour's pocket, a woman busied herself with her lipstick. Two young girls caused a commotion with their tennis rackets, and so did a workman in blue jeans with a huge kind of saw, which most people declared should never have been allowed into the car at all.

In lively conversation, talking business, flirting, giggling, reeking of perfume, strap-hanging with glazed and weary eyes, this human freight swayed in unison to the mechanical rhythm of the rushing train, pitched and rolled to the same degree at sharp curves of the rails, and blinked with the same involuntary flicker of the eyelids when the train emerged from the electrically lit tunnels into the strong sunlight of the hot June evening.

Many were reading the late editions of the evening papers, scarcely an hour old, editions with pictures and stabbing, provocative headlines. "Assault on Dr. Geyer," ran the headline in one of the papers; a second, consigning this information to minute type in a corner of the third page, reserved its headlines on the first for "Embezzlement by Red Officials."

But whether in large or small type, the news was there for the readers of both journals, that early in the afternoon in a quiet street of Munich, Dr. Geyer had been attacked by three men with cudgels and beaten so severely that he had been left lying bleeding and unconscious in the roadway. His assailants had escaped. The first paper was shocked and indignant that such a man could be attacked in broad daylight, and attributed to the indulgently passive attitude of the Bavarian Government the general decay of morals in Munich. The other reported that Dr. Geyer's injuries were not serious, and suggested that the motive was probably private revenge. Anyone who knew the aggressive style of the barrister, which had been so noticeable in the recent Krüger case, would at least understand the possible reasons for such an attack, although, of course, not approving it.

This, then, is what the majority of the passengers were reading in car 419 of the Berlin Elevated and Underground Railway on the evening of June the 28th. "He was asking for it," thought a fat, wheezing man. "With that weak heart of mine I could never risk things like that. Of course, it gives one a name. Still, it's too much of a price to pay for it." He wiped his perspiring forehead, quietened his dog, which was stirring restlessly between his feet, and made up his mind to go on keeping clear of all political law suits, in any circumstances whatever. "He was asking for it" was also the thought in the mind of a dignified gentleman in a sporting suit and jack-boots. "These Jews have only themselves to blame. Who asks them to interfere with our affairs? None of their business!"

"Munich. Brewery shares," thought a big man with a massive walking-stick. "Will it have any effect on them? If they don't go on rising I shan't be be able to get that car." Two young men who were reading the same paper with their heads close together looked at each other darkly, saying nothing, with set, grim faces. "If it had been a working man that was beaten by these reactionary scoundrels," said a spectacled youth in a light jacket, addressing two companions, in a high, somewhat hysterical voice, "and that happens nearly every day, they wouldn't have put it in such large type!" A muscular young man in a pea-jacket looked angrily across at him, debating whether he should intervene, but, realizing that he would be in the minority among the passengers, contented himself with scowling. "Nothing but these infernal politics," thought a man with an imposing appearance of virility and an enormous ring on his finger. And he quickly turned his paper over till he came to the report of yesterday's first night, in which a friend of his had appeared.

"All I've got to say," remarked the Jew, in a rapid, unctuous voice to a stout lady, "is that people shouldn't go to Bavaria for their holidays. If the tourist traffic began to decline, they would soon stop cutting their capers." "If they go on cutting their capers," a girl with spectacles worried, "the price of butter will go up with a rush. And as it is I can't spare another scrape for Emil's breakfast for the rest of the week." "Ought one to send a telegram of sympathetic protest?" ruminated a pale man in pince-nez, who looked like a vegetarian and carried a huge portfolio, that incommoded his neighbours on each side. "If I don't do it, then people will say I take no interest in anything; but if I do it, and things turn out wrong, then the big-wigs will sneer."

"What dreadful times these are!" cried an excited lady, who had spied the news as she peeped over her neighbour's shoulder at the paper. "Who is it has been killed?" screamed back her decrepit, half-deaf old mother. "Dr. Geyer." "Is that the Minister who made the inflation?" screamed her mother from the other end of the car. Several people took it on themselves to explain the matter to her, and an angry gentleman adjured them to be quiet. So it *was* the Minister, then, concluded the deaf old lady, with a satisfied nod.

At every station people poured out of the train and hurried towards the street, making for supper, a picture-house, an appointment with a girl or with a friend. By the time they had climbed the stairs into the open air they had already forgotten what they had seen in the paper, and the yells of the newsboys crying, "Attack on Dr. Geyer," sounded like a boring repetition of an old story.

II. SOME STRAY REMARKS ON JUSTICE

Agnes, the housekeeper, conducted Johanna Krain into the bedroom where the injured lawyer was lying, and lamented shrilly, by the way, in what she thought was a whisper, how difficult Dr. Geyer was to manage. It was only two days since he had come out of hospital, and already he was itching to send away the nurse and get up to work. In defiance of the doctor's orders he had made an appointment with his partner for that very evening, and for the next day with his chief clerk. And it wasn't likely to be questions of invalid diet that he was going to discuss with Johanna.

Dr. Geyer dismissed the nurse as soon as Johanna came in. She studied his wasted, pallid face with friendly interest. The contours of his skull were now painfully salient, the sharp high ridge of the nose, the strong forehead, the sunken temples. His head was bandaged; there was a reddish stubble on his cheeks; his blue eyes were unusually large and weary. The nurse had hardly left the room before his thin hand was groping for the spectacles which he was forbidden to wear. Once he had them on he looked like his former energetic self.

With exaggerated casualness, he referred to his misfortune, and made merry over the endless drivel that had appeared in the newspapers. He hadn't really come off so badly. The concussion was as good as cured, the blow on the eye was not dangerous, and the only consequence that was likely to persist was a trifling stiffening of the hip joint.

He had made up his mind, as soon as the fever had gone and his thoughts cleared, to treat the whole affair lightly. In recalling the details, he could assure himself that he had behaved with credit. When the tramp of heavy footsteps behind him in the quiet street had made him turn round, he had realized for the brief yet infinite moment before the blows fell that he was in danger of his life. But in that moment he had felt no fear. Nor had he relapsed into cowardice when he had to inform the police; he had neither blustered nor whimpered. He had kept his head in the emergency, and he was pleased with himself.

But there was one thing which tormented him. When he turned round he had clearly seen that there were three young fellows. One of them had been hidden behind the other two; besides, he had kept his head down. Yet the lawyer thought that the face was known to him, a fatuous, insolent, mocking face, with small rat's teeth. Perhaps he had imagined it, perhaps it was an hallucination of the fever. For it was a face which had often haunted him before, however energetically he had tried to banish it. Obviously, it would be easy enough to discover whether he was mistaken; all he had to do was to give the name of von Dellmaier, the insurance agent, to the police. But, if the man were really involved, then a certain other person must have known of the assault. This was what Dr. Geyer did not want to discover. He preferred to remain in uncertainty.

Nothing else about the assault disposed him to take it very seriously. Anyone who fought for an idea must expect inconveniences of that kind. If he had not caught sight of that face, he would have been almost pleased by his martyrdom. But whenever he thought of that face then his wounds throbbed painfully, he was slowly tortured by a sharp gimlet boring through his skull, his eyes burned under their closed lids, and he lay there beaten, a poor, helpless creature.

Johanna, bright and serene, sat among the cheap furniture which filled the cheerless bedroom. She hated affectation of any kind, and the exaggerated indifference with which Dr. Geyer referred to his misfortune struck her as self-complacent. So she gave little response and soon turned the conversation to the Krüger case, which was the reason for her presence.

Martin Krüger had refused to let them appeal against the verdict. Johanna had construed this as a theatrical gesture, a sulky challenge to Fate; "the worse my lot, the better." But she had not been able to make any impression on him: his fatalism really seemed to go deep. She had hoped that the lawyer's clear arguments would be more effective in inducing Martin to make a healthy resistance to his fate. But the lawyer had been clubbed down on the very day before the time for lodging an appeal expired. His deputy had done nothing in the matter. The time had now run out, and Martin had been transferred to Odelsberg prison.

Dr. Geyer soberly defined the position. According to section 359 the case could be tried again only if new evidence were adduced which, in the light of former evidence, could justify the court in acquitting the prisoner. For example, should it be proved that the chauffeur, Ratzenberger, had committed perjury. He, Geyer, had of course already taken the necessary steps, and charged Ratzenberger with perjury. But it was extremely improbable that the State attorneys would take any action, since they had been clever enough not even to take action against Johanna. Instead, they were patently resolved to regard the whole matter as settled. To work for a reprieve would be hopeless from the beginning. In its stinging comments on the scandal of the verdict, the press outside had done Krüger more harm than good. "So legally," he summed up coolly, "nothing can be done for him." "And what about other ways?" asked Johanna, turning her great grey eyes upon him, her head turning at the same time. Dr. Geyer took off his glasses, closed his red eyelids, and lay back; he had overstrained himself, and for what? "Perhaps you could bring influence to bear on the Government by getting to know people," he said at last, without enthusiasm.

As he said this there rose, strangely enough, in Johanna's mind the image of a plump face with veiled, absent eyes and a small mouth, which spoke in drawling, non-committal tones. She did not recall the name for the moment, but it was a member of the jury who had come to her assistance when she was being bullied so stupidly by the Public Prosecutor. She looked at the lawyer lying there, weary, exhausted, old, and haggard: it was certainly time for her to go. But she asked brusquely: "Tell me, Dr. Geyer, what's the name of the juryman who stood up for me against the Public Prosecutor?" "That was Councillor Hessreiter," said the lawyer. "Do you think he could do anything?" asked Johanna. "It isn't out of the question," said the lawyer, "but I had thought of other people." "Of whom, for example?" asked Johanna. There was a knock at the door, the housekeeper, Agnes, probably warning her to go. The lawyer named five names, not without difficulty. She took a careful note of them. Then she went. Dr. Geyer had looked forward keenly to her visit, and now she had left him more exhausted than before. He lay there with his thin lips drawn up over his strong, yellow, dry teeth. That face was tormenting him again. Agnes, the housekeeper, whispered to the nurse that it had been very bad for him to let that woman in.

In front of her house in the Steinsdorfstrasse Johanna found Jacques Tüverlin waiting with his little French car. She had promised to drive into the country with him that day. "Look at that," he said happily, "I was a bright lad, and only honked twice. For then it struck me you weren't at home, and I sat still. Now, if I'd gone on honking I'd have roused the whole street. What about the Ammersee?" he suggested. Johanna readily agreed; it was one of the quieter and less spectacular resorts.

He drove steadily and not too fast. His wrinkled face looked precociously wise under the huge motoring goggles; he was in great spirits, voluble and frank. Johanna had been out with him twice already, but, preoccupied as she was with urgent affairs, had turned an indifferent ear to his theories. Today she was more inclined to listen.

Justice, he expatiated, as he drove the car obliquely across the plains towards the pale mountains, justice in times of political unrest was a kind of disease one had to guard against. It struck men down like influenza. In Bavaria it was a peculiarly deadly disease. Krüger had been liable to infection, and should have taken preventive measures. His fate was an affliction, to be commiserated, but quite without general interest and not at all tragic. Still, he had told her all that before, and now she should watch him doing stunts with the car.

After some time she replied—for she was not quick-witted, and often took a long time to consider her answers—that she was surprised, then, at his evident desire for her company, since the Krüger case was almost the only thing she was interested in.

Jacques Tüverlin gave her a side glance. She had ample justification for that, he pointed out coolly, taking a curve with admirable skill. For she got a lot of pleasure out of it. The one and only justification for any human activity was the amount of pleasure it gave the agent. The most stupid affair became interesting as soon as a person of character invested a certain amount of pleasure in it.

His hands on the steering wheel were strong, freckled, and sprinkled with reddish-fair hairs. In his curiously hairless face the upper jaw was very prominent, with large, strong teeth; he had a sharply-cut nose, and quick, restless, deep-set eyes that flitted over the road, the landscape, the people he met, and the girl sitting beside him. "I like to be candid about everything," he explained, in his high and somewhat falsetto voice. "It's such a waste of time to be artful and roundabout; it's out of date; it's so much quicker and more comfortable to be straightforward. So I don't mind telling you that I've done one very stupid thing in my time; and that was when I naturalized myself in Germany. A sentimental demonstration on behalf of the under dog; a four-square piece of asininity. Otherwise, thanks to the League of Nations, which has immensely increased the value of my hotel in Geneva, and thanks to the high rate of exchange I get for my Swiss francs, I can afford to call a spade a spade without risking the loss of my comforts. My writings are as much appreciated abroad by certain connoisseurs as they are unpopular in Germany. I get a lot of pleasure out of them. I write slowly and with difficulty, but it gives me real delight to read what I have written, and I find it uncommonly good. Besides, I'm supposed to be rich, and so I'm well paid. I think life is delightful. Suppose we make a joint compact on an unsentimental basis, Johanna Krain. I, Jacques Tüverlin, undertake to interest myself in the Krüger case, in which you have invested some pleasure, and you undertake to be interested in my pleasures."

They had their midday meal in a country inn: thick soup, a solid lump of veal, served up in a very rough and ready fashion, and potato salad. The lake stretched wide and pale, with the mountains shimmering behind it; there was not a breath of wind, and the old chestnut trees in the inn garden stood motionless. Johanna was astonished at the robust appetite of her slender companion.

Afterwards they rowed out on to the lake. Jacques Tüverlin did not exert himself, and soon let the boat drift; they lay idly in the sun on the water. He blinked, and looked rather like a pleased, impish, small boy. "Do you think I'm shameless," he asked, "the way I tell you everything?"

She recounted her visit to Dr. Geyer. To Jacques Tüverlin martyrs were slightly comic. The risk of violent handling was one of the chances of Dr. Geyer's profession. The idea that martyrs furthered any cause was nothing but a fashionable superstition, for a man's death was no evidence of his abilities. A St. Helena didn't make a Napoleon. Martyrs were the usual justification for a lost cause. A baptism of blood was certainly good for a cause, but it should be the blood of its enemies. Justice was a mirage caused by success; the successful cause was always the just one.

This was what the writer, Jacques Tüverlin, expounded to Johanna Krain in an old rowboat on the Ammersee. Johanna listened with raised eyebrows, outraged in her Bavarian feelings, but stimulated not unpleasantly in her mind by his indolent realism. "Will you help me, then, in the Krüger case?" she asked, when he had stopped. "Of course, I will," he answered lazily, from the bottom of the boat, looking her up and down with the utmost coolness.

III. A VISIT IN PRISON

The journey to the prison of Odelsberg in Lower Bavaria was long and unpleasant. Kaspar Pröckl, the young engineer, had offered to take Johanna there, and the car which he had borrowed from the Bavarian Motor Works where he was employed had plenty of horsepower but not much comfort. It was raining, and fairly cold. Kaspar Pröckl's lean, sullen face was badly shaven; he sat awkwardly humped in his leather jacket and cap beside the tall, fresh-looking girl, gruffly airing his gruff opinions. Johanna could not make much of him. All that he said was sharp, angular, arbitrary, but not unintelligent.

The young engineer, unversed in social accomplishments, had excogitated a theory of how to deal with other people; he always spoke to them about their interests, never about his own, or about general matters. For people were usually well informed about their own affairs, and one could glean many practical and sometimes valuable hints from them, which they could hardly provide on other subjects. So he conversed with Johanna Krain on feminine topics, such as marriage, women's work, fashions. He was bitterly sarcastic about marriage, a stupid capitalistic institution, and sneered at the idea that anyone could "possess" a human being. Then he mentioned how ridiculous it was to maintain the conventional fiction of the "lady" in the post-War world. He spoke freely, became warmer and more convincing, and grew actually jovial; Johanna felt the barrier of ice between them beginning to thaw. But immediately he fell into an angry dispute with the driver of a horse-wagon who had not heard his horn, and had been slow in letting him pass. He became red in the face, and bawled. The men on the wagon outnumbered him, and showed a nasty temper; he only just avoided a fist fight. For the rest of the journey he sat in sullen silence.

At the prison the formalities were tiresome. "Are you a relative of the prisoner?" "No." The official looked again at the name on the form, and said, "Ah, just so." For two pins Johanna would have rounded on him. Then they were kept standing in cold offices and bleak corridors, while inquisitive clerks and warders eyed them. From a barred window they had an occasional glimpse of six stunted, walled-in trees in a courtyard. At last Kaspar Pröckl was admitted into the visiting-room.

Johanna waited on. When Kaspar Pröckl came back he said he couldn't stand the place any longer; he would wait for her at the main entrance. He looked eager, excited, and less sullen than before.

Her first sight of Krüger gave Johanna a shock. She had expected to find his appearance changed for the worse, and it was not the flabbiness of the once sleek, almost corpulent man, not the stubbly grey skin, nor the slack limbs and dulled eyes which shocked her so deeply; it was the peaceful smile on his face. She could have borne his lamentations, she would have known how to deal with complaints, but the serene smile on that grey face afflicted her like something from beyond the tomb. This profound acquiescence in his own destruction, in a man whom she had known as so passionately alive, took all the spirit out of her.

Dr. Geyer had told her that on the second day after his transfer Krüger had had an attack of delirium, which had left him with severe palpitation of the heart. The prison doctor was inclined to put it down to malingering; but since several recent cases of malingering had ended, to the great astonishment of the doctor, in the death of the malingerers, Krüger, for prudence' sake, had been removed to hospital. Dr. Geyer had ascertained that even after his recovery his treatment had been indulgent. The lawyer had reported to Johanna his impression of Krüger, that he was helplessly bewildered by his fate and as childishly uncomprehending as an animal fallen into captivity. So even for that Johanna had been prepared. But now she faced through the grating an absolutely different man, old, grey-skinned, emaciated, a stranger with a curiously peaceful smile. Was this the man she had gone travelling with so often? Was this the man she had slept with? Was this the boyish creature who had mischievously forced the provincial mayor to propose that farcical toast; who in an Oberland hotel had hauled the servants and guests out of their beds in the middle of the night to have a ball, simply because he wanted to dance? This the man who had smacked another in the Odeon bar because his abuse of Wedekind got on his nerves?

He was very glad to see her, said the man behind the grating. He made no particular reference to the conditions of his life, but declared he was not unhappy. He was saying neither yes nor no to things as they were, and had no desire to work. All that he had done seemed rubbish now. There was only one thing worth writing about, and he had spoken of it to Kaspar Pröckl. It was good of her to fight for his release. He was sure that she and Geyer would settle it all up. He believed that his condition looked much worse from outside than from inside the walls. And these detached remarks, and his tired grey face showed no trace of his former fire, when he used to back up his assertions with passionate conviction. His words were vague, peaceful, courteous, and said nothing. The warder found no excuse for interrupting them, and she was glad when he announced at last that their time was up. The flabby man with the grey face shook hands with her through the grating, and bowed several times. Only at the end, after all the other alterations, did she notice that his hair was cropped short.

Through the long corridors, almost at a run, she made for the door, the main entrance. This resignation was more horrible than the wildest fit of frenzy. She took a wrong turning and had to retrace her steps. Through the windows she could see the courtyard in the rain, with its six stunted, walled-in trees. An attendant in a zoo had once assured her that the animals were not conscious of their captivity; that when they ran to and fro in their cages, after doing six metres ten thousand times, they had the same feeling as if they had covered sixty kilometers; and that a lioness who had whelped had dragged her cub up and down the whole day, obviously because she wanted to remove it as far as possible from the original cave, so as to keep it from being eaten by its father. What the animals believed in was the length of time they ran, not the distance covered.

The lawyer was right, it appeared: Martin Krüger had as little understanding of his condition as a newly caught beast.

Kaspar Pröckl was full of his short interview. His rugged face, with the hair growing far down the forehead, showed signs of strong emotion. He thought that Krüger was on the up-grade. "He's going to come through," he said eagerly. "You'll see, he'll come through." The one thing that was worth while, of which Krüger had spoken to the engineer, Kaspar Pröckl, had been the picture of "Joseph and His Brethren." Johanna suggested that they might put a detective agency on the track of the picture; but it appeared that that was what Krüger had expressly forbidden.

Johanna was preoccupied by the queer businesslike term Krüger had used to described her activities on his behalf. She and the lawyer would "settle it all up," he had said. But with Kaspar Pröckl he had discussed the picture of "Joseph and His Brethren."

On the way back she was even more monosyllabic than the engineer. He attempted to tell her what he thought was good and bad in Martin's books. It was, of course, sheer nonsense for Martin Krüger to call them rubbish now, but it was a good sign that he did so. "He's going to come through," he said emphatically, staring fiercely at Johanna, with his deep-set burning eyes.

When she left him and climbed the stairs to her flat, she retained three pictures from the day's outing: the flabby, grey-faced, serene man behind the grating, the burning deep-set eyes of the young engineer, the six stunted walled-in trees in the courtyard.

IV. "THE FIFTH EVANGELIST"

Baron Andreas von Reindl, managing director of the Bavarian Motor Works, looked at the clock and saw that it was half-past ten. A note on his calendar reminded him that this was the hour appointed for an interview with his directors, Otto and Schreiner. The telephone indicator would glow in a minute, and his secretary would announce them. Herr von Reindl did not particularly want to see them. The technical details of the Bavarian Motor Works did not interest him: when he conferred with his officials it was a matter of form, a boring duty.

He rummaged among the orderly stacks of correspondence, catalogues, and newspaper cuttings which had been laid out on his enormous writing-table, letting his brown eyes stray listlessly over the various papers. Finally he fished out a poisonously green sheet, a Berlin newspaper, and with his pallid, plump hands flicked open an article entitled "The Fifth Evangelist," which was heavily underlined. He was becoming quite a favourite now with the leader writers in the financial sections. People occupied themselves publicly with his inner life. He read it slowly, while his upper lip with its thick black moustache protruded further and further from his fleshy face. This was what he read:

"Herr von Reindl, the head of the Bavarian Motor Works and of the Danube Shipping Company, chief shareholder in the

Kapuziner Brewery Company and in the *Daily Advertiser,* and with an interest in many other undertakings, the unquestioned leader among Bavarian captains of industry, although a member of the Bavarian Separatist Party, does not in the least resemble the popular conception of a Bavarian. Now approaching fifty, he had in his youth a reputation as a rake of the kind called in Munich a 'Fruchterl.' He lived a good deal abroad, and indulged in tastes which were curious, and for a native of Munich most unusual. On his return to Bavaria he established himself as the leading figure among the few men of the world to be found in Munich. Perhaps his nickname, 'The Fifth Evangelist,' dates from this time. Although the derivation of this nickname is vague, it has stuck to the man now for twenty years. With his shining black hair and moustache, he then seemed exotic in the environment of Munich. He is a man of strikingly good appearance, an inheritance probably from his grandmother, Marianne von Placiotta, whose portrait King Ludwig I had painted for the gallery of beauties in his residence. He was at that time rapturously adored by the Munich ladies, a great figure at the Munich balls, no less at the balls of the upper ten than at the popular dances of the people in the beer-halls, and next to Prince Alfons the best loved man in the city.

"Yet in spite of his elegance, his cosmopolitan experience, and his success with the fair sex, this rich descendant of an ancient aristocratic family has never achieved real popularity in Munich society, neither at Court, nor in commercial circles, nor in the Gentlemen's Club." This was a surprise for Herr von Reindl, who had never perceived the fact so confidently asserted by the Berlin journalist, and had never had it mentioned to him. Still, now that with riper experience he could review his position more clearly, he saw that the journalist was in the right, and smiled, not without a kind of sour satisfaction.

"On the premature death of his father," he read further, "the habits and interests of young Reindl underwent a startling transformation, when the various ramifications of the family business fell into his hands. To everyone's amazement, he plunged into business with the same wildness which still characterized his private life, dismissing elderly employees right and left. He realized at an early stage the significance of the War, and organized his business on a war basis. Above all, in defiance of current Munich traditions, he associated himself with the steel and iron industries of the west, a step which had important consequences."

The telephone indicator glowed, but Herr von Reindl paid no attention to it. He rose and strode massively up and down. The poisonous green sheet still fluttered in his plump and pallid hands. "This Bavarian captain of industry," he went on reading, "in spite of his ignorance of technical matters, had a keen nose for new enterprises. He started the first German Air Transport Company, the first German Motor Works. And when the industrial leaders of Germany apportioned the Empire among themselves during the war, South-East Germany was assigned to Herr von Reindl; but the big men on the Rhine and the Ruhr never succeeded in confining his activities to his own proper sphere of interest or in eliminating him from their concerns.

"He is of quite a different stamp from the rest of German capitalists. One cannot help feeling that he produces motor cars, for example, not because he wants to make money, and still less because he wants to make cars, but simply for amusement, organization for organization's sake. It amuses him to pile up a heterogeneous mass of cars, newspaper ventures, beer, national militias, shipping lines, popular unrest, hotels. He is a Catholic, but a very arbitrary patron of art. When Parliament persisted in striking out of the Budget the State grant to the Munich Galleries, he sprang into the breach. It was he, too, who enabled the State to buy a picture which caused much dissension, 'Joseph and His Brethren.' Many people in Munich suspect him of being 'a bit off the top.' Business, religion, love, and art are all strangely intermingled in the nature of 'The Fifth Evangelist'; the one common element which an outside observer can discern, apart from his native Bavarian illogicality, is a titillating curiosity, a desire for sensation."

Herr von Reindl finished the article, and took two more turns up and down the immense room with the elastic step which he still retained from his youth, and which was no longer suitable to a man of his bulk. He stared at the doubtful Giorgione, a picture of Europa on her bull, and found that he disliked it. Even the famous portrait of his mother by Lenbach on the other wall gave him no pleasure. He realized suddenly that the whole room looked much more like a museum department than an office. That was stupid. He studied himself in the small mirror, and thought that he looked bloated and unhealthy. He threw the poisonous green sheet back on his writing-table, and said more in weariness than in anger: "Fathead!"

The telephone indicator glowed again. He took up the receiver. His secretary asked if the two directors could come up now. Herr von Reindl, in the smooth high voice which contrasted so oddly with his massive frame, answered: No. And added that he wanted the engineer, Kaspar Pröckl, sent up.

His directors would be annoyed at his sending them away and admitting a young hooligan. Of course, it was amazing, really, that he should receive the fellow at all, when his time was so full. Pröckl would only overwhelm him with technical details. He was certain to have another plan up his sleeve for the mass-production of cheap cars, or some rubbish of that kind. He was going to waste twenty valuable minutes. It would have been much more sensible to take the chance of hammering some ideas into the fat heads of his directors.

Kaspar Pröckl arrived. He was wearing his tattered leather jacket, and sat uneasily at some distance away on the very edge of a luxurious chair, to which his employer had waved him. He ducked his head and studied his chief with deep-set, burning, mistrustful eyes, while he fished out plans and drawings from his pocket, and began eagerly to expound them in broad dialect. He quickly lost patience at Reindl's apparent lack of comprehension and began to shout at him, putting in every now and then a rude and emphatic "Now do you see?"

Kaspar Pröckl was, nevertheless, ill at ease, as he usually was in "The Fifth Evangelist's" presence. He knew quite well, of course, that Reindl had no interest in the technical side of the motor business, and he thought it strange that he should have been sent for, instead of the directors. What, indeed, was he doing at all in this business? What was the use of letting him go on designing new plans and wasting money on experiments if they were never to be utilized? There he was, messing about with his mass-production cars, which could easily knock spots off the Americans. Surely Reindl could realize the immense possibilities of this scheme!

From the capitalist's pale face, with the bushy moustache, he could read nothing. Reindl did not understand a word and did not answer a word. But the young engineer did not want to see how indifferent his explanations were to the stout, well-dressed man before him. He summed all his powers of persuasion to impress him, and exhausted himself in the effort to make his chief understand things which he did not wish to understand.

Herr von Reindl meanwhile let his melancholy brown eyes stray with interest over the huge rent on the right shoulder of Pröckl's leather jacket. He remembered having noticed the same rent six months before. Of course the fellow hadn't shaved either. The way he had his hair growing low down on his forehead betrayed a kind of naïve coquetry. It was a queer thing that he should be so popular with the women. Kläre Holz, the actress, who had both judgment and good taste, had simply been swept off her feet by the fellow. And yet she had noticed what a tatterdemalion he was, and made fun of him. The man literally reeked of sweat, like soldiers on the march. And his aggressive, malicious humour wasn't of a kind to appeal to women, and he smelt unmistakably of revolution. Obviously it must be his vulgar ballads that fascinated them. Whenever he sang them in his roaring voice the women were swept out of themselves. Three or four of them had already mentioned those ballads to Reindl with that suspiciously dewy look in their eyes. He would really like to ask Pröckl to sing him one of them, but the wretch would be sure to put him off.

He was still going at it with his mass-production cars, drivelling endlessly about couplings and exhaust gases. Probably he had designed them with real skill. He was sly enough, and certainly a brilliant engineer, or else the others wouldn't abuse him so violently.

He was a twisted and thwarted fellow, he had brains. Brains were a rare commodity in Bavaria. But he collected brains; that was a hobby "The Fifth Evangelist" could indulge. He was even in the habit of turning brains to commercial advantage, if not in one place, then in another.

Queer that a talented man like Pröckl should be so completely lacking in understanding of his employer and the nature of his business. Obviously Pröckl was convinced that he, Reindl, had a burning interest in cheap cars, couplings, and exhaust gases. These Communists were always talking importantly about Imperialism, and the internationalism of capital, and then in practice you found a fellow like that believing that international financiers were interested in couplings or exhaust gases. Whether I go in for mass-production or not, my dear Herr Pröckl, does not depend on your designs, but on the French Steel and Iron Syndicate. Labour is cheap enough in Germany just now, because of the inflation, and much cheaper than you imagine, my dear sir; now is certainly the time, if ever, to cut out foreign competitors. But, my dear fellow, if I start producing your cheap and simple cars, I may get into trouble with my American business partners. And whether I can risk doing that depends on the possibility of agreement between the French and the gentlemen on the Ruhr and the Rhine. And this is the moment you choose for holding an ingenious coupling device before my nose!

While he kept on besieging his chief in forcible and picturesque dialect with new descriptions of his plan, Kaspar Pröckl was asking himself why on earth he gave this swine such conscientious service. It was idiotic of him to stay in the country at all. Why didn't he go to Moscow? There he would have far less trouble in getting his cars produced. There engineers were badly needed, and especially men who were Marxists through and through. Why on earth was he trying to punch his ideas into this fat swine, instead of pitching the whole thing at his head?

The big, melancholy man before him opened his rapacious lips at the very first pause for breath that interrupted the discourse, and said: "Listen, my dear Pröckl, you once spoke to me about your friend Krüger. Have you seen him since?" Kaspar Pröckl knew that Herr von Reindl spoke with an undisguised Upper Bavarian accent, but it always came as a shock to him, as now, so that the dialect surprised him even more than the question. He looked at the fat man sitting there with his abstracted melancholy air, and reflected that only recently Johanna Krain had told him of her discovery that there were five men, any one of whom could get Krüger out of prison: the Cardinal Archbishop of Munich, Klenk, the Minister of Justice, Bichler, the old Peasant leader and secret regent of Bavaria, the Crown Prince Maximilian, and Baron Reindl. He himself had already urged Reindl to intervene; in vain. He could not see what the man was driving at now, and played for safety by retorting rudely: "What has that to do with my line of cars?"

Reindl himself was now asking why he had asked Pröckl that question. He had no interest whatever in Krüger, and he had no spite against Krüger for once calling him a threepenny Medici. All the same, if Krüger were in a hole, why should the threepenny Medici of all people think of pulling him out?

But it was always like that whenever he encountered young Pröckl. He was always tempted then to bring up some controversial subject. After a moment or two he said, almost apologetically, in his high, smooth voice: "I don't know much about exhaust gases, my dear Pröckl. But I believe absolutely that your ideas are sound. Only, you understand, it doesn't depend entirely on the excellence of your designs whether it's worth my while or not to go in for mass-production. And as for your friend Dr. Krüger," he went on inscrutably, "my recollection is that it was you who first mentioned him to me. At that time I couldn't promise anything, for I was just on the point of going to Moscow.

By the way, it's impossible, even with the best will in the world, to do business with your comrades, my dear Pröckl—it's much too exhausting. They're so doctrinaire, and as sly as peasants. They're not unlike our own fellow-countrymen, my dear Pröckl." Kaspar Pröckl's passionate, deep-set eyes studied the absent, evasive eyes of his chief. He decided that the man had an ill-natured forehead, and determined to make no plea for Martin Krüger, for it would certainly be of no use. So he said nothing. Until suddenly he heard a high voice remarking amiably: "What about it, then, my dear Pröckl, won't you give me two or three of your ballads to read?" Pröckl flushed, and asked sullenly: "Who told you about them?" It appeared that the actress, Kläre Holz, had been Herr Reindl's informant. Pröckl did not reply, and tried to switch on to technical topics again. But Herr von Reindl interposed with an unexpected air of authority; he had absolutely no more time to spare. Not even for Herr Pröckl's ballads, he added, with smooth courtesy. Kaspar Pröckl realized that it was the truth.

He took his leave curtly and gruffly. He was somewhat annoyed with himself, for he could have followed his friend Anni's repeated advice and exploited Reindl's amiability to some practical end at least, a rise in wages, or something of that kind. But he was still more annoyed with Reindl, with his smooth, casual, purse-proud impudence. Yet he could not help admitting that, in spite of his limitations, there was something in the man behind his plump and melancholy mask. Nor could he help feeling a certain good-will towards his chief because of his Bavarian accent. As he quitted the unpleasantly ostentatious room he came to the conclusion that if there were a revolution he would be rather sorry to have to put "The Fifth Evangelist" up against a wall.

V. FUNDAMENTUM REGNORUM

Dr. Klenk and Dr. Flaucher were travelling back together from the opening of the Air Exhibition. Flaucher inquired of his colleague if he had had a report on Krüger's demeanour in prison. Yes, Klenk had received a report. The prisoner was refractory; the prisoner was openly insubordinate. That was just like him, growled Flaucher, he hadn't expected anything else from that Bohemian. In what way was he insubordinate? "He smiles," explained Klenk. Flaucher looked surprised. "Yes, my officials report that Krüger smiles in an insubordinate fashion. They have warned him against it repeatedly, but he won't stop doing it. They want to punish him for it." "That's just like him," repeated the Minister of Fine Arts once more, inserting a finger behind his collar to rub his neck. "Personally," remarked Klenk, "I don't rate very highly the psychological insight of my men. I don't believe that the smile in question is meant to be insubordinate." "Of course it is insubordinate," countered Flaucher eagerly. "That explanation is too simple," said Klenk, glancing at Flaucher. "I have issued instructions that Krüger is not to be punished for smiling." "You've let yourself be bitten by this abominable craze of humanitarianism," complained Flaucher, with a disapproving look at his stalwart companion. "I think we'll grant him a pardon one of these days," replied Klenk, turning a quizzical eye on the other's indignation. "One of these days," he soothed his colleague, who was on the point of bursting out. "Not today, and not tomorrow. You've got him by the heels now, in any case, and we mustn't be revengeful, you know." With that they reached the Ministry of Fine Arts, and Klenk set down the ruffled Flaucher.

Dr. Geyer was waiting in Klenk's antechambers. He limped on a stick. He had grown reddish side whiskers, and his thin nose stuck out more sharply than ever from his pallid face. He has adopted the pose of a suffering martyr, thought Klenk.

Klenk enjoyed an encounter with the hated lawyer. Geyer usually interviewed him three or four times a year for reasons which would not have admitted anybody else to the Minister's presence. These interviews generally led to no practical results, and yet both men looked forward to them with tense expectation.

This time Geyer came on behalf of a certain Triebschener, who was in prison. Hugo Triebschener, a mechanic skilled in delicate work, had committed certain thefts in his poverty-stricken youth, and at the age of twenty had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. On his release he had stubbornly worked his way up in the world. He proved to be by far the most skilful clock and watchmaker in his neighbourhood. In the medium-sized North German town where he lived he soon had four branches, and set his father up, too, in another town, supported his mother, and helped his whole family with advances of money. Then came the War, and with it the regulation that all former convicts must report themselves at intervals to the police. Perpetual summonses to the commissioner of police, a perpetual atmosphere of criminality around him, the police everywhere. At the beginning of the War the whole population was puritanical, and people took pleasure in snubbing this man who had risen so rapidly. Boycott and bankruptcy were the inevitable consequences. Reduced to sudden penury, and hounded from one place to another by police inspectors, he bought some stolen silver spoons from a fellow-convict, with whom the common necessity of reporting to the police had brought him again into touch. He was found out, and again brought up for judgment. This happened in a small Prussian town. The magistrates were legally entitled to impose a sentence of from three months' to ten years' imprisonment. Unfortunately for the watchmaker, among the owners of the stolen spoons were some magistrates who appeared as witnesses before their colleagues on the bench. Humanitarian drivel was highly unpopular, moreover, during the War. The court decided to impose the maximum sentence of ten years.

To be in prison during the War was not a pleasant affair. Even those who were free had their rations reduced; still more, therefore, those in prison. True, the warder's rations were reduced as well. So Triebschener, the watchmaker, managed to escape. But the police got on his track in Hamburg, and secured him after a wild dash over the house tops. He fell, and was taken into the port hospital with some bones broken. He escaped again, and again was caught. The newspapers retailed lurid stories of the King of Prison-Breakers. The aggrieved Hamburg justices added eight years' imprisonment to the ten already imposed in Prussia.

On the 10th November, 1918, the revolution broke open the door of his prison. He procured watchmaker's tools, and tried in vain to get over the frontier to Holland, then was chased right across Germany. At the end of his resources, in a time of chaos and general licence when thousands did the same with impunity, he received stolen goods. He was pounced on by Bavarian officials at the Bavarian-Czech frontier, and, notorious as a prison-breaker though he was, received from a Bavarian magistrate the relatively mild penalty of four years' added imprisonment.

With a sentence of twenty-two years in all on his shoulders, Triebschener, the watchmaker, was transferred in fetters from one prison to the other, and after more than a year's close confinement arrived in the Westphalian town of Münster. And this time he was lucky. The Governor took to the quiet and handy man and granted him special privileges. His extraordinary capability soon came to light. Clocks which nobody else in the country could repair he set going again, and soon his cell was the most popular workshop for miles around. The Governor was delighted with his man, and soon allowed him to go about the town collecting work and buying material. Convict Triebschener went freely about the town and, merely because of the Governor's kindness, refrained from taking advantage of his numerous opportunities for escape. He gathered together his materials, and worked away, tinkering with watch springs and filing minute wheels. The clock in the Münster cathedral had been smashed up four centuries before by the Anabaptists, and ever since its hands had stood still. To the delight of the people and the amazement of the experts, Triebschener repaired it and set it going again.

The affair of the cathedral clock made a noise, and reached the Press. The Press broke into full cry, discussing the case of the watchmaker, bewailing his fate, applauding his art, and demanding his reprieve. Prussia granted him an amnesty, and so did Hamburg.

But Klenk's predecessor, maintaining the supreme authority of Bavarian justice, refused to remit the Bavarian sentence on the man whom Prussia and Hamburg had released, so that the actual consequence of his reprieve was a removal from the mild prison of Münster to a Bavarian prison which was decidedly stricter. As Triebschener's Bavarian representative, Geyer had come now to urge a reprieve, which was supported by the unanimous verdict of the Empire.

Klenk was very polite to Dr. Geyer, sympathetically offered him a particularly comfortable chair, and inquired punctiliously about his health; was he not putting too great a strain on himself in returning to work so soon? Dr. Geyer grew still whiter with rage, and replied that in his opinion the immense delight displayed by so many people over his mishap was much greater than the occasion warranted. "Oh yes," boomed the Minister's deep voice, "people like to gloat over misfortune," and he asked if Dr. Geyer would permit him to lunch in his presence. Whereupon he ordered the attendant in his antechamber to get him some white sausages and to bring in his sherry. The lawyer refused, almost rudely, to join him in the meal.

Referring to the case of Triebschener, the Minister first indulged in generalities which glanced ironically at Geyer's theories. He himself regretted it, he remarked, if the interests of political justice made it necessary to keep a likeable fellow in prison. But, after all, the Bavarian sentence had been a relatively mild one. Nor could anyone predict how freedom would agree with Triebschener. Personally, he was not impressed by general arguments, such as those in the Press, referred to by Dr. Geyer, that this was a typical case for reprieve, and so on. He had given instructions that Triebschener was to be treated as well as possible; for he liked the man, as he had said, and meant to find some work for him to do. The clock in the Münster Cathedral was a fine piece of work; but there was another in Franconia, in a belfry, of a former free city of the Empire, which had been out of order since the Thirty Years' War. He had a photograph of it—would Dr. Geyer like to see it? Triebschener could set to work on that.

The lawyer listened in silence, seething with rage. He, too, had seen the convict Triebschener. A quiet, gaunt man, with thick hair that was so filthy that it was impossible to tell whether it was yellow or white. Probably white, thought the lawyer, now. He had some understanding of justice and humanity, but he was not good at reading people, and it was not impossible that Klenk was right. The idea filled Dr. Geyer with helpless wrath. He said nothing in reply to Klenk's easy and gracious words, but dismissed them with an openly impolite shrug.

But this had no apparent effect upon Klenk, who sat with courteous composure waiting to hear if Dr. Geyer had anything further to discuss. Yes, clenching his nervous fingers on his crutch in an attempt to keep them still, the lawyer asked abruptly and with a touch of awkwardness whether an appeal on Dr. Krüger's behalf had now any chance of success? Dr. Klenk replied reflectively and with great politeness that he had himself been thinking of that. But the Opposition Press, he didn't mind admitting in confidence, had made his position very difficult; for the case had been magnified into such importance that he would not now care to take any steps regarding it without the approval of the whole Cabinet. Benevolent contempt was in his complacent brown eyes, his powerful, bony frame, and his long, tanned head as he sat there regarding the delicate, emaciated lawyer, wrought up to such a pitch of hatred that his face was mottled with red.

The attendant brought in the plump white sausages and a bottle of sherry. The Minister of Justice remarked that in an official capacity he had nothing more to say, but he would like to continue the conversation as man to man. Might he change his coat? He didn't feel comfortable in that black garment. And he changed his frock-coat for the tweed jacket that he loved. Then he again offered the lawyer some sausages, poured himself out a glass of the fragrant yellow wine, and carefully filled his pipe. Well, he had read Dr. Geyer's excellent article in the *Monthly Review,* but he didn't think that generalities and abstractions could ever lead to any valuable practical conclusions. All the same, when he was hunting or shooting or in his morning bath, or taking long journeys in his car, he often amused himself by clearing up intellectually various questions on which his instincts and his conscience had already come to a decision. He extracted the last meat from a sausage-skin, wiped his mouth, and drank his wine in small, appreciative sips. To put the matter clearly, then, he sometimes had the impression that Dr. Geyer in his malicious use of certain general formulæ was aiming directly at him. But that didn't work. Didn't get home to him in any way. He admitted that it wasn't easy in his situation and in that particular quarter of the world to come to standard decisions. Bavaria versus the Empire, the interests of the State versus justice, the stability of the law versus justice; he might almost say there were as many problems as letters in each. But in order to find his way surely among these problems he didn't need the support even of Catholic jurisprudence, which in an age when Might was Right was the only system that had the courage to oppose the brutal weight of existing facts.

Labouring audibly with excitement, Dr. Geyer could not endure any longer to sit in his chair; he stood up, limped across the room, and finally leaned against the wall, as if glued to it, in a queerly unnatural position, propped on his crutch. The Minister, eating and drinking, continued easily and equably. He knew with intuitive certainty that what he was doing was good for Bavaria. It suited the country, it was as good as its woods and its mountains, its people, its electricity, its leather breeches, its picture galleries, its Carnival, and its beer. It was an indigenous, organic Bavarian justice. Justice and ethics, a certain North German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, had declared, stood beyond all conditioning factors; but justice and environment, justice and climate, justice and race, were indissoluble, and could not be separated: this was the opinion of Otto Klenk, of Munich. It was not unlikely—this he said in confidence as a man, not as an official—that Dr. Krüger had committed no perjury. In any case, for various reasons, it was a questionable policy to insist on the sanctity of oaths, and he quite understood Krüger's position. Perhaps it would be more above-board, from the point of view of a pure administration of justice, for him to go personally to the man and say: "Martin Krüger, your existence is detrimental to the country of Bavaria, and so I am reluctantly compelled to have you shot." As things were he was firmly convinced that his Bavarian justice was the best conceivable. He would accept the responsibility for it. Justice was the bed-rock of states; but precisely for that reason the justice of every state must be made out of the same stuff as itself. And he represented whole-heartedly, with complete conviction, the supreme justice of his country. And while Dr. Geyer shrank still further away, literally flattening himself against the wall, the Minister ended by assuring him that he need not worry about it, for he, Klenk, slept well of nights, while Dr. Krüger and Triebschener, the watchmaker, languished in prison.

He said "languished," he sucked at his sausage, he sat stridelegs on his chair in his tweed jacket, and his cheerful brown eyes looked confidentially and benevolently at the thick spectacles behind which the sharp blue eyes of the lawyer followed his every movement. As Dr. Geyer listened to these calm words, which fell coarsely, solidly, and in broad dialect from the powerful champing jaws of the supreme justiciary of the country, he was overwhelmed by such revolt, disgust, and shame that he checked the hot sentences rising to his lips, said that he did not feel well enough for a philosophic discussion, thanked the Minister for his explanation, and went out, leaning heavily on his stick. Klenk, without a smile, pushed aside the plate of sausage-skins and settled down to his papers.

VI. THERE MUST BE LEGAL SANCTION

A certain Herr Georg Durnbacher had applied to Johanna Krain for a graphological analysis. Johanna did not like him, and sought to excuse herself by pleading overwork. Herr Durnbacher insisted, and eventually Johanna handed him the analysis. She had paraphrased the disagreeable qualities she had discovered in the handwriting, and described the writer as a man of tortuous fantasy, inclined to deceive himself and others.

It turned out that the owner of the handwriting was a Government Councillor called Tucher, a passionate adherent of the old political system, and consequently hostile to Johanna Krain and Krüger. It had been only Johanna's science that he had wished to put to the test, and not his own handwriting. Her analysis, which covertly accused a respectable State official of being a swindler, proved to him that her own so-called science was a swindle, and so the Councillor indicted the unmasked graphologist for fraud. The crime did not appear in the German code of law, but under this head the Bavarian police reserved the right of prosecuting various activities. So a charge of fraud was laid against Johanna Krain, and she was prohibited from practising as a graphologist until further notice.

When Johanna consulted him, Dr. Geyer seemed to be strangely tired and indifferent. While speaking, he removed his glasses, blinked, and even closed his eyes. He pointed out that everything which concerned her or Krüger, including this new development, had long ceased to be a question of law, and had become a question of politics. And so it followed that neither he or she could do anything, she could only get something done by the influence of high-placed people, as he had indicated before. But he didn't believe they wanted to do her any serious harm; it was only a kind of slight warning to let her see that they could get at her if she gave any trouble. If she did that the authorities could indict her as a last resort for perjury. Dr. Klenk was an unscrupulous tyrant—his thin-skinned face twisted as if in pain—and within the scope of his authority nothing was impossible.

"So the only thing that remains is influence," said Johanna, thoughtfully. By this time she knew by heart the five names which Geyer had given her when he was lying ill. But the men in that list, their faces which she knew from photographs which she had seen, their lives and their circumstances were inaccessible for her. She did not know how she was to attack the project. The only thing that ever came into her mind was the fleshy face of the juryman, Hessreiter.

Dr. Geyer was silent. He felt again, almost with repulsion now, the resemblance of this girl to the dead woman. "Yes," he said at last, "influence. A rather vague piece of advice. It's the only one I can give."

Johanna was irritated by Dr. Geyer. She had been told there wasn't a better lawyer to be had for her case. But she found him slack and negligent. She got up, and angrily overwhelmed the shrinking lawyer with a list of the petty persecutions she was subjected to. Parcels sent to Krüger were either returned, or only delivered to him when they had gone mouldy; every possible difficulty was put in her way when she tried to see him; and they were always asking her what right she had to do anything for him.

"Well, what right do you have?" asked the lawyer, with a sardonic smile. "Perhaps love of humanity? Perhaps your friendship with Krüger? Such rights as these won't satisfy the Bavarian authorities. To be recognized by the authorities, relations between a man and a woman must have received the legal sanction." Johanna bit her upper lip. The irony of the lawyer depressed and irritated her. His attitude, his soft auburn beard, his blinking eyes, the whole man irritated her.

"I'll marry him," she declared.

The lawyer paused, and said that he didn't know what obstacles there might be to overcome. She didn't appreciate all the formalities that would have to be gone through, and the obstacles they could put in her way. Johanna ordered him to take the necessary steps at once and with the utmost energy.

When she had gone, Dr. Geyer leaned his head on the back of his chair with his inflamed eyelids shut, and his sardonic smile deepened, laying bare his strong yellow teeth. He had persuaded himself that this affair with Erich was accounted for and settled, but all the same it was not settled, perhaps it would have been better, after all, to tell the police about that dreadful face which he had glimpsed for the fraction of a second before he was set upon and clubbed down.

Dr. Geyer was a changed man. He made less effort to keep his nerves under control, and was no longer composed and matter-of-fact. He let his provocative irony have free rein, and went off into dark and disturbing flights of speech, waving his hands about and blinking violently. He paid less and less attention to his food, his clothes, his house, even his money affairs, leaving them all to his housekeeper, Agnes. He had fits of complete lassitude, in which he sat still with a vacant eye and inert limbs, but these usually passed off quickly. At other times he talked of giving up his practice as an advocate, perhaps even his parliamentary career, and of confining himself to writing.

Was it his injuries which had wrought the change in him? No, he had always known that his calling was not a safe one, and had been prepared for worse misfortunes. It must have been something less superficial which had altered him, something quite different, something newly realized, some sudden revelation.

It was the vision of Dr. Klenk's confidential eyes and powerful, champing jaws, the revelation of the soul of naked despotism, which had shattered him. After that interview he had been closed in on himself for days, his usually alert eyes dulled and absent, while he reviewed his life and weighed it up, and saw that he had built his house upon the sand. Intellectually, of course, he had always known how things stood, and had inveighed against them in shrewd, incisive terms, but this was the first time he had actually seen injustice, seen it incarnate with his own eyes. And now he knew that the man Krüger meant nothing to him, or Triebschener, the watchmaker, either. And the three hundred cases dealt with in his book on *The History of Injustice in Bavaria* were simply irrelevant, let them be ever so soberly and clearly expounded. By such naïve methods the popular despotic justice of Dr. Klenk could never be undermined.

He, Siegbert Geyer, must fight with the same autocratic weapons as Klenk. He would not bother himself, either, with individual cases. It was sentimental to want to help oppressed individuals. Injustice itself was what he had to destroy.

And in his heart he knew that whether he went to Berlin or even to Moscow at the bidding of his theories, injustice for him would always have only one face. It would have small, complacent eyes in a tanned, weather-beaten face, it would have powerful, champing jaws, and it would wear a tweed jacket.

In his comfortless chair, the lawyer broke down completely. At last he pulled himself together with a jerk, and opened with a faint groan a thick bundle of papers, *The History of Injustice in Bavaria from the Armistice in 1918 to the Present Day.* Case number 237.

VII. HERR HESSREITER DINES IN MUNICH

Johanna Krain stood at a tramway stop, waiting for the blue-painted tram which should take her to Schwabing to see Herr Hessreiter. It was a cool and cloudy evening. Under the light of the arc lamps she could see herself in the mirror of a shop window, her face unpainted in defiance of the mode, and only slightly powdered.

Someone passed her with a courteous but impersonal greeting. She could not recall the man's name. His face was like those of many upper-class men in Munich at that time, clever, with cautious, somewhat sleepy eyes under a broad forehead. A face which knew how provisional and merely fashionable all the values of the epoch were, how relative. The owner of a face like that, after admitting that the Krüger case called for indignation or sympathy, would refuse to be either indignant or sympathetic; because there were too many cases of the same kind. Johanna knew this, she knew life as it was. But she could not understand it. For though the misery which the politically twisted justice of these years brought on people was a daily occurrence, it did not dull her feelings. She was indignant anew every time she heard of it.

Her tram appeared. She sat down in a corner, mechanically gave the conductor her ticket, and considered her situation. Hessreiter, although he wasn't one of the five powerful men who could get Martin out of his cell, was still the right man. Had it not been his face which had always recurred to her whenever she went despairingly over all the faces in her large acquaintance? His face, which she had seen in the huge, crowded courtroom during her ordeal as a witness. It had been an amazed face on that day, almost stupefied with amazement; but the small fastidious mouth had opened and spoken on her behalf, and saved her from an obscene interrogation by the Public Prosecutor.

Yes, she had done the right thing in ringing him up, and promptly accepting his hesitating invitation to dine. Sitting in the corner of the tram, she felt tense with anticipation. This dinner with the singular Herr Hessreiter was a kind of debut for her, a breaking of fresh ground. Up till now her association with other people had been either on a basis of mutual entertainment, or of calm professional discussion. Now she saw herself suddenly faced with the task of asking something from a stranger who was nothing to her. Accustomed from childhood to be independent, she hated to admit that she was not equal to any job. This exploitation of social relationships was going to be a damned unpleasant business. How did one do it? How did one extract service from others without giving any return? She was setting out to build up social relationships; it was like adventuring into a strange land.

Martin Krüger had sometimes pointed out that she had had no upbringing. That might be true. She recalled the violent, irregular life of her father, with whom she had spent most of her childhood; and decided that she had brought him up, and not he her. He had been a sanguine, gifted creature, careless in his manners, striving to establish by force ideas and plans for which the time was not ripe, and he had absolutely no leisure for thinking of such trifles as deportment. And as for her mother, heavens above, her mother! That easy-going woman, who spent her days in gossiping, and made wild efforts now and then to train her daughter in her own incongruous assortment of social tenets, efforts which ceased as suddenly as they began. Johanna had been relieved when her mother's second marriage late in life to a pork butcher called Lederer had provided an opportunity of breaking with her for ever. What a life that elderly woman led, making friends and quarrelling with hundreds of other gossiping wives, trailing round indolently, fussing and lamenting—no, Johanna had never been able to learn much from her. She was sure to be grumbling now to all her bosom friends about her scandalous daughter. No, Johanna could hardly be said to have had any upbringing.

Johanna considered the nails of her blunt, coarse-grained hands. They were not very well cared for. She had once let them be manicured reluctantly.

It was disgusting to have strangers cutting and fiddling and polishing at them. All the same, they had no need to be so rough and square-cut.

She reached her stopping-place, got out, and had a brief two minutes' walk through dark streets. There was Herr Hessreiter's house, bordering the English Garden, hidden away behind a wall and some old chestnut trees. It was low and old-fashioned; it might have been built by some Court official in the eighteenth century. She was led through endless corridors, and noticed that, although carefully furnished in the style of an earlier period, the house was fitted with all the most modern conveniences. Its whole effect was capricious and comfortable; it struck her as somewhat comic, but not unpleasing.

Herr Hessreiter welcomed her volubly and cordially, taking both her hands in his. In his own house he looked plumper and more elegant than ever; he fitted into it like a crab into its shell. With a sly, mysterious look in his brown eyes, he said that he had a surprise for her; but first they would have dinner.

He entertained her with elaborate, faintly absurd, and charming humour. He spoke the same dialect and used the same words as she did; they had no difficulty in understanding each other. He spoke of his porcelain factory, saying that it gave him only partial satisfaction. It would be splendid if one could confine oneself to artistic articles. But the people wouldn't have it, they wouldn't let one. Especially the *art centre*, Munich, which was a fine fraud. Look how they had disfigured the Field-Marshals' Hall again. He had been wondering for a long time what was the meaning of the huge scaffolding with which they had covered the back wall. Now it had come out. They had adorned the wall with hideous yellow leaden shields, disfigured with iron crosses, a leaden shield for each of the lost provinces, and they had hung gay wreaths above them. As if they hadn't ruined the beautiful building enough with the rampant lions and the military memorial. He was a good Munich citizen, but he would have nothing to do with such barbarities. He was planning at present, in his factory, for example, though they had no chance commercially, to produce a few quite extraordinary things by a young, unknown sculptor whom he had discovered, a series called "Bull Fighting" among them. Later and incidentally he touched upon the Krüger case. It turned out that in the course of the trial he had minutely observed and made a note of various small incidents which had escaped her, and which he now reconstructed for her as if under a magnifying glass.

Towards the end of the carefully planned meal he was urgently called to the telephone, and came back with an air of embarrassment. A lady who was a dear and honoured friend of his, he explained to Johanna, wanted to visit him that very evening with a large party. He had promised to show her a surprise, the same surprise that he had mentioned to Johanna. The lady, who spent most of her time on her estate beside the Starnbergersee, had come to town unexpectedly and wanted to take the chance now of being shown the surprise in company with some friends of hers. Her name was von Radolny. He hoped that Fräulein Krain would not mind this invasion of new guests. Johanna said firmly that she would be glad to meet them. She looked at Herr Hessreiter, decided that the time had come to make her move, and calmly told him of her intention to form social relationships and profit by them. Immediately catching fire, Herr Hessreiter made sweeping, pompous gestures; social relationships, splendid, he was the right man, and he was delighted that she should have turned to him. In all probability Frau von Radolny was exactly the woman to be of great use to her. Krüger's case had reached a plane which enabled him to support it with full conviction, since it was now, so to speak, no longer a pawn in the political game, but a simple matter of humanity.

In the very middle of this, Frau von Radolny and her party arrived. Frau von Radolny's luxuriant, indolent, assured beauty seemed to fill the room; she was certainly accustomed as if by right to be the centre of attention. Her cool, critical, frank scrutiny of Johanna did not disturb that lady. Katharina, on her side, was gratified by the impression she made on Johanna, liked her, and sat down beside her.

She knew how difficult it was for a woman to assert herself in a world full of pitfalls. She had herself risen from the lowest rung of the ladder; she was successful now, and assured; but it had not been easy for her, and she was still moved to sympathy and pleasantly reminded of her own achievement by the spectacle of a brave woman refusing to be beaten. Naturally enough she was completely in agreement with the traditions of the upper class, but now that she had arrived she was as tolerant of any individual case she happened to encounter as she was intolerant in general. So she listened with understanding interest to the story of Johanna's complicated childhood, her break with her mother, her professional activities, and her relations with Krüger. The two women, Johanna with her broad face and determined grey eyes, the other with her copper hair and full-blown beauty sated with experience, appeared to be hitting it off so harmoniously as they exchanged their slow, broad Bavarian sentences, that the optimistic Hessreiter had no further doubt of Johanna's success.

Gradually, but without losing a word of Frau von Radolny's, Johanna was able to place the rest of the company. The man with the amiable, furrowed face, who looked like a peasant got up in a dinner-jacket, was the painter, Greiderer; the scarred, pug face of Dr. Matthäi was familiar to her from the illustrated papers; that rosy-cheeked man with pince-nez and a full grey beard must be Dr. Pfisterer, the writer, and the old man he was speaking to was Privy Councillor Kahlenegger. Although not agreeing with all his companion's conclusions, Pfisterer listened attentively, even reverently. It was provocative and stimulating to hear the old man relating every finding of natural science exclusively and pertinaciously to the development of the city of Munich, refusing in the service of his *idée fixe* to allow the validity of any other contributing factor, whether it were the caprices of princes, or of inter-communication, or of trade. Johanna could not keep her eyes off this gaunt figure, with the huge, hooked nose, who forced well-rounded sentences from the deepest cavity of his throat.

Without any apparent reason he stopped speaking, and there was a sudden silence in the room. Herr Hessreiter seized the opportunity to say that he would now show them his surprise, and led the expectant company into his small picture gallery, and turned on the lights. On the sober, grey wall there was revealed among some other pictures the nude portrait of Anna Elisabeth Haider. With a forlorn and yet strained expression the dead girl looked out into the discreetly lit room, her eyes on the picture that hung opposite, a stark, gloomy painting of an Upper Bavarian farmhouse. Her neck, not flatteringly slender, was lifted in a touching and helpless attitude; the breasts and limbs swam in a tender, milky atmosphere.

Johanna regarded the portrait with mixed emotions. So that was the picture which had caused so many complications, which she could not but detest. Quiet, naïve, yet repellent, it hung there, and Herr Hessreiter stood beside it, showing it off with a pleasant, triumphant smile. What was the man after? Why had he bought the picture, and why did he show it off? She looked questioningly from the picture to Herr Hessreiter, from Herr Hessreiter to the picture, turning her whole head at the same time. She thought quickly of various reasons, but could not decide. For a long time she stood in silence before the picture. The others, too, were embarrassed. Frau von Radolny raised her eyebrows as she looked at the notorious canvas. She was sensitive to art, and not in the least given to uncritical acceptance of newspaper verdicts. But there was a faint emanation of unsavoury and forbidden things from this picture, she had an unerring instinct, and it could not be denied. The picture might be, in spite of that or even because of that, an excellent piece of work. But was it necessary for a respectable member of the best society in Munich to buy that picture just at this juncture? It was bound to cause bad feeling. It looked like a challenge. An attitude which as a Bavarian she understood perfectly, but for which she had no sympathy.

Greiderer was the only one who spoke. He gave his opinion loudly, a firm and definite approval. Old Kahlenegger sat indifferently in a chair, this was beyond his province; he seemed suddenly extinguished, like a prehistoric fossil. Herr Pfisterers' somewhat uncomprehending attitude was too neutral to find words. At length even Greiderer fell silent, and for nearly a whole minute there was no sound but the laboured breathing of the two writers. Everyone glanced surreptitiously at Johanna Krain, with a vague but thrilling sense that there was something ambiguous about the presence of the girl there before that picture. Herr Hessreiter's air of benevolent pride at giving his friends a treat slowly vanished, his face fell, his cheeks sagged, giving him a faintly helpless look.

Suddenly Dr. Matthäi's angry, rasping voice broke the silence. An abomination, he said it was. Not even their enemies, he said, denied the Bavarians their great artistic gifts. Bavarian baroque. Bavarian rococo. The Gothic of a Jörg Ganghofer, a Mäleskirchner. The Munich school of bronze-casters, led by Krumper of Weilheim. The Asam brothers. And even, yes, even the classical work of Ludovic. All that was mature work, honourable work, permanent work. And then on top of all that they planted this kind of dungheap fungus. An abomination.

Everybody felt that this crude outburst came from the very depths of Dr. Matthäi's nature. Accustomed as they were to hear only rancorous denunciations from him, they felt in his words the man's love for his country, their country. After letting himself go, Dr. Matthäi was a little embarrassed, and fixed his gloomy gaze on vacancy. Dr. Pfisterer benevolently shook his head and said: "No, no." Herr Hessreiter, painfully embarrassed, stroked his side whiskers; he thought of the products of his porcelain factory, the long-bearded gnomes and gigantic toad-stools which were so loved in Bavaria; his smile was rather constrained, but he behaved as if Dr. Matthäi's explosion had only been a joke.

It was a relief to everybody when Herr Pfaundler sailed in. The great entertainment magnate had been invited by Frau von Radolny, and he brought with him a Russian lady, about whom he had been making a great song for several months. Her name was Olga Insarova, and he pronounced it in introducing her as if it were renowned all over the world. The lady turned out to be a slim scrap of a girl with an expressive face, charming and slightly mocking ways, and sliding sidelong eyes. Dr. Matthäi turned to her at once with a bold air of gallantry, announcing that he hoped he wasn't offending Hessreiter in preferring a living dancer to a dead painter, and everybody breathed more freely and went back to the library.

Johanna Krain was astonished at the unbounded eagerness with which Dr. Matthäi took possession of the Russian. The thick-set man with the clumsy, sabre-hacked face had a hard fight to match the nimble wit of the little creature, who gave him many shrewd knocks and laughed with a great show of glistening, small teeth, looking extremely pretty. She gave him three times as much as she got, and with three times as much wit. She was pitilessly gay at his expense. "Well, now Matthäi has found his match at last," Pfisterer observed good-humouredly. Frau von Radolny and Johanna ceased talking, and all listened to the ineffectual and clumsy efforts of Dr. Matthäi. He finally escaped by entering other lists where he felt more capable, making a sudden attack on Pfisterer and his rosy optimism, touching the popular novelist on his sorest spot. For the good-natured, widely successful Pfisterer quite failed to comprehend and suffered agonies from the contempt of certain literary men, whose talent he fully acknowledged, for his sunny interpretations of life. Why did they object to the reassuring optimism of his stories, which brightened the lives of the people, bringing joy to all of them, from the king in his palace to the charcoal-burner in his hut? He tried to understand his opponents, to get their point of view. But his sense of honour kept him from getting the better of them.

Dr. Matthäi's method of attacking him, for instance, was simply infamous. His face reddened. The two broad, angry men stood snarling at each other. The dancer smiled with interest, a little contemptuously; the point of her tongue darted to the corner of her mouth with a small, impudent flick. But in her calm way Johanna came to Pfisterer's assistance, and he soon had himself in hand again. His indignation dissolved into melancholy; he shook his head, vehemently polishing his misty pince-nez, and bewailed the wicked, destructive tendencies of certain men.

While Matthäi turned again to the nimble Russian, smoking fiercely, complacently gloating on her with his small, malignant eyes, Pfisterer sat down beside Johanna Krain. This steady, kindly Bavarian girl was just like the people in his books, young and fresh, and with her heart in the right place. Johanna, too, liked him. Real life was certainly not like his books, it wasn't gilt-edged. But she realized that many people liked to read such books in their spare time, and that they saw the mountains in Pfisterer's gaudy colours and the rough mountaineers as the staunch and homely characters he drew. She herself had read Pfisterer's books with pleasure. He was certainly influential, a welcome figure at all the German Courts, and she was sure that he could help her. Glad to have him beside her, she began to tell him about the Krüger case, explaining everything gently, softening it all down, making it out a clever piece of injustice. He shook his large, reddish-fair head incomprehendingly. He was an adherent of the existing order, and profoundly deplored the revolution. Thank God they were on the right road now; his Bavaria had got on to its feet again. A little good-will and everything would be solved quite simply. All that she was telling him about a grievous miscarriage of justice, if she didn't mind his saying so, he found incredible without further proof. He was sympathetic and kind, and shook his head reflectively. One shouldn't be too ready to suspect other people of being rogues. Misunderstandings. Mistakes. He would take the matter up. He would discuss it some day with the Crown Prince Maximilian in particular, with that fine, great-hearted man.

Herr Pfaundler announced that the Crown Prince was to spend part of the winter in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Everybody was going to Garmisch; his propaganda for the resort was bearing fruit. The Powder Puff, the place he was going to open there, was as good as finished: there the artists, Herr Greiderer and the sculptor who had designed the "Bull Fighting" series, had surpassed themselves. All the elegance of the eighteenth century combined with comfort. A comprehensive establishment, international, fashionable. The tiles were from Herr Hessreiter's porcelain works, simply wonderful. And Insarova would appear there for the first time in Germany. Herr Pfaundler drawled and did not raise his voice, but his words were strongly reinforced by the small, fanatical flame which glowed in his beady eyes. When he mentioned the dancer, he gave her a little bow, careless and possessively arrogant, which had the effect of making her suddenly look no longer vivid and impish, but slack and hollow-cheeked. Yes, Herr Pfaundler concluded, Garmisch would be a European centre that winter.

Johanna reflected that for her purpose, too, it would pay to go to Garmisch. But a fashionable resort—she had always imagined that kind of place as shameless as it was trivial and vulgar. She looked at her square, badly kept nails. People who had work to do, people whose life was not aimless and purposeless, would hardly fit into such a scheme. Besides, it was sure to be frightfully expensive, and the present suspension of her work would make economy necessary in any case.

The party broke up. Unlike the others, Johanna was preparing to go home on foot; Herr Hessreiter insisted on escorting her. He was proud to accompany her. She had made an impression, and furthered her cause. He considered that a personal triumph. His full, jaunty figure absolutely radiated confidence. Johanna was sceptical, and discounted nine-tenths of his hopeful prophecies, but even one-tenth was enough to cheer her, and so she walked firmly and gaily beside her companion, whose large bulk seemed to her an excellent protection.

During the short walk Herr Hessreiter discussed all possible kinds of irrelevant subjects; at last, after an endless beating about the bush, he said he supposed the idiotic ban on her professional work would put her into financial straits? For he couldn't imagine that anyone would care to analyze every booby's scrawl unless driven to it by necessity. Johanna thought of the clear, incisive talk of Jacques Tüverlin, and relished by contrast the cautious circumlocutions of her escort; she said after a while, well, she certainly couldn't afford to buy pictures like Herr Hessreiter. Then, with apparent inconsequence, she added that for a passing moment while Herr Pfaundler was speaking she had thought of spending the winter in Garmisch. Herr Hessreiter enthusiastically backed her up. Garmisch, that was a brilliant idea. There she could become acquainted with everybody quite naturally; everybody there would be accessible and in the best of humour. Of course she must go to Garmisch. She must let him know in plenty of time when she proposed going, for it would be a dreadful disappointment if she did not let him be of use to her there. She could depend on him; everything that she entrusted to him would be promptly settled. When he, too, said "promptly settled," Johanna started slightly, as she had done before, when he began to speak about money at the right moment. At the door he took Johanna's firm hand with its square nails into his own, plump and well manicured, and gazed confidentially and intently out of his veiled eyes into her broad, serene face.

Johanna smiled to herself as she went to bed. Smiled as she thought of that old-fashioned gallantry of that important citizen, Paul Hessreiter, made an attempt to imitate his large, sweeping gestures, decided finally to go to Garmisch, and fell asleep, still smiling.

VIII. MARGINAL NOTES ON THE KRÜGER CASE

Jacques Tüverlin was dictating to his businesslike spick-and-span secretary an essay on the Krüger case. "The man, Martin Krüger," he dictated, ranging to and fro in a wide smoking suit, "the man Krüger is a thorn in the flesh of the

Government. He holds opinions which are contrary to the instincts of the populace, and to the methods of the rulers. His views on art, too, contradict the prevailing morals and customs adhered to by the inhabitants of the Bavarian plateau, who are essentially an Alpine, conservative stock. The fact that these morals and customs are not in accord with those prevalent in the rest of Europe, that they were developed to meet the needs of much earlier ages, when society consisted of small hamlets, or single farmsteads, that they are, in a word patriarchal, and therefore illogical and anachronistic, has nothing to do with the case. The actual case is this, that Martin Krüger's attempt to translate into effective action a point of view appropriate to a wider, freer society, in a region devoted to a narrow, more restricted existence, gives as a matter of course the Government of the restricted region the right to eliminate him as if he were a criminal."

The loud speaker was blaring out a dance. A friend of Jacques Tüverlin was complaining over the telephone that he had failed to meet her in a restaurant; he had actually forgotten the appointment and blamed his secretary; but it was not her fault, for she had never been told about it. A messenger from a publishing firm was waiting for corrected proofs; he refused to leave the antechamber, for he had been told not to return without them. Jacques Tüverlin loved to have noise about him while he was working. The secretary waited patiently, and he went on dictating.

"A better and more fundamental system of justice would define the real reasons for considering the man detrimental to society, and therefore deserving imprisonment. In a national gallery he hung works of art objectionable to the nation; and that was a sufficient reason for getting rid of him, and even for punishing him as a deterrent to others. But why—and this is a slur on Bavarian methods of justice—why punish him, not for the excellent pictures which he did hang up, but for a sexual act which he did not perform, and for a perjury which he did not commit? Why did not the Minister of Justice make a clear and definite charge: 'You are a detrimental; you are objectionable to us; you must be rooted out, or at least cut off from society.' "

A tailor arrived to fit on a new dinner-jacket; the publisher's messenger was still waiting; the loud speaker shrilled and squeaked; a sporting outfitter rang up to say that the new snow-shoes had come in.

"Of course the man Krüger," went on Tüverlin, while the tailor fussed round his broad shoulders and slim flanks with a basting needle and a bit of chalk, "is much more to blame than the Bavarian Government. As a cultured man he was bound to know that it was culpable wickedness to purchase good works of art for the Bavarians of these times. Further, he was bound to know, as a really wise sage once said, that a clever man gets over the frontier at double speed when he is accused of putting the Louvre in his pocket; how much more speedily should he run away, then, when a Bavarian Government accuses him first of having slept with a woman years before, and then with having denied it? So one cannot defend Krüger. One can still be amazed, however, at the comic Machiavellianism of the Bavarian administration. Even if it were admitted that Krüger could not be convicted on the real charge, would it not have been more suitable, more honourable to accuse him of something resembling his actual crime, which was an offence against public usage? But who could seriously affirm that to sleep with a woman and then deny it is an offence against public usage in Bavaria?"

Such and similar arguments Jacques Tüverlin elaborated for his essay, dictating as he swung up and down, giving pantomimic instructions to the despairing tailor. Then he pacified the messenger with the proofs, ordered the snow-shoes, arranged another meeting with his offended friend, and sent the draft of his essay to Johanna Krain.

Johanna's face darkened as she read it. She did not tell herself that if the clear-headed and matter-of-fact Tüverlin had come up against the same kind of difficulty as Krüger, he would have considered that the fault lay in himself. She did not realize that the essay sprang out of Tüverlin's need to define his complex and realistic standpoint, as a means of rescuing himself from himself and from her. She thought that the essay was merely a cynical piece of sarcasm at her forthright and honest fight for a good cause. She had an engagement with Tüverlin for the next evening, and decided not to meet him, but to break with him once and for all. But after taking down the receiver to tell him so, she changed her mind and decided to have it out with him instead.

On the following afternoon she had an appointment with Dr. Geyer. She told him about her evening with Frau von Radolny, and her plan of going to Garmisch. "That's good," said Dr. Geyer, "very good. Social relationships are the thing. One must handle people with their own weapons, one must wheedle them. It's no use fighting them tooth and nail, for they have the stronger teeth." It seemed to Johanna that the lawyer was confining himself to general maxims, as if he had no longer a real interest in Krüger. He sat there with his eyes shut behind his spectacles. Johanna bit her lip and became angry. First Tüverlin, then the lawyer; the only people who seemed now to take a serious interest in Krüger were the poor in spirit. But then Geyer said suddenly: "The Imperial Minister of Justice, Heinrodt, will be in Garmisch this winter for a fortnight's holiday. If I write to him he'll receive you." He tried to give her one of his old collected, impressive looks, but even that had become somewhat mechanical, and failed of its effect.

That evening she dined with Jacques Tüverlin in Pfaundler's restaurant. He was astounded at her abuse of his essay. "It's understood that I am to help you," he explained, in his squeaky, slip-shod voice. "But that doesn't prohibit me from telling the truth. It can't be anything but advantageous to see a thing clearly. Besides, not long ago I had the opportunity of getting to know Klenk, and he's an uncommonly likeable fellow." "He's upholding the worst cause in the world," said Johanna, white-lipped and angry. "What of that?" retorted Jacques Tüverlin. "There's many a good man upholding a bad cause."

"I'm sick of your aphorisms," said Johanna, throwing her napkin on the table. "You do nothing but fling splinters of glass about. You're worse than the Bavarian police." Although she had not finished her dinner she stood up. Jacques Tüverlin rose too, and asked when he was going to see her again. "I'm going to Garmisch for a few weeks," she said. "That falls very pat," returned Jacques, "for I mean in any case to go to Garmisch soon." He escorted her to the door of the restaurant. and then went back to finish his dinner.

IX. A DRAB BRIDEGROOM

On the wall above the convict Krüger's work-table hung a calendar, and over that a crucifix, a stereotyped machine-made imitation after the fifteenth century Middle German style. For the greater part of the day Martin Krüger sat on a stool before the table, his face grey and his hands chapped with perpetual washing to cleanse them of paste. A pile of cut paper, a pot of paste, a brush, a ruler for folding, and a pattern to show him how to turn in the bottom of the bags, formed his material. Krüger sat there from morning till midday break, then until the hour for exercise, then until evening. He dabbed on paste, smoothed the lining, folded the paper and joined up the sides, then turned in the bottom and finished the bag off with more paste.

When he raised his head he could see his tiny window, six feet from the stone floor, with five vertical and two horizontal bars behind it, and under the window a shelf with a few enamelled vessels, a wash-bowl, soap-dish, jug, and pannikin. From time to time, of course, he stood up and walked across his cell, which was four yards long by two broad. The stout oaken door was secured by two iron bolts and a very solid lock. The bare walls were of a dull green, the upper part whitewashed. He knew every single brushmark on them, and the exact places where two nails had left holes, and where five nail holes had been plastered over. Beside the shelf there was a small piece of white cardboard with the inscription, "Martin Krüger, registered number 2478, three years." The dates of the beginning and end of his sentence were there too, and also "Perjury, section 153." A white bucket for his needs came next, and, strangely enough, a thermometer. For writing he had a slate and a slate pencil; paper and ink were so far forbidden.

He read and re-read the four pamphlets which hung in a corner by pieces of string punched through a hole in each. One treatise on Alcohol and Tuberculosis, one on Life and Sick Insurance, one small collection, particularly remarkable in a time of inflation, of Hints on Saving, and a black-bound book of "Prison Regulations."

Long ago he had mastered these regulations; he knew that there was a letter missing in the second sentence of the "House Rules"; and that there was a large brown stain over the gummed-in appendix on the System of Good Conduct Marks. He knew every letter by heart, and the graining of the paper on which it was printed. Yet again and again he read these dreary regulations. It was forbidden to look out of the window. Communications with other convicts by speaking, writing, or making signs was forbidden, barter was forbidden, and the giving or taking of gifts. It was forbidden to address the warders; to sing, whistle, or make any other kind of noise was forbidden. Penalties were affixed to every breach of the house rules: deprivation of food, of bedding, confinement in the iron cage or in the dark cell.

In the appendix information was given about the Ministry's system of good conduct marks. After a certain length of time prisoners with good conduct to their credit could be transferred into the second division, where they were allowed to receive one daily newspaper, and even permitted to converse during the hour of exercise.

Martin Krüger was entitled to receive visits only once in three months. It was a special privilege to be allowed visitors like Johanna Krain and Kaspar Pröckl, who were not his relations, and he greedily counted the days until he should see them again. Each visitor could stay for fifteen minutes; there was a grating between him and the prisoner.

Martin Krüger could write and receive letters once in eight weeks, but in the second division it was once in four weeks. All letters were censored, and severe penalties were attached to the writing of forbidden matter. In many cases the convict was given only the name and address of the sender, while the letter itself, without its contents being divulged, was filed beside his records.

One day Martin Krüger reported himself for an interview with the Governor. He stood waiting in the corridor in a double file with other convicts. He was searched by an official to see that he had nothing on him which could be used as a weapon, sharp or clubbed, and then admitted to the Governor's room. As required, he gave his name and number. "What do you want?" asked the Governor, a small, agile man in pince-nez, with a wrinkled, inquisitive face and a small bristly moustache. His name was Förtsch; he was a Senior State Councillor, and of an age which determined that his career would finish in a very few years. In the course of these years his fate would be decided. His dream was to become a Ministerial Councillor, to get into the highest-paid grade, the thirteenth, and then perhaps to be pensioned off with the title of Ministerial Director. The salary of an active Ministerial Director, far beyond that of any inferior grade, was beyond even his dreams. But should he remain a mere Senior Councillor he would sink into inglorious and embittered oblivion. His life would not have been worth while, should he remain a Senior Councillor. So he was yearning for distinction, waiting more and more eagerly day by day to seize an opportunity of pushing himself forward, continually on the alert. His mouth was never still, and the bristly hairs above it were always twitching and trembling, giving him a somewhat rabbit-like appearance.

"What do you want?" he asked; he was inquisitive, suspicious, on the defensive, especially with convict 2478, this fine fellow Krüger. Krüger wanted permission to receive books. "Are the books in the prison library not enough for you?" asked the Governor. His mouth with its bristly hairs twitched, and the hairs growing out of the small nose twitched merrily too. The Governor was sly.

His boarders were full of wiles and craftiness, that was only to be expected; but he was always one degree wilier. He did not believe in the prisoner's thirst for knowledge. The sending of books was often utilized to smuggle in and out forbidden messages. One had to examine the books carefully to see whether a note were not hidden in the cover or between two leaves gummed together. That made a lot of work. "Have you any other wishes?" he asked; he liked to practise his jovially sarcastic wit on his *pensionnaires*. "Several," responded Martin Krüger. "Look here, my lad," said the Governor breezily, "have you ever considered whether you've been sent here as a prisoner or as a private student?" It amounted to cynicism almost, he remarked, for a prisoner in the first division to have the face to make such requests. He would have to consider whether he shouldn't impose a punishment for such insolence. Was Dr. Krüger aware that in that case his remission of time for good conduct would be gone once and for all?

Smiling provokingly in spite of these reprimands, Martin Krüger answered in courteous correction: "I don't reckon on remission, my dear sir, I reckon on pardon and rehabilitation."

To these incomprehensibly impertinent words, especially to the "my dear sir," the Governor did not know what to say. "Get out!" he commanded, gulping. Krüger's broad, dejected, drab back moved slowly out.

The curious thing was that number 2478 was not punished for this occurrence; indeed, after a higher official's visit of inspection, Martin Krüger was put into the second division. There appeared to be influences at work to mitigate his sentence, even in spite of perceptible vindictive cross-currents. A friend of the Governor's declared that he had heard that the Minister of Justice was not disposed to severity in this case, although the Minister of Fine Arts, Dr. Flaucher, was strongly so disposed, but he, of course, had no official jurisdiction in this matter. The Governor watched anxiously for straws to tell him which way the wind blew, so that he could anticipate the Cabinet's wishes, much as a dog watches his master eat and drink in the hope of getting a stray morsel.

In the second division Krüger was allowed to talk with a fellow-convict during daily exercise. Often, too, his letters were handed over or, more often, read to him with the omission of portions considered undesirable. The reading was done by Senior Councillor Förtsch, in his dry voice, with cheaply ironical emphasis, and frequent interruptions, since the omitted portions often began in the middle of a sentence. Once he read out a letter from the engineer, Kaspar Pröckl, who wrote as follows: "Dear Dr. Krüger, in my free time I am working at the manuscript of *Art and Technical Science*, and am using a great deal of the material you have provided. Keep your heart up. You have still a big harvest before you. I believe you will be pleased with my work. As soon as I am allowed, I shall send you the manuscript." He'd have to possess himself in patience for some time yet, threw in the Governor pleasantly. "I am on the track of the 'Joseph.' " With that the Governor stopped, for the rest sounded to him too much like a pre-arranged cant lingo, and he wasn't going to be made a fool of.

Martin Krüger, with that quiet, courteous smile which so much annoyed the Governor, thanked him for the reading, and looked less dejected than usual as he left the room.

He was now assigned a volume of Brehm's *Animal Life* from the prison library. He became so deeply absorbed that he read it through carefully three times, from the first word to the last; about the migration of the lemmings, the solitary life of the ibex, the pugnacity and herd customs of the wild ass, and the simplicity of the elephant. When he had to return the book he begged so urgently to be allowed to keep it that he was given another week. On the day when Kaspar Pröckl's letter came he was reading about marmots; how the old and sick members of a marmot colony were ejected and killed by the healthy before they went into winter quarters, how they fortified themselves with fat and their dwellings with earth, stones, clay, grass, and hay, and then spent the icy winter in a state of deathlike coma, motionless and cold, breathing out thirty times less carbonic acid than in summer, thus making the oxygen in the air last thirty times as long, waiting in this ingeniously contrived trance for the return of the warm weather.

That night Krüger dreamed that he was sitting idly in one of the fine leather arm-chairs of his study, turning over the pages of a fashionable novel after a day of hard and successful work. The telephone rang, and a voice said: "Aren't you the man who is interested in a Biblical picture by an artist called Landholzer?" It was a rough, rustic voice which asked the question in an affectedly genteel accent and with the intonation of a Bavarian parson in his country pulpit. "Yes," answered Krüger eagerly, "of course, I am keenly interested in it." "Well, I could—" replied the voice, but it was cut off then and there. Martin Krüger at once rang up the exchange, but he was roughly warned that if he indulged again in such a cynical piece of impertinence he would be severely punished. The telephone immediately rang again, and the same voice spoke, using the same words, and was again cut off at the same point. But this time Krüger did not dare to ring up the exchange, for he said to himself that he didn't have a ticket, and he looked anxiously for the ticket in all his pockets and could not find it. But it was really his duty, he said to himself, to report the matter to the exchange; only he did not dare. Then he was rung up a third time, and cut off again at the same point.

A few days later he was summoned to an interview. The little Governor's face was broken up into a thousand sarcastic wrinkles, the hairs round his mouth and in his nostrils twitched ironically as he prepared to read the letter. "My congratulations, number 2478," he said by way of preamble, "this is a proposal of marriage for you." Against his usual custom, he did not reveal the name of the sender, but began to read the letter straight away. "Dear Martin, I think the time has come for us to carry out our old plan and legalize our relationship by getting married. My solicitors inform me that even in your present circumstances there is nothing to prevent it." The rabbitty Governor could not resist putting in an ironic little pause before "your present circumstances." "The necessary preliminaries I shall settle as promptly as possible." The prisoner, whose usual insubordinate smile had been absent from the very beginning of the reading, winced noticeably at this last expression. "At our next meeting I hope to have everything concluded." "I don't need to read you the signature, number 2478," added the teasing Governor. "And the lady is quite right. We've had several marriages already in these circumstances. I congratulate you. There's a parcel for you, too, and seeing that you are engaged to be married, I'll let you have it in spite of certain reservations, caused by your behaviour."

Krüger trembled visibly, and forced himself to speak in a toneless voice. "Thank you," he said. And "Could I look at the letter?" "Perhaps you think I've forged it?" said the Governor ironically. "There!" and he threw over the letter. It was typewritten, it looked like a business communication, impersonal, disjointed and lifeless, like the whole style in which it was couched.

The succeeding days were not easy for Martin Krüger. His bleak cell was filled with gaily coloured, vivacious images from his former life. Johanna Krain, bright and strong, with her broad, intrepid face and her firm legs, then the dazzling colours of southern landscapes, then the large white pile of his manuscripts, covered with quick writing, and giving out a faintly poisonous emanation of brilliant and not quite honourable work. All this filled his cell with uneasiness, ousting "Joseph and His Brethren." The kaleidoscopic vision disturbed his sleep, and made his hands tremble as he pasted.

At the next interval prescribed for posting letters he sent one to Johanna Krain. He thanked her, he would think the matter over; it would certainly not be good for her, and probably not for him either. "A wet blanket," thought the Governor, as the letter came to him for censoring. But perhaps it's all a plot between them, he thought. He wasn't going to be caught, anyhow.

X. A LETTER IN THE SNOW

Johanna Krain was lying in the snow, pleasantly vacant, in her heavy low-heeled boots, and wearing the long trousers of the skiing outfit which was fashionable at the time. She intended to rest for only a minute or two and had not unstrapped her skis. They stuck up at an angle from the dark-blue figure on the snow.

She had now been for a week in Garmisch. Herr Pfaundler had been right, the place was a meeting-place for all the big-wigs of the world. But some of the people out of Frau von Radolny's circle, from whom she had expected so much, were not there yet. The waiting for them did not trouble her much. From her childhood she had been much in the mountains, and loved skiing.

She felt something crackling in her pocket. It was a letter which had been handed to her immediately before she took the train up to the Hocheck. It was stamped with the postmark Odelsberg, the postal address of the prison, and she had pocketed it unread. It was strange that she had not thought of the letter all this time.

She would read it now. All this shouting disturbed her. It was made by beginners, who were practising with a tutor. She would glide down into that valley over there, and have a few moments peace.

She glided into the wide tract before her. There was a patch of woodlands ahead, which could be circumvented. But she tightened her lips and chose the shorter and more difficult course through the wood. Painfully she guided herself among the trees, panting with the exertion, but determined. When she got clear of the wood she flung herself in the snow, skis and all; now she had the finest part of the run before her, a long, gentle declivity. Relaxed, with a vacant smile she lay resting, breathing in happy weariness. She pulled herself together; now she would read the letter. It must be the answer to her offer of marriage.

She felt in her pocket. She could not find the paper; took off her glove, and felt for it again. The letter was not in her pocket. She must have lost it. It wasn't pleasant to think of Martin's letter lying somewhere in the snow. She must certainly have lost it in the wood. She must look for it. There was a chance of finding it on her trail. Really, the evening was coming on, the sun was quite low. Martin Krüger was not allowed to write often. It was an event for him to be allowed to write a letter. In half an hour there would be a thick mist. She stood in indecision.

Something came ploughing its way out of the wood. A man, rather heavily built, but not inelegant, in a coffee-coloured suit. He came nearer, looked at her with pleasure in his dreamy eyes, doffed his thick, woollen snow-encrusted glove, held out his hand, and said: "Good afternoon!"

So Paul Hessreiter had come sooner than he had intended. It was a little reckless of him to have deserted his pottery in these days of inflation, when one had to keep an eye on the hourly changing level of buying and selling prices. But that was of no importance. She had been there eight days already, and he didn't want to waste any more time. They had told him in the hotel that she had gone up on the Hocheck; he had telephoned up, but, as he could not get hold of her, had simply followed on himself. Wasn't he a desperate character to have tracked her down through the wood? The man in the brown suit was as pleased as a small boy, and let his tongue wag. There had been a large party in the same train, Pfaundler, Greiderer, the artist, and Reindl, too, "The Fifth Evangelist." A boring fellow, of course, and rather objectionable, he added, somewhat sourly. Frau von Radolny was coming, too, in a few days. Had she spoken to Heinrodt, the Minister of Justice, yet? Oh well, Dr. Geyer would soon manage that. She must go with him as soon as possible to the Powder Puff, Pfaundler's new establishment. In two or three days one wouldn't be able to escape one's friends. It was fine to think that they had all that splendid run before them. This was only the third time he had been on skis that year. One could never get at anything for this stupid inflation. The dollar stood at 193.50 that day.

Besides, he had been rewarded for following her. He had found something. The stout man pleased with himself, handed her the letter from Odelsberg.

Johanna took it with thanks, opened and read it. Then, with three furrows in her brow, and her grey eyes darkening, she tore up Martin Krüger's communication, which fluttered to the ground in a hundred scraps, looking dirty and out of place on the wide field of snow.

"Let us go on," said Johanna.

On returning, she loosened herself from the weight of her hard, warm clothing, and lay in her bath, and went over what Krüger had written her, sentence by sentence. What a fuss he made; how he had to be coaxed to accept the things he was hungering for! She had imagined that in prison he would drop all that nonsense. And yet he still wrote such letters. But now his letter was lying in a hundred nasty pieces on the snow.

It was an easy matter, here in the warm room in the Garmisch hotel, to pull a letter to pieces that had been written in Odelsberg looking out on six walled-in trees. When one was well-cared for and well-fed, and enjoying snow and sunshine, it was an easy matter to be exacting with a man who had a grey face.

She sat in her bath-gown at her dressing-table, rubbing and filing her nails. One could see still that they hadn't been much attended to, but soon they would be moon-shaped and shimmering.

During dinner her aunt told her in her loud voice about a detailed article on the Krüger case which had appeared in an American magazine. Frau Franziska Ametsrieder was a sensible woman; both her resolute feet were firmly planted on reality. Her contribution to Johanna's battle, to be sure, consisted mainly of pithy and decided maxims of a general informative character. On the other hand, she was an impressive figure, firm and solid, with clean, courageous eyes, her large, masculine head, with its short black hair was thrust forward aggressively when she received interviewers and gave them information about Martin Krüger and Johanna, interspersed with hardy judgments and bold character-sketches of Bavarian statesmen and journalists.

So now she addressed herself to Johanna. She spoke in general terms of the world's tendency to moralize on circumstances, perhaps irrelevantly, for example, on the contrast between the luxurious life in Garmisch during the winter and the daily round of a convict in Odelsberg.

Johanna made no protest, and listened with considerable politeness and no impatience. She talked to her aunt a good deal nowadays, patiently discussing various details. But of her arrangements for marrying Martin Krüger she said not a single word.

XI. THE POWDER PUFF

Herr Pfaundler was showing Fräulein Krain and Herr Hessreiter round the Powder Puff with pride, and pointing out how cleverly every inch of space had been utilized, and how cunningly seats and boxes had been tucked away into corners; "cosy nooks," he called them. He had had some trouble in getting his artists, Greiderer and the designer of the "Bull Fighting" series to make these "cosy nooks" to his liking. And for a long time, the beggars, they wouldn't let him have as much tiled space as he wished. Everything had to be dainty, delicate, elegant, eighteenth century, by their way. Good, Herr Pfaundler had said, of course, a powder puff; but the main thing still was to make it cheery. And as it stood now, he asked them, couldn't the artists be as pleased with it as the proud proprietor? It was a real powder puff, it was eighteenth century *and* cheery. Nothing had been grudged, nothing scamped. The blue and pale-yellow tiles from Herr Hessreiter's factory gave it a delicately antique look, the comfortable cosy nooks invited, promising good cheer. Even the stiff international public must unbend here.

And it did unbend. Every seat was generally occupied. It was as if all the visitors to Garmisch spent their evenings at the Powder Puff.

A carefully planned cabaret programme was being performed, and Herr Pfaundler put his Munich friends into good seats in a particularly cosy nook, from which they could see everything without being seen. Johanna sat beside Herr Hessreiter, saying little.

She cast her eyes slowly over the throng of well-dressed people, who were chatting pleasantly in low tones and in a medley of languages. Her attention was particularly attracted by a gaunt, olive-skinned woman with a hawk nose, and a nervous expression, who had obviously a large acquaintance, with whom she was exchanging gay badinage; the telephone at her table was in constant use, but she never looked across at Johanna. Johanna, however, watched her continuously, and saw how once, when she thought herself unobserved, her tension relaxed and her appearance altered terribly; her clever, vivacious face suddenly looked grey and slack, with the hopeless weariness of an exhausted old woman. That was Fancy de Lucca, explained Herr Pfaundler, the famous tennis champion. Tennis was a game of those days, played with ball and racket, and very fashionable. Yes, Herr Hessreiter had recognized her at once; he had seen her play. It was amazing, he went on, to see that lithe, well-trained body in action. She had been Italian champion for two years; but people didn't expect her to maintain her position for long.

The telephone rang on Johanna's table. The painter Greiderer greeted her. She had not remarked him, and he described the position of his table. Yes, there he was, the painter of the "Crucifixion," broad and fat and noisy among a group of flashy young girls; he was drinking to her. He looked strange in a dinner jacket, his complacent peasant's head chafed in its white collar, his hands were incongruous in their white cuffs. Then he spoke to Hessreiter on the telephone, and Johanna noticed how his cunning eyes twinkled and the flashy young girls laughed. No, his belated success was not good for him. One could see he was going to the dogs, said Hessreiter, among his "Haserln," as Greiderer called his flashy young women. Herr Pfaundler opined that it cost some money to keep Greiderer and his mother in such state. He knew how to get good prices; even Pfaundler had had to give him a good chunk of money. But it was a time of inflation, and in these days an artist's fame was something, he, Pfaundler, would not take as security. The inflation wasn't going to last for ever, he said darkly.

The three vertical furrows appeared on Johanna's brow. Wasn't she herself living above her income in Garmisch? Hitherto, once she had begun to earn more than sufficed for bare necessities, she had never bothered about money, but also never spent more than was demanded by an unassuming bourgeois mode of life. Now, in Garmisch, without making a great show, she needed a lot of money. Most of the people in Garmisch were foreigners, who could live luxuriously on very little because of the German inflation, and while distress and hunger reigned in the rest of Germany, a high standard of living was a matter of course in this place. Nobody asked the price of anything. Only Aunt Ametsrieder gloomily shook her huge masculine head, and spoke dark words about the approaching downfall. When Johanna had cleaned out her bank account, what would she do? Ask Hessreiter for money? She studied Herr Hessreiter, who sat beside her, quietly happy, keeping time to the music with a slight movement of the arms. It was difficult simply and flatly to ask anybody for money: she had never tried it yet.

Herr Hessreiter now turned his dreamy eyes upon her and drew her attention to the man who was performing on the stage. He was a kind of musical buffoon, distorting well-known music with savage cleverness. Pfaundler commented with a flicker of contempt that he had once been a revolutionary musician, who believed in the autonomy of the interpretative artist. He had proclaimed that for a real artist, any given work—in his case, the work of any composer—was merely raw material, which he could render as the inspiration of the moment moved him. At first he had had great success with his arbitrary and stimulating interpretations of classical pieces—he had been furiously applauded and denounced. But gradually the public had got bored, and so now the revolutionary had become a cabaret star. The best thing he could do, thought Herr Pfaundler.

Johanna was not very musical, and gave only half an ear to the antics of the man on the stage. She was inclined to think that she was attracting more attention now than before, and made some remark about it to Hessreiter. He told her that he had been watching Greiderer for a long time, going from one table to the other telling people about her. There were ever more eyes turning to the half-hidden corner where she was sitting.

Her telephone rang again. A voice begged her to look over to Fancy de Lucca's box. With a charming gesture, the olive-skinned Fancy lifted her glass, her face was glowing warmly. She was the cynosure of the attentive hall, drawing much more attention than the performers, as she drank to Johanna, with her wild dark eyes fixed on Johanna's face. Johanna blushed with pleasure, and thanked with a radiant look of gratitude the famous Italian who had so publicly distinguished her, unknown as she was, and the cause for which she stood.

But now the lights went down for the first time during the evening, and Insarova appeared. This was her first appearance before a public of any pretensions: Herr Pfaundler's account of her had, of course, been mere advertisement. He had discovered her singing chansons in an obscure haunt in Friedrichstadt in Berlin, and now, as his eager beady eyes followed her performance, he was passionately concerned to find out if his instinct had been right. Her slim, submissive body glided artlessly enough over the stage, her slanting eyes swept over the audience with an appealing and provocative helplessness. It was very still in the usually nonchalant room; the Anglo-Saxons sat stiff and attentive; one of them who had been going to fill his pipe left it alone. Insarova danced a little pantomime, rather shameless and rather touching, it seemed to Johanna, but a little stupid, and unquestionably banal. She danced at first light-heartedly to herself, and then, with a sudden daring turn, danced to the audience, to a particular point in the audience. It was now quite dark on the little stage. A spotlight picked the dancer out of the darkness, as well as that section of the room towards which she was facing. There was a slight ripple of movement as people turned to look at that section; and there, as bold as brass, in the limelight sat a foppish young man, obviously no actor, but a member of the audience, one of themselves. There was no doubt about it; it was for him the slender, provocative creature on the stage was dancing, on him her dewy, slanting, sidelong eyes were fixed, for him she was tossing her submissive limbs. The ripple spread in the audience; the young dandy sat completely unmoved, drinking out of his glass. Did he not feel the glances of envy and interest which were turned on him in the darkness? Up there on the stage the slender dancer gave herself up to more and more passionate surrender, her cheeks grew more hollow and childlike, her dance was one absorbing, naked, shameless invitation, directed only to the unmoved young man. At the climax she swooned upon the stage. There were little screams from the women, men half rose from their seats, the music broke off. But the curtain did not fall. After a few moments of agitation the girl rose up with a smile, and went on dancing in the same shameless and touching manner as before, showing her glistening small teeth, looking childlike and pretty, her slanting eyes sweeping over the audience with an appealing and provocative helplessness. After a few bars of this the dance finished. There was a pause of silence, then a few whistles, and then a wild burst of applause. A daring performance, said Herr Hessreiter. Herr Pfaundler grunted with satisfaction, and departed smiling; he had once again justified his flair. Whenever his best gift, his flair, failed him, which was seldom, he felt worse even than if he had lost money. Tonight, in Insarova, he had justified his flair.

Herr Pfaundler had hardly disappeared when Herr Hessreiter suddenly asked Johanna: "Is it true that you're going to marry Dr. Krüger?" He did not look at her as he put the question; his dreamy eyes roved about the hall, his plump, well-manicured fingers toyed with his glass. Johanna made no reply; her shining nails reflected the light, she stared inscrutably into vacancy. Herr Hessreiter had no idea even whether she had heard what he said. But that wasn't true; he knew well enough that she had. He knew, too, that this tall girl meant more to him than he had bargained for. But he wouldn't admit that; he wasn't going to let himself in for anything like that. He was a man of the world, and had quite other intentions, so he addressed a smart and cynical comment to Johanna on one of the naked girls who were now performing on Herr Pfaundler's stage.

Johanna announced with a cold look that she was tired. But just as Herr Hessreiter, slightly huffed, was going to take her home, Herr Pfaundler appeared, and urged them to have a look at the gaming-rooms, and especially the Private Circle. He begged and implored them until Johanna melted and gave way.

Herr Hessreiter found good places in the Private Circle for Johanna and himself. He staked a high sum and lost it. Staked again at the next opportunity, and said, looking at the croùpier's hands: "So you do want to marry Krüger? Queer." He went on playing, brooding, melancholy, and foolhardy, losing heavily. Then he urged Johanna to come in on his bank. Johanna sat by indifferently; she did not understand the game. That was a great lot of money, she thought; one could live for several weeks on it in Garmisch. Suddenly Insarova appeared behind her, greeted her with unexpected warmth, and advised her eagerly to join in the gentleman's bank. Hessreiter threw down a large heap of counters on his pile, and whispered that that was for her. Johanna's gaze wandered inattentively over the tense faces of the players, the plump hands of Hessreiter, the nervous, sensitive profile of Insarova, who bent beside her, accompanying Hessreiter's game with cries of enthusiasm, showing her small, glistening teeth.

Johanna did not watch the game; she had the impression that Hessreiter was losing heavily. He announced suddenly that he had had enough, the game only seemed to bore her. He pushed a large heap of notes and coins towards her, explaining that that was her share. Johanna looked up in great surprise; the Russian gazed from the one to the other in excitement, her face remarkably pale. It was a considerable pile of money that lay before Johanna. Even if she were to be debarred for months from exercising her profession, and even if her stay in Garmisch were to be twice as expensive, she would be a long time in coming to the bottom of her bank account at this rate. She looked at Hessreiter; he was standing with some money still in his hand, his side whiskers twitching. Johanna liked him all at once, he had a good way of giving one money.

Then he escorted her through the clear, frosty night to her hotel. Insarova stood at the window of the gaming-room, staring after them. She looked hollow-cheeked and tired. Herr Pfaundler stood beside her, talking to her. The small, beady eyes in his puffy face ran up and down her slender body indefatigably.

A man met them coming from the hotel, a shapeless figure, doubly large in a thick fur coat, wandering absently alone in the gleaming snow, with steps that seemed too elastic for his bulk. "The Fifth Evangelist," whispered Herr Hessreiter maliciously. "He's plotting some dirty game here with one of his bosom pals from the Ruhr." Above his dark brown fur Johanna saw vaguely in the pale light a plump face, and a protruding upper lip with a thick black moustache. Herr Hessreiter made a jerky movement towards his hat, as if he were going to greet the man, but the latter did not notice it, and Herr Hessreiter omitted the greeting.

He said nothing for the rest of the way until they came to the hotel. "So you're going to marry Krüger," he said at length. "Queer, very queer."

XII. TAMERLANE'S LIVING WALL

Dr. Geyer accompanied Johanna Krain on her visit to the Imperial Minister of Justice, Dr. Heinrodt, who was spending a short holiday in Garmisch. He was not living in one of the large luxurious hotels, but in a cheap and simple boarding-house called "Alpenrose" at the end of the main road which traversed the communicating villages of Garmisch and Partenkirchen.

The Minister of Justice received his visitors in the small refreshment-room of the Pension Alpenrose, a smoky place with round marble tables and plush benches along the walls, greatly over-heated by a huge tiled stove. The walls were decorated with a design of alpine roses, on which, in regular recurrence, danced young fellows with small green hats, smacking their thighs in the country dance known as the "Schuhplattl," stamping round girls with wide whirling petticoats and tight bodices, called in Bavaria "Dirndln." At the marble tables round about sat small tradespeople muffled in their winter clothing, with shawls, heavy cloth jackets and capes, dipping greasy cakes into their coffee. Dr. Heinrodt was a fussy man with spectacles and a large, mild beard; he liked to be told that he resembled astonishingly the famous Indian writer, Tagore. He gazed long and benevolently into the newcomer's eyes, helped Johanna off with her jacket, and gave Dr. Geyer a friendly clap on the shoulder. Then they sat down at one of the round tables in the corner, on a plush seat, drinking coffee and speaking low; the other people round about could have easily heard what they said, by lending an attentive ear.

Johanna said very little, Dr. Geyer rather more, and Dr. Heinrodt most of all. He showed himself a man of remarkably wide reading; he knew most of Dr. Krüger's books, thought highly of him, and was extremely sorry for him. He admitted the strong probability of Martin Krüger's innocence. But the Minister had very far-reaching views; he considered every particular case in the light of the universal, where it soon evaporated into nothingness. Johanna grew weary, listless, and irritated to the point of nausea under the influence of this passive and all-understanding tolerance. The Minister's clever and sharply drawn deductions amounted to this: that in many cases the security of the law must be preferred to justice, rightly; that power, accompanied by success, was an instrument of right; in short, that putting an end of any kind to a dispute was often more important than the way in which it was ended.

The small room was too hot; people were coming and going; the alpine roses with the green-hatted and wide-skirted dancers rocketed along the wall; coffee-cups clinked. The mild white beard of the Minister rose and fell; his avuncular eye rested benevolently on Johanna's broad, tanned face; understanding and forgiving her sullen silence, the restlessness of Geyer the martyr, the wretched service of the small café, the whole luxurious open-air winter life of the resort among the gloomy, miserable, distracted afflictions of that corner of the earth.

The lawyer and the Minister fell into an expert and dialectically exciting argument on the philosophy of law. Martin Krüger had long ceased to be a topic of discussion. Instead, two free-thinking jurists now gave an interesting exhibition of their skill before a convenient listener. Johanna felt paralysed by the fatal insight of the mild old man, who with the best of intentions swamped the most evil verdicts in a sea of verbose understanding, enveloping perverse and inhuman judgments in the cotton-wool of his benevolent philosophy.

She had promised herself great things from this interview with the Minister of Justice, whose humanity was widely renowned. She had even regarded his presence in Garmisch as her most important reason for going there. And now she was sitting in this mean and stuffy room, which made one dazed after the strong fresh air outside, and everything looked hopelessly dark; an old man was dipping cakes in white coffee, and talking and talking, a younger, nervous man, pre-occupied with a thousand other things, was talking, too, and meanwhile Krüger was sitting in his cell, which was four yards long and two yards broad, and his best hour in the day was spent among six walled-in trees.

Johanna's shoulders sagged. What was she doing there with these men? What was she doing in Garmisch? There was no sense in anything. There might be some sense in working on the land, or in bearing a child. The Minister was now waxing poetical. His level, didactic voice announced: "The dictator Tamerlane caused living men to be built into the wall surrounding his empire. And the wall of Law and Order is worthy of such human sacrifice."

But at that Dr. Geyer began to heckle the Minister seriously. He was in his best form now, his sharp, aggressive blue eyes held his opponent unflinchingly, and his voice, carefully lowered to avoid attracting the attention of his neighbours, was urgent and compelled conviction. He spoke of the numerous victims legally slain in Munich, of men shot and cast into dungeons, of many who were condemned as murderers, and yet were no murderers, and of the many murderers who yet were not condemned. He summoned up the long procession of those who were branded as criminals by the Empire and lived unmolested in Munich, and of those who for some trivial accident were sent into confinement for years or executed outright. He omitted no circumstantial detail; neither the furniture which the wife of a man convicted for some trifling offence had to pawn to pay the excessive costs of his dilatory prosecution, nor the costs of the execution of a man shot as a traitor, which were now being presented to his mother for the second time, under pain of distraint in default of payment within a week.

Johanna, listless because of the old man's garrulity and the heat of the room, could scarcely follow the quick, incisive instances of the lawyer. Strangely enough, she was more shaken by the trivial details than by the major acts. It was terrible to hear the record of those recklessly slain, their yellow faces and riddled breasts hastily thrust underground in some wood by night, unavenged, or shot down in a quarry by droves, as if for sport, and then thrown into a pit with lime on top, unavenged; terrible, the dead lying by the wall of a barrack courtyard after serving as targets for ten unconcerned rifle-barrels, guiltless, but shot in the name of the law. But still more terribly was her breath taken away by the dry official hand which presented the mother with the bill for the bullets expended in slaying her son.

Deeply as he deplored these instances, the Minister understood even them. While a small orchestra, consisting of a violin, a zither, and an accordion, began to grind out tunes, he guided these mistakes and blunders, too, into the all-embracing sea of general legal principles. The judge must be responsible to no one, otherwise there was no security of justice. So far as he could, without abandoning his hypotheses, he mitigated everything.

He could not undertake to do anything in the Krüger case. There was no formal ground for his interference. What excuse could he have for interfering in the affairs of his Bavarian colleagues? Johanna shook off her stupor at last, and rebelled against the tolerant old man's flow of words, which covered up every outcry as with sand. Was there, then, no way at all of getting an innocent man out of the prison walls of Odelsberg? Was everybody at the mercy of every legal functionary's whim?

That was just a risk which society had to take into account in drawing up any social contract, explained the Minister, paternally understanding her indignation and her unbecomingly angry tone. Officially, as he had said, he could do nothing for her. He advised her to appeal to Dr. Bichler, the agriculturist. He was politically of great influence, and a clever man who paid no attention to questions of prestige, a kindly man.

A waiter brought the Minister a pile of newspapers. While he added a few more mild remarks, his eyes stole towards the newspapers. The bill was brought. Dr. Geyer took a ceremonious and professional leave of the Minister. Johanna felt the old man's hand lie lifelessly in hers. She had an urgent need of walking alone in the fresh snowy air, after this interview, but Dr. Geyer joined her, limping by her side, although it was obviously difficult for him to keep up with her. He talked reassuringly, alleging to her incredulous and disgusted face that he thought it had been fairly satisfactory. The handsome, well-dressed woman and the limping man with the drawn, interesting face, attracted some attention.

The lawyer attracted attention, too, in the lounge of her hotel, where they drank tea. But he could not hope to shine, he felt, in comparison with the elegant professional dancing partners whom Herr Pfaundler had provided for the tea-hours. For at that time it had become customary to provide professional partners in public places for women who indulged in dancing. There were four of them in the lounge of Johanna's hotel. One, a Viennese, fair and inclined to plumpness, but very smiling and active; the second, with a hard, angular face, a stiff, correct figure, and a monocle, was a North German; the third, a dark Rumanian, not very tall, with sceptical, sentimental eyes; the fourth, very thin, loose-limbed and cool, was a Norwegian. These four gentlemen were at the service of dancing ladies. They executed skilfully and with strict impartiality the violent movements of the negro dances then in favour, they were fashionable and well groomed as to skin, hair, nails and attire; they showed off their partners well. Every dance was marked down, and included in the bill for tea presented to the ladies.

Dr. Geyer tried hard to bring back the sparkle to Johanna's eyes, which he felt he had forfeited by the unsuccessful interview with the Minister. First he gave her some practical hints for dealing with Dr. Bichler, the underground power of Lower Bavaria, should she happen to see him. He was chiefly accessible when travelling. That, however, was quite a frequent occurrence, for the blind man liked the intrigues of *haute politique*, and burrowed his way constantly to Paris and Rome.

And now Dr. Geyer was pursuing the theme which brought all his capabilities to light. While the dancing partners swung their legs elegantly and impersonally, he unfolded to Johanna the structure of Bavarian politics in the fashion of his favourite Roman historian, Tacitus, clearly, and with a passion of logic. Bavaria had accepted Hugo Preuss's draft of the Constitution of the Empire, and with good reason. Let the mass of the Bavarians grumble at and denounce that Constitution as much as they pleased, their small body of secret rulers, such as Dr. Bichler, for instance, knew very well that they were the only people who profited by it. For in practice they had so exploited its nature that they were established as the central fulcrum of the centralized Empire. They appointed the Imperial Minister of Defence. They interpreted the Constitution to mean that what happened in Bavaria was not the Empire's concern, but that nothing could happen in the Empire without Bavaria's consent. They indulged their lust for violence by mishandling foreign commissions, and making the Empire responsible for the consequences. They indulged their tendency to theatrical display, in defiance of express terms in the Constitution, by showering stupid titles on their supporters. They indulged their childish and headstrong love of arbitrary action and particularist assertiveness by refusing to recognize amnesties granted by the Empire, and creating autonomous "National Courts" to attack anyone they did not like. They pursued a separate foreign policy, and signed separate contracts with Rome, forcing the Empire to ratify them. Their best achievement, the Technical Museum, was built by contributions from the Empire, but they insisted that it was a Bavarian possession and flew the Bavarian flag over it on festal occasions, refusing to fly the Imperial flag. Industrially their Unionism consisted in getting much higher grants from the Empire than their quota of Empire expenses entitled them to. So it was not without reason that the old mole of Lower Bavaria who accomplished these things considered himself the dictator not only of his own country, but of the Empire.

This was what Dr. Geyer explained to Johanna in clear and adequate language, unfolding it without a single divagation. He was cool and collected; his eyes were fixed in concentration behind their thick glasses; his transparent hands lay still. Johanna had not much interest in State affairs, but she was carried along by the force of the lawyer's personality, as he displayed his material, objectively and yet a partisan, burning with a kind of cold fire. She asked herself why this man, who was able to make her see her country with his eyes, Bavarian as she was, wasted his great powers in the petty trivialities of life instead of directing them to expound his knowledge. Dr. Geyer and Heinrodt the Minister were alike, she thought; they were both capable of seeing things as they were, and both incapable of translating their vision into action.

Dr. Geyer had become silent. He stirred his tea, perspiring a little, polished his glasses, and looked unhappy, sometimes examining a stray passer-by with a keen glance. The dancing partners, with wild, impersonal convulsions of the legs, pushed, pulled, and flung their ladies with great correctness through the room. Someone came threading his way towards their table. It was a young man, well dressed, with very white teeth in a thin, mocking, fatuous face. A faint scent of hay and leather clung to the air as he approached, the exclusive scent of a very masculine perfume. Dr. Geyer jumped nervously when he saw the young man, blinked rapidly and fluttered with his hands. The young man gave the lawyer an impudent, confidential, and slightly mocking nod, turned his bold, clear eyes insistently on Johanna, and bowed. The lawyer controlled himself and sat still, looking only at Johanna, not at the young man. And she, actually, she, Johanna Krain, to whom he had offered so much skill and understanding, she stood up to dance with the stranger, an utter stranger, smelling of hay and leather, with a fatuous equivocal face. For she could not know that it was Erich Bornhaak, his son.

It was only when she had left the table, to let herself be pulled and pushed and flung across the floor by the young man, that the carefully hidden panic in Dr. Geyer's breast broke loose. What was the boy doing in Garmisch? Was he a skiing professional? Was he profiteering in the inflation? Was he exploiting women with fat cheque-books and a thirst for adventure? He had not seen the boy for a very long time; he appeared and disappeared at irregular intervals. When the dance was finished he would certainly come back to that table, and then Dr. Geyer could ask him. Or talk to him about anything, about general topics. He had only nodded dumbly; Dr. Geyer had not heard his voice. But when he came back he would very likely open those red lips of his and Dr. Geyer would hear his voice. Otherwise, it might be years again before he heard it.

Nonsense. That chapter was closed. Finished. He would take the evening train back to Munich. But should he not warn Johanna against her partner? Nonsense, that was only an excuse. Was he her guardian? She was a girl of character, and knew more about the world than he did. He did not wait for Johanna's return, but stood up, moving with difficulty; his lame leg obviously still gave him a lot of trouble. He would return to Munich by the evening train. He went out of the lounge, limping and blinking rapidly; his face was no longer interested; he vanished into the lift.

When the youth escorted Johanna back to her table and saw that the lawyer had gone, his very red lips smiled knowingly and contemptuously. He hesitated for a moment about sitting down beside Johanna, and studied her coolly with his clear, bold eyes. Then he bowed somewhat carelessly, saying that the place wasn't by any means large, and they would be sure to meet again, and went away, leaving that remarkable scent of hay and leather in the air.

Johanna sat on alone at her table for a while, slightly excited by the dance, crumbling her tea cakes, and gazing into space. She saw green-hatted country dancers on a background of alpine roses, among them men with yellow faces, presumably dead men, and behind them the Minister of Justice, Dr. Heinrodt, bowing very courteously and presenting a bill to surviving relatives.

XIII. DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION OF THE CHAUFFEUR RATZENBERGER

The restaurant the Goat and Bells, in which Ratzenberger, the chauffeur, and others of his kidney kept a table for their club, "The Jolly Companions," lay in a side street on the edge of the inner town. About a dozen men frequented the club table, including electrical fitters, cab drivers, a baker, and the owner of a small printing press. They drank enormous quantities of beer, ate minced lung in vinegar, roast veal, and potato salad, and gossiped about town and State affairs, the big-wigs, the tramways, the tourists, the revolution, the clergy, the monarchy, about God, Lenin, and the weather. This club was the mainstay of the tavern, which had been going for nearly seventy years; and without "The Jolly Companions" the landlord would have to shut up shop.

The owner of the printing press, a man called Gschwendtner, had recently been bringing two guests nearly every night—a boxer, Alois Kutzner, and his brother, Rupert Kutzner, an electrical fitter. Alois, a heavy, bulky fellow, a boxer of the old school and rather dull-witted, leaned his arms on the table, listening, sighing a good deal and grunting, but saying little. His brother Rupert, the fitter, at the moment unemployed, made up for this by his eloquence. He orated in a high, and sometimes rather hysterical, voice; the words flowed effortlessly from his broad, pale lips; and he backed his statements by insistent gestures such as he had seen country preachers employ. He was a popular orator, for his general principles provided a convenient frame for discussing everything in the State and in daily life. The system of capital and interest, the Jews, and the Pope were to blame for all that was bad. The International ring of Jewish financiers was trying to destroy the German people as a tubercle bacillus tries to destroy a healthy lung. Everything would be all right again and in its proper place once the parasites were eliminated. When the fitter Kutzner stopped talking, his thin lips with the faint dark moustache, and the sleek hair plastered over his head, which was almost flat behind, made his face look like an empty mask; but as soon as he opened his mouth his face became curiously mobile with a hysterical vivacity, his rugged nose suddenly sprang into prominence, and he roused his companions to life and energy.

The fame of this eloquent man who had found such an admirable and simple remedy for all the ills of public life soon spread abroad. More people came to hear him with close attention and approval, and the owner of the printing press started a little paper devoted to his ideas. To be sure, Kutzner's ideas looked somewhat thin in print, but the paper served to keep before its readers the living image of the man himself, convinced of the truth of his own words and gesticulating eagerly. At any rate, more and more people began to come to the Goat and Bells; and the landlord, the printer, the boxer, and two chauffeurs founded a party, "The True Germans," under the leadership of Rupert Kutzner, who now called himself a political journalist instead of an electrical fitter.

Franz Xaver Ratzenberger continued to appear in his place at the club table. At first he was inclined to grumble at the increasing crowds of newcomers, but, like most inhabitants of the Bavarian uplands, he took great delight in theatrical agitations and celebrations, and so gradually accustomed himself to the change until at last he was an enthusiastic partisan. Rupert Kutzner's easily understandable ideas appealed to him. Besides, Rupert Kutzner augmented the esteem in which Ratzenberger was held as the chief witness in an important law suit with political implications.

He was in the habit of alluding to the chauffeur as a martyr, because in going into the witness-box he had exposed himself to the insulting attacks of the opposing side.

So "The Jolly Companions" listened with interest and sympathy to the arguments unloosed by Rupert Kutzner's eloquence. The scientific coldness of the Marxist conception, in so far as they heard of it at all, repelled these small tradespeople, but Rupert Kutzner's programme pandered to their need for the romantic. They saw secret conspiracies everywhere; and when the taxicab tariff was reduced, they perceived in that measure the hand of the Freemasons, the Jews, and the Jesuits.

It was not surprising, therefore, that romantic questions were fiercely debated at the club table. Was there a definite scheme for involving the nations in a net of Jewish supremacy all over the world? Was King Ludwig the Second of Bavaria still alive, instead of having drowned himself in a fit of insanity in the Starnbergersee, as his domineering relatives asserted, without any positive proof? Were the Jews hand in glove with the Pope in starting the World War?

These questions were widely and continually discussed with a variety of detail. In particular, exact statistics were produced of the wealth owned by the leading Jewish financial houses, statistics based on feeling, not on scientific deduction or on a study of books and taxation records. For example, Ratzenberger's conception of the glory of Jewish finance had grown out of the deep impression made on him by a picture in an illustrated paper of a tomb erected for a certain Rothschild, a well-known Jewish financier. This regal tomb had awakened in him an envious vision of the luxurious and glittering life these people led.

For Ratzenberger had definite personal reasons for knowing a good deal about tombstones. His oldest sister, who had died an old maid, had left the most of her money for the erection of a stately copper angel over her grave. Now the scattered members of the Ratzenberger family had fallen on bad times. The five Ratzenbergers still alive, and their families, all settled, with one exception, in the suburbs of Giesing and Haidhausen, had been reduced to bitter poverty during the War and the beginning of the inflation; the family of one brother, Ludwig, were living, all seven of them, adults and children, in one room. They had begun to quarrel among themselves and to watch each other jealously because of the copper angel, which, if realized, would be a substantial help to all of them. For it was a fair-sized angel, really quite a large angel, holding with sorrowful mien a drooping palm branch of considerable size, and wearing a wide fluttering robe that contained a large quantity of copper. By rights it should have been melted down for ordnance, when the country was short of copper, but whether by chance, or, as the rest of the family thought, by reason of Franz Xaver's peculiar relationship with the police, the angel had escaped the general confiscation of metal. It was doubtful in whom its ownership was vested; but it was not at all doubtful that somebody had tried to remove it, and the family suspected young Ludwig, Franz Xaver's son; the attempt had failed, however, owing to the angel's weight. The members of the family had spied on each other for some time now, keeping a kind of regular sentry duty at the cemetery. One materially-minded person had offered to sell it for the good of all, but since the woman over whose mortal remains the angel mourned had been a kindly, decent creature, and since, above all, they could not agree on the division of the spoils, this offer was still in abeyance. As a result of these family quarrels, in which he had taken an active part, and in the course of which he had given one of his brothers that wound in the head mentioned during the Krüger case, Franz Xaver Ratzenberger took a lively interest in tombstones, and the mausoleum erected for that Rothschild was firmly established in his mind as a colossal symbol of enviable supremacy.

Now in the town of Munich there were several Jews who bore the name of Rothschild. The chauffeur Ratzenberger, romantic like most of the upland inhabitants, connected these Jews with the regal monument. In particular he affirmed that the owner of a Rothschild hat shop in the inner town was a powerful member of that family of magnates. When it was pointed out to him how improbable it was that a very wealthy man would personally serve the customers in his shop and fit hats on to their heads, the chauffeur Ratzenberger, slicing up a young radish in proper style, explained that that was the very thing which was suspicious, and betrayed the underhand cunning of these despicable dogs. The others were unconvinced. The chauffeur Ratzenberger worked himself up into a rage, laid down his radish, his knife, and his salt, and urged them to break the swine of a Rothschild's plate-glass window, and give him a good hiding. This proposal met with a cool reception; the baker, who belonged to the club, even stuck up for the hat-seller, to whom he had delivered rolls for some years back, saying that he was a very decent fellow, and it was extremely unlikely that he had started the War. The chauffeur Ratzenberger fell into a cold fury, biting his thick, fair moustache, and staring with helpless wrath at the baker, out of round, pale blue eyes. Then he took a drink. "He must be smashed up," he said, wiping the froth from his moustache, and looking angrily at the baker. He knew very well, he said, that this Rothschild belonged to a secret society, for he had once driven him in his taxi along with a Galician rabbi, and there had been no mistaking what they said to each other. Then he took a drink.

This patent falsehood annoyed the baker, usually a quiet man. He was a long, melancholy creature with a knobbly pear-shaped head and the goitre which was so characteristic of the country. He took a drink. Then he said quietly: "Dirty, sneaking perjurer!"

The chauffeur Ratzenberger, in the act of setting down his jug of beer, slowed down that movement. For a second he sat open-mouthed, his cheeks as rosy as a child's, then lifting his head high, "Say that again," he threatened.

There was not a sound in the company. They knew very well to what the baker's epithets referred. A few months after the Krüger case, on All Saints' Day, to be precise, the Ratzenberger family had quarrelled about their shares of the expense for decorating the copper angel with artificial flowers and a few wretched lamps in honour of the day; and being unable to come to any agreement, had quarrelled with extra vehemence. One of Franz

Xaver's brothers had burst into the Goat and Bells; there had been a great row and floods of abuse, in the course of which his brother had declared that Franz Xaver was a common liar, and that his statement about Krüger was a lie, for he had definitely said so himself and boasted about it. Four or five other people had been present at this scene, among them the baker. They had heard the brother's accusation very clearly, for he had repeated it with sundry variations, sometimes with ugly threats, and sometimes yelling at the top of his voice; it could not be mistaken. Nor had Franz Xaver denied it, he had only answered: "What am I? I'm a liar, am I?" These four or five people had not said much, confining themselves to comments of a general nature, such as, "Isn't that a fair knock-out," and "Look at that now." Except for that, they had only looked dumbly at each other. For the chauffeur Ratzenberger in a way had given his statement in support of law and order, and it wouldn't do to have opinions about it or to measure it by ordinary standards. All the same, these ear-witnesses had preserved the words in their memories, and they knew very well what the baker meant now when he called the man who had martyred himself by his outspoken testimony a dirty, sneaking perjurer.

So they all sat still and stared at the lean and melancholy baker, and at the rosy chauffeur, who, after inviting the baker to "Say that again," was waiting with his head held high and thrust forward.

The baker, for his part, answered quietly, obstinately, and sadly: "Say it again, I will; you dirty, sneaking perjurer." Whereupon the chauffeur, still as if in a slow-motion film, rose up and lifted his beer jug to smash it on the other's head. Only the baker lifted his jug at the same time, and brought it down also without haste, but with great force, and a fraction sooner, upon his opponent's head.

Racing now, and with unusual clearness, the chauffeur's thoughts ran through the whole of his past life, as he crumpled up in a heap. He saw himself as a snivelling small child, covered with blood and filth, playing for coloured marbles with other small boys and cheating them; then in school saving himself from a beating for badly done work by bringing the teacher's beer with less foam on it than the others did; then in a black suit, stiff and uncomfortable, with a running nose and a candle in his hand, being received into the Christian fellowship, with his eyes on the little jewels dangling from his godfather's watch chain; then as a mechanic, losing one job after another for untrustworthiness, laziness, and back chat; then beginning his association with Crescentia, getting her with child, and giving his first sip of beer to Ludwig, his baby son; then, in the War, moving from one base camp to the other at first, frequenting Polish taverns and brothels, often falsifying orders so cunningly that his comrades were sent to their death, until he was blown up himself at last and lay buried in the debris of a trench. After that, convalescence in a hospital, which was perhaps the best time in his life, with every right to be lazy; the beer was thin but plentiful, and the women willing. Then marriage, and the buying of a taxi with his wife's money, and he an owner, and beating his wife and careering around; flying by night in other people's fine cars through the Forstenwieder Park, with his boy Ludwig, rousing up the wild boars of the royal preserves. Then revenging himself on that owner-driver by slitting up his tires; and jumping into the Isar out of the ferry, crying, "Adieu, my beloved country!" and battling stoutly for the copper angel. Then the turn he gave to the Krüger case, and the great service he did his fatherland; sitting afterwards in the Goat and Bells, solid and respected. The chauffeur Ratzenberger lived it all over again while the bones of his shattered skull were penetrating into his brain. It was delightful to live it over again, it had been a good life, and he would have liked to live it yet again a third and a fourth time. But there was no choice save to let his heavy body slump forward, to gurgle a little, and to die.

When the others saw Ratzenberger lying there between his beer and his uneaten radish, they were thrown into great confusion. The baker, however, said nothing but: "That's him done for, the stupid fool." The general resentment vented itself on Rothschild, the hatter, who had been the occasion of the worthy chauffeur's death.

His funeral was a magnificent affair. He had been a fearless witness for truth, and so had suffered greatly at the hands of the Reds and the Bohemians. But he had firmly done his duty for its own sake, he had taken his stand for the truth like a real German. The True Germans held a solemn funeral celebration, at which Rupert Kutzner delivered a fiery address. Beside the coffin young Ludwig Ratzenberger stood silent, his fair, handsome face implacably set, listening to the speech in honour of his father. They had managed it at last, these inhuman enemies, the Pope and the Jews. They had got his father out of the way. But he, Ludwig, was still alive, and he would let them see. The True Germans also commissioned a tombstone for Ratzenberger, which was as imposing as the dead man could have desired. It was a relief with a rolling wheel for background, an allusion to his profession, and in front stood a man with his right hand stretched up to heaven, an allusion to his manly action.

The baker's trial was brief and cursory, for the facts were clear enough. There had been a dispute about the Jew Rothschild, the baker had defended the Jew, and the chauffeur, naturally provoked by the persecution he must have suffered at the hands of Jews and their supporters, had become violent. Assault and battery was a common offence in Bavarian taverns, indeed, of almost daily occurrence. The baker was clever enough not to give away any more of what had happened. He merely said, with a quiet, sad expression, "My, what a thing to happen!" hung his knobbly pear-shaped head with a dazed, reflective air, and was given a mild sentence.

But although in public not a word was breathed, the rumour of what had really caused Ratzenberger's death flew through the suburbs of Giesing and Haidhausen, and could not be stamped out in spite of the chauffeur's glorification. It came to the ears of his widow, Crescentia Ratzenberger, and violent quarrels arose between her and her son Ludwig, who had energetically asserted himself as master of the household, and held his father's memory in the highest honour, being in any case disgusted by the popish practices of his mother. He asserted vehemently that the rumours of perjury were the poisonous inventions of political opponents; and his wild and authoritative words finally silenced the plaintive woman. But she knew what she knew. The deceased hero had told her, too, what he had admitted to his brother, and the widow regarded his death as a sign and a punishment. She was a pious woman who loved her husband, and she was not content with having masses said for him. She was tormented by the idea that he was perhaps in purgatory, or even in worse case. Once, when she was under the influence of a cinema film, she had implored him to confess openly the wrong he had done Krüger, but he had only knocked her down. Now he was dead, and she had long forgiven him the blow; she was completely obsessed by loving sorrow for his poor soul. She asked her father confessor for advice. He was thrown into a panic, and recommended masses and prayers. But that did not content her, and she often lay awake at nights worrying over how she could help the dead man.

XIV. SOME HISTORICAL DATA

In those years the population of this planet numbered 1800 million people, of whom about 700 million were white. The civilization of the white races was supposed to be better than that of the others, and Europe was supposed to be the best part of the earth; but it was being gradually ousted in importance by America, in which about a fifth of the white races lived.

The white races had set up various barriers among themselves of a very arbitrary nature. They spoke various different languages, there were groups of a few million who had their own idiom that was incomprehensible to others. As far as possible they strengthened by artifice the differences between individuals and between groups, and found the most varied excuses for making war on each other. The idea, certainly, was gaining ground that it was out of place to kill human beings; but there still existed in many people a primitive lust for slaying. They used to fight each other, for example, for national reasons, that is to say, because they were born at different points of the earth's surface. Group-emotions were exploited; it was considered a virtue to regard as inferior those who were born outside one's own officially determined frontiers, and to shoot them down at stated times fixed by the governing body. This virtue was impressed on all from childhood, and was termed patriotism. They also fought each other for sociological reasons, using with great effect such concepts as surplus value, exploitation, class, proletarian, and bourgeois. As the lines of demarcation here, too, were purely arbitrary, it was not easy for the party leaders to define the attribute which made people supporters or opponents of any particular group.

The manner of living in that epoch was not hygienic. People were crowded close in enormous buildings of stone and iron, badly ventilated, and huddled evilly together with few green spaces. In North America 25.9 per cent of the populace lived in cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants; in Europe, 13.7 per cent; in Germany, 26.5; and in England, 39.2 per cent. People inhaled the smoke of a dried and slowly mouldering plant called tobacco, which vitiated the air for themselves and others. They ate in large quantities the flesh of slain animals; but, on the other hand, even among the white races the consumption of human flesh was discontinued. The consumption of alcohol was prohibited in America, but this prohibition was evaded to such an extent that one year on Christmas Eve, in the city of New York alone, twenty-three people died from drinking substitute alcohol.

Europe at that time had 463 million inhabitants, 63 millions of these were called German, 72 millions lived in German-speaking countries, and seven millions in Bavaria. There were four cities with more than a million inhabitants among the German-speaking peoples, Berlin, Vienna, the uncompleted Ruhr city, and Hamburg. In Bavaria there were none. Of cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants, there were in Germany 46, in Bavaria 3. To every thousand inhabitants in Germany there were 652.1

Protestants, 330.6 Catholics, and 9.2 Jews. In Bavaria there were altogether two million Protestants, five million Catholics, and 55,000 Jews.

In the year of the Krüger case 379,920 people died in Germany, 14,352 of these being suicides, that is four per cent of the total.

In that year in Germany, the agricultural population, with their dependents, was 14,373,000, the industrial population 25,781,000. In Germany 41.4 per cent of the employable made their livelihood by industry and manual labour, 30.5 by agriculture. In Bavaria, on the other hand, 43.8 per cent. were employed in agriculture, only 33.7 in industry. It would be difficult to give intelligible statistics of the wage-levels of that year, since, as the result of a cunning financial manipulation called an inflation, whereby an excessive issue of bank-notes and purchasing power daily diminished the real value of German money, by far the greater part of the populace had less than a bare subsistence wage, although the nominal value of wages was steadily increasing. Of the population of Germany, 64.2 per cent., at a conservative estimate, might be set down as "proletarians." But only 43.6 would have acknowledged themselves to be so. And in Bavaria, 29.1 per cent.

The post office and the railways employed 667,884 people in Germany, the hotels and taverns, 650,897. There were 24,805 fishermen, 40,150 physicians, 8257 writers, 15,043 midwives, and in Berlin alone 13,502 professional prostitutes on the official register.

The German railways conveyed, in that year, 2381 million passengers. The total number of automobiles used exclusively for passenger traffic was 88,000. By air 21,000 passengers were conveyed. That was the time when all over the planet the importance of technical skill and speedier and more perfect transport facilities began to be emphasized. Yet this transport was organized chiefly for the needs of the warlike caste and to meet the wishes of private financial interests. Of the 11,269 air machines then in existence, 874 were employed for passenger traffic, 1126 for the training of pilots, and 9669 for purposes of war.

Sports and physical exercises were in high favour. The chief aim of sport was to establish a record, and extraordinary trouble was taken to specialize in physical achievements. The most popular sport was boxing, which consisted of a combat, according to certain rules, between over-trained and powerful men. But the so-called six-day races were also popular, in which single competitors, racing continuously in an arena for six days on fairly primitive machines propelled by the feet, tried to cover the longest possible distance. These professional followers of sport could not exercise for long their powers of foot and fist, for their over-trained muscles consumed their own strength, and these men aged and died prematurely.

The culture of that epoch was based in essentials on the ideals of the Renaissance, that is on the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome romantically interpreted. The wisdom of the East, in so far as it was embodied in books and works of art, in history and forms of life, was known by only a few hundred scholars of the white race. Their official system of ethics was based on ideas laid down in the old classical books of the Jews; but these were revised from time to time according to the prevailing warlike or economic requirements of the various national governments. In the schools for children, by far the greater part of what was taught had no practical value. The events of past years were classified on an unintelligent system, based on wars and other hostilities, and on the dates when rulers were born and reigned, economic relations were suppressed in the school books. In sharp contrast to that, certain revolutionaries catalogued everything in accordance with certain sociological and economic concepts, and reduced all philosophy to sociology and economics. They attempted, too, to organize, on the sixth part of the earth's surface, a state in accordance with the sociological doctrines of K. Marx and N. Lenin, the so-called U S S R Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, generally called Russia.

The more enlightened minds of that epoch used, as a means of knowledge, a cunning method for investigating the human soul discovered by the Viennese doctor, Sigmund Freud, and called psychoanalysis. Other ideas which enabled people to take a larger view of sporadic phenomena were: that of *relativity*—the physical basis for which was laid down by a German professor called Einstein—that of the *race*, a purely emotional concept, depending on the varying relations of group-feelings, and, above all, that of the standard *norm* or *type*. Since the practical application of this last idea had proved not unfruitful in commerce and industry, attempts were made to extend it to cover all the relationships of mankind. Even photography was pressed into its service. A certain Francis Galton photographed the "typical face of the age." He took ten photographs of people who were contemporaries, photographs of the same size and as nearly as possible in the same pose, and constructed a new negative from them, producing a composite portrait which exhibited the characteristic features of the normal type. The American research worker, Bodwich, photographed on the same plate, with appropriately brief exposures, a whole array of portraits, one after the other, so that the individual features disappeared and those which were common to all emerged strongly, giving with documentary fidelity a portrait of the normalized man of that epoch. The composite face which was produced by this method was acclaimed by contemporary opinion as being much more handsome than any individual face.

Only a short time previously sexual emotions had been regarded as the central interest of the soul, but sociological, economic, and political theories were now usurping the centre of interest, and sex was becoming a secondary consideration. The legal code protected and promoted monogamy, proscribed prostitution, but gave it privileges, discouraged birth-control, forbade abortion, provided unintelligible measures for the support of illegitimate children, and punished adultery. In practice, however, the greater part of the population used birth-control, prevented conception, and indulged in abortion with the implicit concurrence of the law. Actually there existed sexual anarchy and promiscuity among the white races. Nowhere was there such a breach between law and living practice as in this department. All the humorous writers of the day drew their material from the contradiction between general custom and natural instinct on the one side, and official morality and the legal code on the other.

Manners were aggressive and uncertain. The Board of Studies of an American Institute for Applied Psychology took statistics from people chosen as far as possible from the same classes of society, and found that in every thousand, 4 in China were discourteous, 88 in Scandinavia, 124 in England, 204 in America, 412 in Germany, and 632 in Bavaria.

As for the political systems of the white race, countries with a small percentage of illiterates were democratic in form, countries with a high percentage of illiterates were dictatorships. In Germany, a democratically ruled State, the supporters of authoritarian feudalism, called the Right Party, were slightly superior in numbers to the supporters of a more socialistic constitution, called the Left Party. Those who had few material resources were usually organized in the Left Party, those who had few spiritual resources in the Right. Among German writers who were also famous outside their own country, 27 belonged to the Left and 1 to the Right. In the elections for the Reichstag in Upper Bavaria and Swabia, 19.2 per cent. of the votes were cast for the Left Party, in Berlin 61.7 per cent. Subscribers of Right newspapers were 57 per cent of Munich students, 91 per cent of Munich officers, 2 per cent of Hamburg workingmen, 37 per cent of registered Berlin prostitutes. Subscribers to Left newspapers were 19 per cent of Munich students, 2 per cent of Munich officers, 52 per cent of Hamburg workingmen, and 5 per cent of registered Berlin prostitutes.

Of congenital idiots and cretins, there were in Germany 36,461, of whom 11,209 were in Bavaria. The German Empire's expenses for its army amounted to 338 million gold marks, for literature, 3000 marks, for the campaign against venereal disease, 189,000 marks.

The practice of justice in Germany at that time had little relation to ordinary life, and none at all to the best opinion of the age. It was based partly on the standards of Roman Law and partly on moral conceptions which had been expressed two thousand years previously in the Jewish Canonical books. Besides the laws of the Empire, there were extant 257,432 police ordinances, some of them dating from the sixteenth century, ignorance of any of which made people on German soil liable to penalties.

In that year there were 9361 judges in office in the German Empire, of whom 1427 were in Bavaria. In the Empire 1251 people were sentenced for breaking a sworn oath, 3439 for obscenity, 24,971 for dangerous assault and battery, 3677 for abortion. Bavaria's percentage of crimes of violence was the highest among German States. As for the serving of sentences, more solicitude was paid to the souls of the condemned than to their bodies. In the 1732 prisons in Germany the priests outnumbered the doctors: there were 125 of the former with governmental recognition to 36 of the latter.

All the countries inhabited by fair-skinned peoples prepared statistics about these and all other possible things—the most painstaking statistics being provided by the United States of North America—and embodied the results in copious year books, without, however, drawing any practical deductions from them.

Such were the white races whom the planet whirled through space during those years, and who comprised two-fifths of its total human freight.

XV. HIERL, THE COMEDIAN, AND HIS PUBLIC

The Minerva, a large and popular variety hall near the main railway station, was crammed with people, for the comedian, Balthasar Hierl, was billed for his first reappearance after a long vacation, and he was a great favourite. It was largely a middle-class audience, composed of small burghers and three-quarters-litre people, called "three-fourths gentlemen," because their incomes did not run to a whole litre of beer. The hall was soberly decorated with patriotic and mythological frescoes, and the lights glared harshly on the waiting people, who were puffing away at pipes and cigars and listening to a huge brass orchestra in the intervals. During the performance they ate. This one evening must compensate them for the renunciations of the whole week. So they ate. Sausages of every kind, white ones without skins, juicy ones bursting from their skins, reddish brown ones thin and thick. Roast veal, too, in tasteless slices, or loin or ribs of veal with potato salad. Enormous dumplings of minced liver and flour. Huge boiled calves' feet. Salted biscuit rings and radishes. A few, mostly women, drank coffee and dipped pastries into it, high coils of pastry with bulging rims, thick steamed larded cakes, greasy doughnuts covered with sugar. Everything was served in the crockery of The South German Ceramics, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son, most of it with the favourite blue gentian and edelweiss pattern. The hall was full of smoke, the slow, level buzz of voices, the reek of beer, sweat, and humanity. Old burghers spread themselves at ease, sweethearting couples sat in blissful expansion. There was a sprinkling of higher officials and other important people. For it was only in this popular place of entertainment that Balthasar Hierl could be seen.

Johanna Krain was very well pleased to be there, sitting beside Hessreiter and Dr. Geyer, at one of the round tables spread with a red checked cloth. Garmisch had not been so bad, and had probably furthered her cause as well, but it was good to be where she was now, with a very ordinary chop in front of her and with these bulky, gossiping, smoking citizens stuffing themselves in her close proximity, for she was to leave early next morning for Odelsberg prison, to become at three in the afternoon, and always thereafter, Frau Johanna Krüger.

She had been neither pleased nor relieved when she read of the vulgar death of the chauffeur Ratzenberger. She had rather taken it as a reminder. Her stay in Garmisch, the vacuous life of the fashionable resort, the serious pursuit of sport, the importance of dress, the hotels, the Powder Puff, Herr Hessreiter, and the young Erich Bornhaak; all that had begun to make her restive and bored. So when she read the news of Ratzenberger's death she hurried on the preparations for her marriage with double energy, and cut short her visit immediately, to the great surprise of Aunt Ametsrieder. In spite of her objections, however, Paul Hessreiter could not be dissuaded from accompanying her; so here they were, waiting for Hierl, the comedian. It would have been unbearable to pass the evening without some distraction. She was to marry Martin Krüger next day.

In the two days she had spent in Munich, she had been informed that the charge of fraud against her had been dropped. Of course, the authorities had never taken the matter very seriously, yet the news seemed to Johanna significant. The case of Martin Krüger looked quite different away from the merry atmosphere of Garmisch. It was no longer a move in a political gamble, still less a sporting challenge to her obstinacy; it had become a charge laid upon her, a kind of pressure that never ceased even in her most care-free moments, something that gnawed and tugged at her. She was sorry that Jacques Tüverlin was not there; she needed his sharp, incisive words.

She studied the faces round her, heavy and imperturbable. But fundamentally good-humoured. One would think that it would be easy to get them to let the innocent Krüger go free. Yet she knew her people better than that, she was of their blood. She knew how obstinate they could be, and how unexpectedly touchy, nobody knew why, full of obscure, rough, brutal perversity.

Balthasar Hierl now made his appearance on the stage. There was a threadbare velvet curtain, florid with red and gold, and very dirty, in front of which sat some orchestra players, including the long, lean, melancholy comedian. He was crudely painted, his bottle-nose woefully white and two red spots on his cheeks, and he could not be said to sit on his rickety chair, he clung to it like a fly; he had enormous shoes on and his lean shanks were cleverly twisted round the legs of his chair. It was supposed to be an orchestra rehearsal. Hierl played the violin at first, but he had also taken on the kettledrum, since the drummer wasn't there. That was difficult. Life was altogether difficult. It was always playing dirty tricks on a harmless, peaceful man like himself, so that he had to fight furiously against them. For example, the conductor's tie was coming undone, one ought to tell him about it. That was difficult while one was playing. Of course one could point at the tie hastily and emphatically with one's bow, but the conductor wouldn't understand. So one had to stop playing. And that put the whole orchestra out, and everybody had to go back to the beginning. And the tie came undone again. It was a hopeless business, anyway, to make oneself understood; the simplest things became complicated problems. One couldn't manage it with words. Besides, one had two instruments to play, and one couldn't manage it with hands only, nor with feet, nor with one's tongue. It was a difficult world to live in. The only thing to do was to sit there sad and busy, a little obstinate, too, and impenitent, for one had one's own thoughts. But the others either didn't or wouldn't understand them. For example, one thought of a bicyclist, and whoop! there was a bicyclist rushing past. Now, that was remarkable. But the others wouldn't admit that it was remarkable. Yes, they said, oh yes, my dear chap, if you had thought of an aeroplane, for instance, and it had been an aeroplane that flew past, that would have been remarkable, if you like. But it *wasn't* an aeroplane, Himmell Kreuzsakra! it was a bicyclist. And then there were the instruments, the drum that always had to be played when one was busy with the violin, and there was that man on the stage hammering and hammering, and one couldn't let him go on without a word of advice, and there was the conductor's tie that one couldn't let come undone, and there were the thoughts that it was hopeless to explain, but which one had to persist in explaining. The problem about the bicyclist that one couldn't forget. It just wasn't an aeroplane, it was a bicyclist. But now things began to get fast and furious; the next piece was the overture to "Poet and Peasant." It was terribly quick, and one lost the place immediately. But one played on conscientiously, sticking one's whitened and spectacled bottle-nose right into the music sheets; one fell into a spate of music, exerted oneself furiously, but got drowned in the spate. The others raced on ahead, but one didn't give in, one worked for one's wages, worked for three. And it just wasn't an aeroplane, it was a bicyclist. And the conductor's tie was loose again. It was a wild business. With deadly seriousness, lean and hopeless, legs twisted by this time round the back of the chair, sad, impenitent, industrious, and conscientious one worked on. The audience screamed and yelled and raved with laughter, falling from their chairs, yelping and choking on beer and food.

The strange thing was how the simple pathos of this comedian reduced all the spectators to the same level. Their individual joys and sorrows disappeared. No more did Johanna think of Krüger, nor Herr Hessreiter of his fatuous, long-bearded gnomes and gigantic toad-stools, nor Minister Klenk of certain imminent and important changes in personnel, nor Privy Councillor Kahlenegger of the last annoying attacks on his theory about the stuffed elephant. As their heads followed in unison the comedian's movements, so their hearts were moved in unison by impish delight at the struggles and failures of the cantankerous creature on the stage. All the other diverse interests of the thousand intelligences crowded in the hall were submerged by a single burst of joy over the misfortunes of the painted, gloomily labouring clown.

Dr. Geyer alone preserved his critical faculty. He was out of temper and contemptuous; he tapped the floor gently from time to time with his elegant crook stick, flushing nervously, and decided that the whole thing was uncommonly stupid, well suited to the inferiority of the race among whom a blundering Providence had caused him to be born. His sharp eyes, behind their thick glasses, travelled from the wretched man on the stage, with his pear-shaped head, to Klenk, the Minister, who was sitting there importantly, tanned face, sports jacket, pipe and all, with gusts of laughter issuing from his broad chest. Dr. Geyer's eyes and thoughts did not return to the stage, but lingered with laughing Klenk. The party had offered Dr. Geyer a seat in the Reichstag. He was too troublesome, they wanted to get rid of him. Also, he was attracted by Berlin, there was life there. Yet it was hard to have to leave Munich, it was hard to tear oneself away from the enemy, leaving him in triumphant possession of the field.

Look at that! He was deriding him; he was nodding to him, he dared to nod; he was lifting his glass and drinking to him! The ancient Kahlenegger, too, with his dull, bleared eyes, was following the Minister's example, and drinking to him with a greeting.

The comedian's next scene was now presented to the close-packed audience. It represented a house on fire and the fire brigade in action. The firemen keep forgetting that there is a fire, and get lost in discussions about things of more importance, such as the establishment of relationships, whether the Huber that one of them means, the Huber whose daughter is learning the piano, is the same as the other man's Huber. The owner of the burning house is also deeply interested in these things. A fire hose is thoroughly examined and appraised; it is an excellent fire hose, but owing to the demonstration it is not in use, and meanwhile the burning house is collapsing behind it. The hall rocked with mirth, the Minister's enormous laugh boomed out, and Hessreiter and Johanna Krain laughed too. Privy Councillor Kahlenegger, who with Klenk was sitting at a table full of ordinary citizens, whom he did not know, expounded to them in long, well-composed sentences the anthropological basis on which Hierl's humour was founded. He spoke of the gravel men, who had always lived on the triangle of gravel between Schwabing and Sendling, of the clay men in the east and west, the Alpine men in the south, and the moor men in Dachau to the north. Just as there was a Munich clay flora, so there was a Munich clay man, determined by his environment, and the comedian, Balthasar Hierl, was an expression of the type of clay man. The worthy citizens listened indifferently to this exposition, considering it learned and mad, and confined themselves to an occasional assent.

While the orchestra blared a brassy march entitled "All into the back room of the bar!" the hall was emptied. Herr Hessreiter escorted Johanna to her flat in the Steinsdorfstrasse. They were both aloof and monosyllabic. Up to the very last Hessreiter had believed that Johanna would abandon her intention of marrying Krüger. He did not pride himself on being able to read other people, but he was clearly aware that her decision sprang not from an inner affinity to Krüger, but from sheer stubbornness. He had not the gift of telling Johanna openly what he thought; he could only express it by a general air of gloom and uneasiness, which affected her. His proposal to drive her to Odelsberg in his car she refused flatly. It was abominable the way that people skirted cautiously round the subject of her relations to Martin Krüger. So much damned discretion. It would have been a good thing, instead of such a vague, wordy, conciliating person as Hessreiter, to have the careless, incisive Tüverlin beside her. She had never seen him again since she had risen from the table that time in anger at his cynical aphorisms. He wouldn't spare her feelings and hold his tongue. Nobody had brought forward an argument that would hold against her plan. If only this Hessreiter would say something definite!

But Herr Hessreiter sat beside her in bemused preoccupation, making queer movements with his ivory stick, as if he were stirring up a puddle. They were just passing the Field-Marshals' Hall, and although they could not be properly seen in the darkness, Herr Hessreiter threw a glance of hatred at the monstrosities there. Was it on account of his porcelain factory that Johanna would not have him? On account of the rubbish he turned out there? But there were things to set in the other balance. He collected works of art with understanding, he suffered none of his own commodities in his house. He and the whole world were satisfied with his life. Was somebody else to carry on his business? Johanna was a sensible girl, she would understand his standpoint all right. He wondered whether he should show her his factory, his workers, his machines. Had he any cause to be ashamed? He had cause to be proud, too. He wouldn't conceal the long-bearded gnomes and the gigantic toad-stools from her, but he would show her the "Bull Fighting" series as well. He was a man who would stand up for what he did. This resolution made, he stroked his side whiskers, felt better, and began to talk again.

Meanwhile in his dressing-room Balthasar Hierl was removing his make-up with vaseline, taking the woebegone white from his nose and the hectic red from his cheeks, squatting gloomily on a heavy wooden stool, and grumbling to himself all the time that his beer wasn't warm enough; for he had a weak stomach and could not drink his beer cold. His partner, a resolute woman who had played the captain of the fire brigade and was still in her fireman's uniform, was trying to soothe him; he was a difficult person to handle, constantly suffering from depression. She told him that his beer was exactly at the right degree of warmth. But he only went on grumbling unsociably about these fools of women who always wanted to have the last word. He had, of course, been told what a distinguished audience he had had that evening, and for all his seeming preoccupation, he had noted minutely all his effects, furious with rage when the smallest point failed to get across. Now he railed against all the fatheads who had amused themselves at his expense. He got nothing out of it. Did they imagine that he was amused by his own jokes? Stuff and nonsense. He was very ambitious, and passionately devoted to his native city, Munich. His burning desire was to produce a great comedy in which he could express himself, Munich, and the whole world. But the stupid fatheads didn't understand that. They wouldn't let him.

Pathetically he stood there, with his bored, hollow-cheeked face, gaunt and sullen in his long slip-shod drawers, drinking his beer and blinking at his partner, grumbling steadily the while. At last he suffered himself to be led to the tramway; for although he made good money he was very stingy, and shrank from the luxury of a taxicab. On the platform, he wedged himself close to his companion, for contact with strangers worried and upset him.

XVI. A WEDDING IN ODELSBERG

Johanna went by train this time to Odelsberg, and it was a troublesome journey. She had to change twice on to branch lines. The trains were slow and overcrowded; the carriages old and dirty. Kaspar Pröckl, as well as Herr Hessreiter, had offered to drive her there in a car, but in spite of the laborious train journey, she was really glad that the state of the roads made motoring impossible. Everything considered, she was not displeased by the refusal of the prison authorities to allow Kaspar Pröckl to be a witness at the wedding. She was not in the mood for that exhausting, fanatical, unmannerly young man's company. As it was, she was left exposed to the assiduous attentions of some journalists, who, finding that she could not be induced to provide them with any profitable material, plagued her by their brazen stares, loud comments, and busy manipulation of cameras.

At last, the bleak approach to the prison. The flat, boring landscape, stretching on each side like a bare table. The naked, hideous cube of the prison building, with its regular rows of tiny windows, which emphasized rather than relieved the mass of the walls. The plain, huge gate, the guard, the small room in which papers were inspected, the long corridors, with their mouldy smell. The view of the courtyard, with its six walled-in trees.

Johanna was conducted into the Governor's office. Senior Councillor Förtsch's rabbit face looked important, his little moustache jerked up and down with the quick movements of his lips, and the hairs in his nostrils twitched in sympathy; the whole air of the man was one of business-like activity. He had industriously beaten his brains to find out what was at the back of this marriage, what sly motives number 2478 could be concealing behind his first refusal and all that affectation of reluctance. But he was still in the dark about it. All the same, there must be some hidden possibility of furthering his prospects through the affair. In any case, it was bound to make something of a sensation, and that he would gladly exploit. He had decided to appear light and genial; he had also prepared a few witty comments which might have a chance of appearing in the papers.

"Well, we've got so far," he said to Johanna, with a quick smile, showing his discoloured teeth. A stout, embarrassed man was there, too, in a long black coat, with a large watch chain on his stomach; he was the mayor of the neighbouring small market town, and was to act as registrar. With him was the local schoolmaster, who also was ill at ease and perspiring, in the capacity of recording clerk. The journalists who had travelled with Johanna were planted round the walls. She looked distastefully at one after another of them, turning her head slowly.

"Can I see Krüger beforehand?" she asked simply. "I'm afraid not," answered the Governor. "We have already granted you every possible concession. Usually the prisoner is allowed half an hour for conversation after the ceremony, and I have given you an hour. That will be long enough to talk things over, I should think." Johanna did not reply. The small room was quite silent. On the walls hung the diploma of the Governor's doctorate, a picture of him in officer's uniform, and a picture of Field-Marshal Hindenburg. Several prison officials were present, holding their caps in their hands, waiting in silent expectation. After a good deal of humming and hawing, Krüger had been allowed to have convict Leonhard Renkmaier, his companion in his daily walk in the yard, as one of his witnesses. The second witness was one of the warders, a man with a square, quiet, not unkindly face. He went up to Johanna, introduced himself, and shook her confidentially by the hand. "I think we should begin," said the mayor, pulling out his massive watch to look at the time, although there was a large clock hanging on the wall. "Yes," said the Governor, "bring in"—and he paused for a moment—"the bridegroom." The journalists grinned, they had all at once got something to talk about. "Keep your heart up," said the warder who was to be a witness to Johanna, most surprisingly, in a tone which the others did not hear.

When Martin Krüger and Leonhard Renkmaier were brought in there was a sudden confusion and whispering. Martin Krüger had been allowed to take off his prison garb for the occasion, and appeared in the grey summer suit which he had worn on entering

Odelsberg. But it was all crumpled, and within the walls of the prison in winter Krüger presented a strange appearance, in that elegant summer suit. Leonhard Renkmaier, however, wore his drab convict clothes. His pale, bulging eyes ran quickly over the assembled company, and he bowed rapidly and repeatedly in a state of great excitement. The fluttering, garrulous creature divined that this was a sensational event, his instinct told him that the men in the background were journalists. This was a great day for him. Every movement, every glance during those few minutes, was a precious treasure which would have to be saved up for the long, bleak months ahead.

"May I ask you to begin, then, Mr. Mayor?" said the Governor. "Yes," said the stout mayor, pulling a little at his long black coat. The schoolmaster wiped the sweat from his upper lip, and formally opened an enormous book. The mayor went through the preliminaries. Martin looked round at everybody, at the Governor, the warders, Leonhard Renkmaier, the journalists in the background, and with particular intentness at Johanna; he saw that her face was deeply tanned by the sun. Then he said "Yes." Johanna said "Yes" in a clear, distinct voice, and clenched her teeth on her upper lip. The schoolmaster politely requested them to enter their signatures in his enormous book. "Not your maiden name, please," he said to Johanna, "but the name of your spouse." The journalists sniggered over "your spouse." With rapid, spidery characters, Leonhard Renkmaier subscribed his elegant signature, savouring the intense pleasure of feeling that everyone was looking at him and that it would all be in the papers. Johanna Krain-Krüger, breathing the stale, musty air in the little room, surrounded by the warders with their caps, the Governor, and the mayor, distracted herself by looking mechanically at the various signatures, the thin, straggling characters of Renkmaier, the close, clumsy thick ones of the warder. But she turned her eyes away from Martin's writing.

All those present now came up and offered congratulations, shaking hands. Martin Krüger took it all placidly and pleasantly; the journalists, with the best will in the world, could not discern resentment or despair or any other trait of journalistic value in his demeanour. Leonhard Renkmaier, on the other hand, tried to engage them in conversation at once. But after a few sentences the Governor intervened, politely but firmly, and Leonhard Renkmaier's great day was cut short.

Martin Krüger and his wife were conducted to the visitors' room, where they had still an hour for talk in the presence of a warder. One of the journalists asked the Governor if Krüger would not be given an opportunity of consummating the newly performed marriage. Senior Councillor Förtsch had been rubbing his hands with delight over the prospect of a request of that nature from Martin and Johanna, and was disappointed that they had omitted it, since he had a few witty repartees specially prepared to fit the case. But now, with a rapid action of his ferret-like jaws, he was able to fire off his lovingly elaborated jests at the journalists.

The conversation between Martin and Johanna did not flow freely, and there were pauses. Even although the warder was friendly enough to refrain from listening, they let the time go by without using it. They hardly touched at all upon personal matters. Johanna was ashamed of her coldness, but what could she say to this man who looked at her with a wise and kindly smile, as if he were grown up and she a child? What connexion did she have with him, after all? "How brown you are, Johanna," he said kindly, and he said it without any resentment, much rather with a flicker of amusement. But in her embarrassment she interpreted it as a kind of reproach. At last she took refuge in telling him some of Kaspar Pröckl's theories about the influence of cinema films on painting, and how habituation to the moving pictures must alter emphatically the spectator's capacity for appreciating a still picture. Martin of his own accord confessed that the one thing he really missed was the opportunity of seeing certain films. He longed to see animal films. He told her about his study of Brehms's *Animal Life*. About the lemmings, these squat, bob-tailed creatures of the vole family, with their short ears hidden in their fur, and their tripping gait. He told her about their mysterious migrations; how they appear in close-packed throngs suddenly, as if out of the blue, in the towns of the northern plains, and cannot be stopped in their advance by rivers or lakes, not even by the sea. These much-discussed, fateful, and still inexplicable migrations, in which every migrant meets its death either from bad weather, or disease, or the attacks of wolves, foxes, martens, polecats, ermines, dogs, or owls, interested him exceedingly. According to Brehms, he added with a faint smile, it was unquestionably wrong to adduce a lack of food, or any economic reasons, as the cause of these tribal migrations. Then he discussed Kaspar Pröckl's theories, somewhat reflectively. The warder, overhearing at last, was amazed at the man talking to his wife in these circumstances about things of that kind.

Martin then told her about a large book he had planned to write on "Joseph and His Brethren." He would use the picture as a text for the development of his ideas on the possible function of art in that century. Then he told her that only recently he had had a new idea, a great idea, an idea so new that he would have found it difficult to get a hearing for it. All the same, he would have liked to send it out as a kind of signal to some future writer. But just as he had found it, he was deprived of writing material as a punishment for something or other. He had no paper, and he could not write down his idea. But it was organically bound up with its formulation, with its precise wording. Without expression in words it perished like a snail without a shell. He observed how it gradually faded away. It had been clear, now it was gone; and he would not find it so easily again. He told her this pleasantly, without anger or regret, with such a thin, bloodless amiability that Johanna went cold to the marrow. The warder stood by uncomprehendingly.

Johanna was glad when the hour was up and she could get away. She went through the corridors, more and more quickly, until she was almost running. She breathed deeply once she got outside, thankfully inhaling the frosty air of that cool, flat landscape, and strode as if released, almost gaily, through the slush of rain and dirty snow towards the railway station.

XVII. CAJETAN LECHNER'S CASKET

The antique dealer, Cajetan Lechner, at one time a juryman in the Krüger case, was travelling in a blue tram-car from the inner town to his home in Unteranger. The fifty-five-year old man, stout, bullet-headed, with his light reddish side whiskers and his goitre, seemed gloomy and preoccupied, and blew his nose violently in his blue checked handkerchief, grumbling to himself about the abominable cold, and trying by constant movement to keep warm his hands in their woollen gloves and his feet in the rubber overshoes. He had on a fawn-coloured cloak over a long, black, thick coat, which had served him on all important occasions for many years. For he was coming now from an extremely important interview with a foreigner, moreover, a Dutchman. He had actually debated for some time whether he should not put on his top hat as well. But he had decided that the top hat was rather too formal, and had contented himself with his workaday green felt, which was decorated by a chamois brush after the fashion of the country.

When he got to Unteranger he found that neither of his children were at home. He changed out of his damp rubber overshoes into slippers, took off his formal, stiff coat and put on a knitted jacket. Anni, of course, was somewhere with that Bohemian of hers, Pröckl, the engineer, that indispensable. And Beni was at one of his silly work's committees probably. "These Reds, these red swine," he cursed to himself, while he pulled the black grandfather chair, which he had himself made as good as new again, nearer to the fire. He was a widower, and he needed to get things off his chest to somebody. Especially tonight, after that interview with the Dutchman. But there he was sitting, alone. That was it, one brought up children, and when one wanted them they weren't there.

That deal with the Dutchman now, about the reliquary, the casket, and that half million. Sheer foolishness. Basta. He didn't want to think about it; he wanted to sit in peace. He called up a vivid image of his children, to put the other rubbish out of his mind. As a matter of fact, when one looked at it squarely, Beni had worked his way up again pretty quickly. The whole thing was nothing but a boyish prank, an error of youth, as the reverend father had justly remarked. And it was all because he wanted to learn the piano. If he, Cajetan, had only given in to the boy's artistic leanings, the young scamp would never have gone near the "Red Seven." He wasn't naturally keen on politics. He had certainly told the truth in maintaining that he only joined that Communist organization for the chance of using the piano in the back room of the Spotted Dog, where the "Red Seven" held their meetings. And as for the bomb outrage, for which the special "National Court" had sentenced all the members of the society to imprisonment, the boy assuredly knew nothing at all about it.

Yet things were looking up, for the reverend father had helped to get the greater part of Beni's sentence remitted, and the boy was now actually in a good job, in the Bavarian Motor Works, and taking classes at the Technical High School. They hadn't been able to ruin him with their prison. They had only managed to turn him into a real Bolshevik, the rascal.

Anni, too, was earning a good wage. She was *settled*. And her taking up with a man was just the custom of the country, nothing to grumble at. If it only hadn't been Kaspar Pröckl, that Bohemian. A silly business that.

He stood up and shuffled about, sighing. On the wall were some photographs he had taken in his youth, photographs of carved chairs and tables, an illuminated corridor lined with mirrors, a watch-chain with a row of pendants, every single detail in them carefully brought into prominence. Against his will his thoughts flew again to that business deal. "What a Dutchman, what a nasty creature!" he grumbled.

For this time he knew that it was serious. If he didn't sell the casket now, he would never do it, and Rosa would be proved wrong, his late spouse, for he would be a failure, and the children would be in the right—they didn't actually laugh when he assured them that he was going to get to the top of the tree, but they made stubbornly incredulous faces. If he didn't sell the casket this time, he would never get that house, the yellow house in the Barerstrasse, the house after his own heart.

Still, on the whole, even if he didn't sell the casket, business wasn't too bad. He had bribed the hotel porters, and they sent him many a grand stranger who did not regret the long journey to Unteranger. Now that the inflation was proceeding there were crowds of strangers, and Cajetan Lechner was sly, he asked incredible prices. But Fate is still more sly, Cajetan Lachner; and though you increase your prices threefold from one day to the next, the money you receive will depreciate fourfold in the meantime.

Cajetan Lechner wheezed, blew his nose, held his hands to the stove, and put on more coal, although he was quite warm. The strangers gave him good prices. But he was attached to his things, and hated to see them go. What labour they had cost him, what lengthy journeys, what sweat. He had nosed about in the yearly fairs, and the old junk stalls, and spied on the houses of the small shopkeepers round about and the peasants in the neighbouring country. There were certain pieces, chairs, tables, stools, cabinets and chests, which he had taken right into his heart. Some of them that had seemed hopelessly decrepit he had lovingly restored, as a good surgeon saves a patient nearly at death's door. And then those silly foreigners came tempting him with prices that mounted higher and higher. And now, for he had to make up his mind overnight, within twelve hours, now the casket would have to succumb, his most prized possession, the little shrine that he had refused even to the great artist Lenbach.

The room was overheated now, and the air made him labour in his breathing. His heart was none too sound, for it was a fatty heart enlarged by beer drinking and weakened by worry over his children and his anxiety to get on in the world. His goitre, too, was a drawback. Cajetan Lechner sat stooping with his hands in his knees, wheezed, then got up abruptly, and, snatching his fawn cloak, flung it hastily around him and hurried out of the warm room into the cold shop.

There stood the casket. It was a good one, really beautiful, a unique piece, a first-rate thing. Lechner, the antique dealer, did not know its history, but it had been made in Sicily by Norman craftsmen under Saracen influence; then the German King, Karl the Fourth of Luxemburg-Bohemia, had secured it as a shrine for the relics of a certain saint, for he was greatly addicted to relics. Then the casket had stood in a Bohemian church, enclosing a few fragments of bone and a pair of iron pincers. The man who had sold the bones guaranteed them to be the actual remains of a certain saint named in the calendar, whose bones had been broken by the heathen because of his faith, and whose flesh had been plucked from his body by the pincers. On this saint's day his relics were shown to the people, were kissed and honoured, and worked miracles. When the Hussite rebellion broke out, the priests smuggled the sacred relics into the west; the pincers were lost, the bones scattered, and the casket passed through many hands. It was an artistic casket, not at all showy, a noble piece of work, with bronze lions' feet and an inlay of dull-gleaming metal. In the seventeenth century it came with some other things of obscure origin into the hands of a Jew called Mendel Hirsch, who did not know its previous history. The shrine was recognized as church property, and the Jew was seized, tortured, and burned for violating a Christian sacred vessel. The Church and the reigning prince quarrelled about its ownership, but the temporal power eventually secured it by amicable arrangement. The Elector Karl Theodor presented it to the dancer Graziella, one of his mistresses, who used it as a jewel casket. When she fell into disfavour and poverty the shrine passed into the possession of Plaicheneder, the Court confectioner. His heirs sold it, and those who later inherited it did not realize its value. It was disposed of, together with other left-overs, to second-hand dealers, or chandlers, as they were called. And twenty-two years ago the antique dealer, Cajetan Lechner had spied it in the Auer Dult, one of Munich's yearly fairs, and secured it.

So there the casket stood, in Cajetan Lechner's chandlery in Unteranger. Old furniture, lanterns, images of the Madonna, peasant jewellery, stag pendants, bolt staples, enormous picture-frames, old canvas daubs, and huge riding-boots were piled all round it. But Cajetan Lechner saw none of these things; his watery blue eyes were unswervingly fixed on the casket with pained, helpless adoration and yet with the firm intention of treachery. For he could not help himself. That fool of a Dutchman was being so stubborn about it; he would not give in even if one were to drop dead at his feet. Cajetan Lechner had asked such a shameless price that it had startled even himself; he had asked half a million marks. But it had been of no use. The Dutchman actually said "Yes." Cajetan Lechner had been struck dumb when he heard the "Yes" of the wretched Dutchman. He choked himself on a large fish bone, wiped his streaming face, and, under pressure from the insistent Dutchman, muttered away in incomprehensible dialect. Until the Dutchman announced with unmistakable clearness that either Herr Lechner brought the casket to his hotel by ten o'clock next day at the very latest, or the deal was off.

It was very still in the shop, and very cold. Cajetan Lechner did not notice that. He had turned on all the electric lights, to show up the casket; he now wiped his wrinkled red hands thoroughly with his checked handkerchief, and caressed it. Half a million was a large sum. But the casket, too, was a fine piece. Cajetan Lechner's whole life had really been bound up with it. He thought of how he had intended to devote his life to art, to his photography. In those days, his ambition was not satisfied with the photography of large surfaces, such as furniture or human faces; it was the reproduction of minutiæ that he had dreamed of, the detail of a beer jug, a collection of beetles, trifles with a soul the great artist Lenbach had called them. He had pottered about with these things, giving himself no respite until he had each small, fascinating detail sharply defined and fixed for ever. And it was the casket which had been really responsible for his giving up the idea of spending his life in the service of that art.

He recalled the situation he was in when he first rummaged out the casket. It was about six months after his first encounter with Rosa Hueber, a laconic girl of pithy shrewdness, a strict Catholic and with a good, practical knowledge of the world drawn from her varied experience as a cashier with customers of every class and temperament. A right piece of womanhood. Every word of hers found its mark. From his first meeting with her it was Cajetan Lechner's aim to set up a household with her. Her refusal to marry anyone who had not a settled position and her distrust of his artistic projects only strengthened his peasant Bavarian obstinacy. None the less, she walked out with him and unquestionably liked him. With tender melancholy he recalled a lovely morning they had spent in the Chinese Tower, a curious restaurant in the English Garden, circling round kindly working folk, housemaids, cabmen, seamstresses, men-servants, and postmen, who were dancing to the blaring music of a brass band in the green morning freshness before going to mass. Rosa enjoyed going with him to these and similar entertainments. But until Cajetan's prospects were settled she would not hear of marriage. That was the position when he caught sight of the casket at the Auer Dult among a pile of old junk and other rubbish. He had a strong heart in those days, but he had found it difficult to master his emotion so that the saleswoman should suspect nothing. And then the casket was set up in his room, his very own property, and a Jewish dealer came alone immediately and offered him 800 marks for it, and Rosa's eyes were opened at last to see what a treasure she had in him. She married him and invested her savings in the Unteranger shop, and he said, "Fie on thee, Art!" Often since then he had been tempted to sell the casket, but he had resisted the temptation, for he had a superstitious feeling that it was his mascot. Everything round it changed, the Madonna statuettes, the bolt staples, the chests, chairs, and old uniforms, but the casket stood unchangeably in the shop, a delight to connoisseurs. Eventually Rosa died. Perhaps, he thought, it was a good thing, after all, that she was gone, and not asked to suffer the misery of these last years, the wretched food and still more wretched beer of the War-time, the stupid affair of Anni and her Bohemian, and, above all, the fine dance the boy had led him.

An abomination, that was. The very thought of the dreadful way they had hounded his son dulled the metal of the casket for Lechner and defiled its woodwork. Cajetan Lechner was a conservative; all on the side of law and order; but it was as clear as crystal that the Government had only prosecuted the "Red Seven" because it wanted arguments for the retention of the city militia. That was why Beni was made a jail-bird. Cajetan had once been a moderate Catholic; it was really only for Rosa's sake that he had gone to church, and when she was too insistent in her piety he used to hum the refrain of a good-humoured folk song, "Be sensible, old girl!" smacking her playfully on the bottom. After the boy was imprisoned, in spite of the help the reverend father had given in getting him out, his Christianity had gone downhill.

No, he had no more faith in God, and the reverend father could not advise him what to do, whether to let the casket go or not. Half a million was a lot of money. He had no luck with his children, and surely God would not grudge him the yellow house. He must come out on top. He glared almost with a threatening eye at the huge, clumsy peasant crucifix hanging beside the casket. He must be a house owner, and it must be the yellow house in the Barerstrasse. Pernreuther, the present owner, was a brazen, close-fisted miser, but he wouldn't refuse half a million. Lechner had taken another look at the yellow house before going to see the Dutchman. He had loitered a long time before it, tapping the walls and running his finger over the old bronze door plate; then mounted the shallow stairs, caressing the banisters, and examining the name-plates of the tenants, four of porcelain, two of enamel, and two of brass, with the same intensive scrutiny he used to give to things he wanted to photograph.

Standing before the casket in the brilliant light in his slippers and cloak, the ageing man felt the frosty chill of the night. And yet he hesitated before turning off the lights. He fingered his reddish side whiskers, staring at the casket with a fierce and strangely inward look in his watery blue eyes. Tomorrow evening he would be standing in his shop in Unteranger, but the casket wouldn't be there. It was a disquieting thought. Houses there were many in the world, 52,000 at least in the city of Munich, but there was only one casket like that. "Oh, that Dutchman, that fool, that brute!" he growled to himself, as he went sighing into his warm room.

He crouched again in the huge grandfather chair, and weighed up in his mind a second and a third time all that he had weighed up before. If he were to throw away the casket now, he would be all right. But if he didn't, he would be all right too. He thought, aye, aye, it was a difficult decision to make, and with so little time. He must go to the Dutchman first thing in the morning or give up his dreams of the yellow house. He thought "the early bird catches the worm," and that he wouldn't get another chance of making good, and that he was getting old. Also, that if you took care of the pence, the pounds would take care of themselves. He saw himself in his thick black coat introducing himself to the tenants of the yellow house as their new landlord. Then telling the news of his purchase to his bowling club, "The Rough 'Uns." They would laugh at him, but they would be jealous all the same, sniff at him, they would, and fume, and be filled with envy.

Cajetan Lechner stood up with a groan and put on his wraps. That was how one was treated by one's children. A man had to go out into the cold winter night to find somebody to talk to. He went to his bowling club, with the firm resolve of saying nothing to "The Rough 'Uns," for they would only chaff him. But he couldn't keep it in, and they did chaff him. He drank a good deal that evening, and on the way home he grumbled vehemently against his son, Beni, the scamp, the rotten Red. But when he came into the lobby of his flat he heard the slow breathing of the sleeping Beni, and he refrained from turning on the light, and took off his overshoes, although he was fairly drunk, so as not to waken the boy, and crept cautiously to bed. As gently as possible in his swollen goitrous throat he hummed to himself, half asleep, the long forgotten tune of the old song, "Be sensible, old girl!"

XVIII. A PORCELAIN FACTORY

Back in Munich after her wedding to Krüger, Johanna tried to occupy herself again with her profession. From time to time in Garmisch she had felt a burning desire to be sitting before her apparatus, waiting for that feared and longed-for moment when the image of the writer emerged from the handwriting. But now that she was back in her own room, with her work-a-day material round her, her desk, her typewriter, the books relating to her science, she found it all empty and hateful, herself most of all. She remembered Dr. Geyer's exasperating voice when he asked her: "Well, what right have you?" and his absurd expression when she promptly answered: "I'm going to marry him." She tried to imagine the faces of Jacques Tüverlin, Aunt Ametsrieder, and the people in the Palace Hotel in Garmisch when they read of her marriage in the papers. "I think I've done a silly thing," she said to herself several times, with the three upright furrows above her nose. "I think I've done a damned silly thing," she said at last in a loud voice, unlike herself.

During the next two days she declined several offers of work without any real reason, cheerlessly busied herself with the study of graphological theory, and was glad to receive a second invitation from Herr Hessreiter to look over his factory.

The South German Ceramics, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son, was a great, red, ugly edifice in one of the suburbs. Herr Hessreiter led Johanna through the draughtsmen's departments, the offices, the engine-rooms, the workshops. In his factory it was mostly girls who were employed, wretched-looking girls of fifteen to seventeen. The whole huge place was filled with a sourish smell. In the workrooms the smell clung so heavy and strong that Johanna asked herself how these girls could ever get it out of their clothes and bodies. During the tour of inspection Herr Hessreiter chattered away; he had not taken off his fur coat, though it was hot; he made facetious remarks. His workers liked him. He talked to them in their own speech, superfluous nothings; they were glad of the interruption, and were not at all hostile, the girls especially. In the office, on the contrary, Herr Hessreiter seemed less welcome; there, when the chief and his visitor began their tour, the staff actually gave an impression of impoliteness.

Finally, Herr Hessreiter showed Johanna the showrooms. Here articles were ranged, most of them for export; girls filling vases with water at fountains, bucks and deer, dwarfs with gigantic heads, trefoil leaves of enormous dimensions with naked, chaste virgins on them, life-size storks, with apertures which served as flower-pots, giant red and white toad-stools. Each article in hundreds and thousands, a monstrous collection, all giving out a sour smell. Johanna gazed around her, sniffing uncomfortably: the sight and the smell of these things made her tongue-tied, a sick feeling crept up over her. Herr Hessreiter went on talking, scoffed at everything, represented to her how pretty these things must look in the living-room of some little clerk in the antipodes, in the garden of an American farmer, between coloured glass balls. He pointed here and there with his ivory-handled cane. His observations were full of good-humour, Martin Krüger could not have been more trenchantly witty over these articles.

After the inspection Johanna wanted to return home, but Hessreiter would not hear of it. He must show her a number of sketches first, daring designs by a young, unknown artist, a series called "Bull Fighting" in particular. Technically these things weren't easy to produce, he explained. Certainly it was impossible to make a profit on them. But he became animated while he told her what pleased him in them. He declared with conviction that he would make this young artist's name. It was a shame that among ninety-nine rubbishy articles one could have at most one like this. Johanna was taciturn, and during the drive back, too, she only let fall a few indifferent remarks. She could not take the works, with their heavy, chilling atmosphere so lightly as Herr Hessreiter; perhaps she hadn't enough humour. Something of the sourish atmosphere of his factory remained sticking to Herr Hessreiter.

When she got back she was delighted to find a telegram from Dr. Pfisterer saying that the Crown Prince Maximilian would be in Garmisch in a few days, and that she should not miss the opportunity. She arrived that evening, had a short and bitter encounter with Aunt Ametsrieder, who had read of her wedding in the papers, and ate her dinner alone in her room.

Next morning in the ice-rink—without being an expert, she enjoyed skating—she met Jacques Tüverlin. "Hullo!" he cried, as if there had never been a certain evening in Pfaundler's restaurant in which she had risen in anger from his table and walked out. He invited her without further ceremony to breakfast with him. Johanna accepted without referring on her part, either, to that evening. She sat happily beside him, he blinked at her jovially with his almost lashless eyes. They enjoyed thoroughly their breakfast in the little restaurant in the Garmisch ice-rink. Hessreiter, although he had his advantages, had something obscurely involved and troubled about him with which she had to fence, not to speak of the sour, disgusting odour of his factory. But no reserve was needed when she looked into Tüverlin's merry, wrinkled, bare face, or at his lean, loose-jointed body, or his bony hands with their reddish hairs. Here was a frank, upright man, with whom one could go straight to the point. It was pleasant to sit beside him after so long a time; she felt that they suited each other.

He had had a good many little annoyances to contend with, he told her, eating his breakfast with a good appetite and blinking comfortably in the sunlight. There had been differences between his brother and himself about his share in the Geneva Hotel which they had inherited. His brother was obviously cheating him. Probably he wouldn't be able to live with such complete unconcern for money as hitherto. That did not seem to worry him, however. For the time being he was living in a little house up there in the woods. He often ran down on his skis, in the evening, too, in his smoking-jacket or evening suit, his patent shoes over his shoulder. He told it all in his light falsetto voice, without a hint of complaint, and enjoyed his vermouth. Johanna's steady grey eyes ran over him with undisguised amusement. He liked her very much, and told her so.

Later he went in for intensive practice on the skiing ground at the Hocheck. He was firm on his skis and went well, but not with much style. Now he strove to achieve style, and tried to learn the methods of the Arlberger school, which he did not know. He had eager discussions with the teacher; he was patient and happy; his cracked laughter could be heard far and wide across the snow. No one was more delighted with his frequent falls than he himself.

Johanna enjoyed herself. Odelsberg lay behind her; behind her the troubling dilemma of Martin Krüger, the fanaticism of Dr. Geyer. Herr Hessreiter, that gloomy, incomprehensible man, looked at her reproachfully from his veiled eyes; she scarcely found time to see him. She was much in Jacques Tüverlin's company on ski expeditions and at the Powder Puff, visited him at his little house in the woods, and, greatly to Aunt Ametsrieder's annoyance, often had her meals with him in the hotel. They had a great deal to say to each other. Strangely enough, she never so much as mentioned the Krüger case. Nor did she divulge that she had married Krüger, and she had no idea whether he had read of it in the papers.

XIX. DAVID PLAYS BEFORE SAUL

Kaspar Pröckl, sullen and unshaven, trudged along the main street of Garmisch-Partenkirchen in shoes that were ill qualified to withstand the slush compounded of snow and rain and dirt which covered it. The newspapers were not exaggerating; the existence of this idle, luxurious place in the midst of the prevailing distress was exasperating. He had driven up in the afternoon, a difficult journey through the melting snow on the soft and slippery roads. He had also had a small breakdown, and had stopped in Weilheim for repairs, and had quarrelled with the mechanic there. If it had not been that he spoke the dialect the sullen, peculiar-looking man with his bony, un-Bavarian face would have been roughly handled by the Weilheim mechanic.

It was absolutely stupid of him to have come. Otto, one of the directors of the Motor Works, had rather sourly informed him that Baron Reindl wanted to see him, and was begging him to come to Garmisch at his convenience, to the Palace Hotel, where the Baron was staying for another eight or ten days. But was it necessary for him to set off at once like a dog answering its master's whistle, like any ordinary boot-licker? He trudged on sullenly through the elegant crowd, looking very peculiar in his shabby outfit. The snow and the huge electric lights made an unpleasant glare. From the cafés and hotels came the strains of jazz at the tea-dances. The reception clerks and pages eyed his torn and sweaty leather jacket with mocking curiosity when he asked at the Palace Hotel for Baron Reindl.

But Baron Reindl was in, and received him at once. He was having conferences in Garmisch with some French and American gentlemen, he explained, confidentially, even with an air of friendship, to his young engineer. And there was now a chance that he would be able to take up Pröckl's mass-production cars. The massive figure of "The Fifth Evangelist" moved about the room, doubly monstrous in a luxurious violet dressing-gown above his thin and heelless leather slippers. His gleaming black head, with its small, sleepy eyes, looked enormous above that mass of violet. The room was very warm. Herr von Reindl asked Pröckl to take off his leather jacket, rang for tea, and lay down on the sofa, with an elegant small table between him and the engineer. The haggard Pröckl looked dwarfish as he sat there awkwardly and stiffly in front of that huge reclining bulk.

Herr von Reindl stirred his tea as he listened to the other's quick, abrupt, technical explanations. He nodded carelessly whenever Pröckl brought out his aggressive "Do you see?" turned over the leaves of a book, examined his hands, which were slim on the back and very fleshy in the palm, crumbled his cake, and made no pretence of concealing his abstraction. When he perceived it, his chief's lack of attention annoyed Pröckl. "Do you want to read, or to listen to me?" he demanded sharply. Without laying his book aside, Herr von Reindl replied courteously, "I want to drink my tea." Then he rang, and told the chambermaid to turn off some of the lights, for it was too bright. It exasperated Pröckl that the man was too lazy to do such a little thing for himself, and he remained silent for a while. Herr von Reindl took a few sips of his over-sweetened tea, while Pröckl, although still cold through and through, did not touch his. Then abruptly and eagerly "The Fifth Evangelist" asked: "Won't you sing me some of your ballads?"

Strangely enough, Pröckl did not flare up. He did not say: "Was that what you brought me here for?" or anything of the kind. He seemed, rather, to have been expecting the request, as if he had come to Garmisch merely to sing ballads to "The Fifth Evangelist."

So he answered "It wouldn't go properly. I need a banjo or something for that." "Oh, that's a mere trifle," returned Herr von Reindl vivaciously, ringing the bell for a banjo. It took ten minutes to procure the instrument, and during these ten minutes they both sat silent, eagerly anticipating what was to come next.

When the banjo arrived Pröckl went to the door and switched on all the lights. Then he planted himself in the middle of the room, and with open effrontery in a horribly loud shrill voice began to deliver his ballads to the twanging of the banjo, pronouncing his words with an unmistakably broad accent. But the ballads dealt with the everyday happenings in the life of the ordinary man, from the point of view of the large town, as they had never been seen before; they were light and malicious, spiced with impudence, carelessly full of character, such as had never been heard before. The man in violet lay on his divan, following every turn of the performance, sometimes curling up his lip with the gleaming black moustache, sometimes his fleshy face relaxed, filled with a singular blend of resentment, contempt, appreciation, ill-humour, and enjoyment. Pröckl, the engineer, kept his burning, deep-set eyes fixed unwaveringly upon him, and yelled his indecent, proletarian verses straight into that well-groomed solid face. Then he pulled out a ridiculous little gilded chair and set it in the middle of the room by itself in a strong light, so that every bristle on his lean, unshaven face stood out clearly, and sat down on it with saucy impudence in his dirty old suit, turning in the rubber soles of his broken brown shoes, which left smears of mud on the carpet. The man in violet listened without sitrring, only his face tightened and relaxed as he looked with sleepy eyes at the Pröckl fellow whose lean neck, with its Adam's apple, was taut above his soft collar.

A knock at the door. Herr von Reindl paid no attention, and Kaspar Pröckl went on yelling brazenly. Suddenly, in the very middle of a line, the man in violet, without stirring, said in a low but clear and distinct voice: "A little less light, please." Pröckl stopped at once, and sat still, saying, "You can ring for your chambermaid." Herr von Reindl said, "Thanks." After a short silence Kaspar Pröckl asked: "Are you going to produce my cars?" "I'm afraid not," said Herr von Reindl amiably, half rising up and looking at his engineer with a faint smile. "Then I want to leave my job," said Kaspar Pröckl. "Very well," said Herr von Reindl. "But you haven't touched your tea," he went on reproachfully. "I hope you'll dine with me tonight." "I'm afraid not," returned Kaspar Pröckl. He set the banjo very carefully in a corner. "Where is my jacket?" he asked. Herr von Reindl rang. The gentleman's jacket was in the cloakroom, it appeared. Herr von Reindl stood up and went with his elastic step to a bookcase, from which he took a large leather-bound volume. It was an edition de luxe of Shakespeare's Sonnets. "May I give you this?" he asked the engineer. Kaspar Pröckl took it carelessly, without any ado. "Haven't your ballads been privately published?" asked Herr von Reindl. "Yes," said Pröckl, "twenty copies." "May I have one?" asked Herr von Reindl. "I'll give you a hundred English pounds for it." Now in those days a hundred English pounds were worth 107,068 marks. In Munich a loaf of bread cost eight marks, a pound of cocoa 24 marks, a sports jacket 150 to 400 marks, a workingman's suit 375 to 725 marks; ladies' handkerchiefs could be had from two marks to 80 upwards, and ladies' coats from 190 marks up. For a hundred English pounds one could buy a house. The man in violet on the sofa lay still, looking at the engineer with his brown inscrutable eyes, waiting for an answer. But Kaspar Pröckl said nothing at all.

After leaving Baron Reindl he sat in the lounge in an ill-humour. He would have gone straight back to Munich that night; but the roads were beginning to freeze over in a way that would have been fatal for a car. So as he had very little money left he would have to stay in this detestable hotel, for Herr von Reindl would pay his bill there. He was a swine to have accepted that resignation. Anni, his girl, would be cast down at his stupidity. He would have to return the car to the factory, too, if he left. He should have accepted the hundred pounds at least. He would send Reindl the private edition of the ballads and simply keep the car in lieu of the hundred pounds. He boiled at seeing the half-naked women who passed through the lounge with the incomes of whole families hanging on their silly bodies. He looked sullenly at the men in the prescribed black evening attire of the ruling classes, their chests and necks stifled by their white starched, uncomfortable, unhealthy shirt fronts and collars. He thought of hunting out Johanna Krain, but caught sight of her in the distance, without himself being seen, going through the lounge on the arm of a fatuous youth, powdered and dressed up in a stupid bourgeois evening dress, and so gave up the idea of speaking to her.

He ate in a little side room reserved for natives, and there had a violent row because the waiters wouldn't believe that Baron Reindl was paying for him. His temper improved by this, he went to a café, sat down, and began to smoke, perusing newspapers. Then he demanded the *Red Flag,* an extreme Left Berlin paper. To his surprise it was to be had. But the waiter explained that it was at the moment engaged by the gentleman in the corner. Kaspar Pröckl saw that the gentleman in the corner was reading another one, and had a pile of newspapers beside him. He went over and inquired if he was finished with the *Red Flag*. "No," said the gentleman in a high falsetto voice. "When will you be finished with it?" asked Pröckl. The gentleman blinked at him and said pleasantly: "In an hour, perhaps, or maybe two." Kaspar Pröckl looked at him and saw that his keen, reddish-fair head with the bare, wrinkled face, sat on top of a broad-shouldered, powerful body. But Kaspar Pröckl was in an extremely bad temper and wanted to vent it on somebody, so in spite of the obvious risk he ran he fished out the paper he wanted. The gentleman nimbly seized the other end of the holder, but Kaspar Pröckl did not let go the handle, and lifted his free hand. "I advise you not to," said the gentleman, in his pleasant falsetto, keeping his eye on Kaspar Pröckl. "Unless you know ju-jitsu, you haven't an earthly." Kaspar Pröckl felt that the gentleman's appearance bore out his words. "What do you want it for, anyhow?" went on the other. "If you're really interested in its politics, you can sit down at my table and read it here," Kaspar Pröckl liked him, and accordingly sat down at his table. The man courteously handed him the *Red Flag* and blinked over to see what he was reading. Noticing that it was an article on the function of art museums in the Bolshevistic State, he asked: "Don't you think that the fellow is talking nonsense?" Pröckl would not agree, and said: "I'm afraid there's not a dozen people who can write intelligently on that subject; it's an unexplored territory." "I lost a whole year," went on the gentleman gaily, "in finding out what meaning Marxism had for me, and then another year in discovering that it had none." Kaspar Pröckl darted a critical glance at him from his deep-set eyes and went on reading. "My difficulty is," went on Tüverlin, "that I stand between the classes: I am a writer." "Can't you let me go on reading in peace?" said Kaspar Pröckl darkly, but in a low tone. "At present," went on the other gaily, "I am of the opinion that the most evident motive for my actions is amusement. Pure amusement, do you understand? There's a famous glorification of amusement in an ancient drama. Amusement is there regarded more or less as the product of a collision between civilized reason and natural impulse. The play is by a man of the name of Euripides, and is called *The Bacchæ*. Do you know it by any chance?" "I don't know it," replied Pröckl, laying down his paper, "but I grant you this article is rubbish." He looked more closely at his table companion. "What was that nonsense you were talking about amusement and sociology?"

In this fashion the writer, Jacques Tüverlin, and the engineer, Kaspar Pröckl, fell into a lively discussion on Marxism. "You are the most illogical man I know," said Herr Tüverlin finally, with appreciation. He ordered a good deal of alcohol and drank it with enjoyment, and Pröckl, contrary to his usual habit, kept pace with him. Both of them talked loudly, Pröckl in a shrill shout, Tüverlin in a high falsetto, so that the other customers kept looking at them with disapproval, annoyance, and amusement. Pröckl banged several times on the marble table with the huge leather volume of Shakespeare's Sonnets which he had got from the capitalist Reindl. They spoke about the materialist conception of history, about bourgeois and proletarian ideology, about the parasitic existence of the artist in contemporary society. Of the increasing migration of peoples, of the mingling of European civilization and Asiatic culture, of the limitations in an attitude based solely on sociological theories. They were both extremely in earnest, and spoke emphatically, drinking fairly heavily, and often one of them even listened to the other. At length Herr Tüverlin demanded a postcard, and on the wet and sticky marble table of the Café Werdenfels Herr Jacques Tüverlin, residing in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, wrote a postcard to Herr Jacques Tüverlin residing in Garmisch-Partenkirchen at the Palace Hotel, as follows: "Dear Herr Jacques Tüverlin. Don't ever forget that you are not in need of support, and so have no need to be class-conscious. Don't ever forget that your mission in life is to express yourself, and yourself only. Yours very respectfully, your most candid friend, Jacques Tüverlin." When the café was closed, it turned out that they were living in the same hotel, for Herr Tüverlin had found it finally too uncomfortable always to be labouring through the snow to and from his house in the woods. He invited Pröckl to have a further sitting in his room. Through the bitterly cold night they walked the short distance to their hotel, but when they got there Jacques Tüverlin had to turn back part of the way again, for he had forgotten to post the postcard. They argued a long time in Jacques Tüverlin's room, until their neighbours protested with increasing energy against the noise they were making. They had a heated interchange of abuse, and came to no conclusion. When he left Tüverlin at last Kaspar Pröckl, who had originally intended to take the first train back to Munich, decided to prolong his stay in Garmisch until the afternoon, and made an appointment with the writer to continue their discussion.

XX. AND YET—THERE IS NOTHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF BAVARIA

Dr. Josef Pfisterer, writer, resident in Munich, for the time being on a visit to Garmisch, fifty-four years old, the author of twenty-three bulky novels, four plays, and thirty-eight long short stories, expected to see a good deal of Johanna after sending her the telegram about the imminent arrival of the Crown Prince Maximilian in Garmisch. But he found that she was always in the company of that objectionable Jacques Tüverlin. Dr. Pfisterer liked to find some good in everybody. But he disliked Tüverlin. The warm-blooded Bavarian was irritated by the sight of the Swiss fellow's bare, wrinkled face and blinking eyes, and Johanna's company was spoilt for him by the man's presence.

There were other things, too, which undermined his fundamental geniality. For instance, on closer inspection the Krüger case became more and more suspicious; he could not but see that there had been a deliberate evasion of justice. He believed in his people, he believed in his Bavaria. It made him ill to think that the solid, friendly, genial Dr. Hartl, the President of the Supreme Court, should have to be regarded as an unjust judge. And as for Klenk, who stood as firmly as a tree, was he really a cynical lawbreaker who would send a deserving man to prison merely because his ideas were unsuitable? Unthinkable. And yet he had to think it, he could not get away from the thought; he bent his stubborn neck and thrust out his great curly head with its pince-nez, as if in defiance of something invisible. His heart had never really been sound, and now he suffered from shortness of breath much oftener than before, and his outlook became gloomier.

He still had angry encounters with Dr. Matthäi. That stocky man, with the pince-nez astride his sneering pug face, was not happy in Garmisch. He would rather have been in his own house on the Tegernsee, hunting, with his dogs, his antlers on the walls, his pipes, his keepers, and his sly, slow-moving peasants. But the dancer Insarova held him fast. He had been a medical student and had extremely materialistic views on women, based on their physiological needs, and made coarse jests about all erotic attachments. Whenever the slender Russian turned her slanting eyes upon him, and with a flick of her tongue made some subtle remark, the Bavarian swept it aside as a piece of affected and nauseating cant; and yet he stayed on. He sent her chocolates, flowers, and fruit, to his own bitter self-contempt, and was extremely irritable with everybody else. He treated Pfaundler, in particular, as if he were dirt, and made violent scenes with him because he did not give Insarova sufficient prominence.

Pfisterer, usually so amiable, went out of his way to annoy him. Both men abused each other whole-heartedly, depreciating each other's work, life, and success. Dr. Matthäi had the more slashing wit, but Dr. Pfisterer knew well enough how to wound Matthäi to the quick. He told him that people were laying bets against his ultimate success with the dancer, but could find no takers, although there were so many who had successfully stormed her already. Dr. Matthäi drank out his beer, blew a puff of smoke into the other's face, and suggested that even if Krüger did get out of prison, Pfisterer would never be admitted to Johanna Krain's bed. The two elderly, heavy-blooded men sat snorting at each other, lowering their heads aggressively.

It cut Pfisterer to the heart to think that people could believe he was championing Krüger's cause for his wife's sake. He sat down to his manuscript. Usually the words flowed easily from his heart. He delighted in making events lead up to each other in a subtle, exciting fashion. But today the adventures were more stubborn, hard facts remained unmalleable. Spiteful villainies could not be blown away like dust. The fate of his yellow-haired, peasant-born heroine, Vroni, adrift in the city and misunderstood, but finally recognized by an artist as possessing great talent, so that she was suitably rewarded and married, would not round itself off with the usual light-heartedness, deftness, and conviction. Johanna's broad, tanned face, with the three furrows over the nose and the flashing grey eyes, kept coming between him and the story. No, unfortunately, it was not for the woman's sake that he was absorbed in the Krüger case; he would have preferred to be in the wrong himself; that could have been set right after due repentance. But it was his country which was in the wrong. The doubts which had assailed him when his good Bavarians broke out into revolution were gnawing at him now more than ever. There was injustice in the world, injustice in his country. One could see it spreading itself in the sun, as somebody had said. One could hear it crying aloud, without anyone to check it. No, that was something he had to help in tackling.

His appetite failed, his shortness of breath increased. He became gloomy and preoccupied, and was so harsh to his kindly, bustling wife that the plump lady hardly knew where she was.

Pfisterer, Matthäi, and Hessreiter, who was back in Garmisch, all three detested Tüverlin. The man's suppleness, his lack of seriousness, his cheap tolerance, which dropped an argument indifferently when it displeased somebody, his elegance, his adroitness, exasperated these Bavarians. He was like a flea, they said, jumping all over the place. Hessreiter was hurt because the experiment of showing Johanna round his factory had not been fortunate. He withdrew into his shell in sulky silence because Johanna openly preferred Tüverlin to him. It was ungrateful of her.

He attached himself to Frau von Radolny again, who cut a good figure in Garmisch society. She looked handsome in her skiing costume, and practised on all the sports grounds, unpretentious but assured, flushed and sparkling in the frosty sunlight. In the evenings, at dances in the large hotels or in the Powder Puff, she took the centre of the stage as if by right. Her association with the Crown Prince, who enjoyed her company, shed still more lustre upon her. With great cleverness she continued to sponsor Johanna Krain, and the two women were constantly togeter. They set each other off; the fresh, resolute beauty of

Johanna was a magnificent foil to the indolent, luxurious, bronze-haired beauty of Katharina.

It took more than a week for Frau von Radolny and Dr. Pfisterer to arrange for Johanna's reception by the Crown Prince Maximilian. Pfisterer accompanied her to Maximilian's villa. She went without much hope. All the more pleasantly was she surprised by the Crown Prince's encouraging kindliness. The three Bavarians, the Prince, the woman, and the writer, sat together in serious conclave, speaking, all three of them, in the same Bavarian accents, to consider how a man who was dear to one of them could be helped out of a desperate situation. Dr. Pfisterer's heart rose as he looked at the gallant lady and the royally gracious man, both of his own country; his troubles melted away, his breath came more easily; the revolution had been a sore trial to him, but today, in the presence of these two people, he knew that it was drawing to its end, and that everything would be all right again. He even felt that some day soon he would be able to bring the fate of the yellow-haired Vroni to a satisfactory conclusion.

On the way home Johanna was scarcely less radiant than Pfisterer. She was burning to tell Jacques Tüverlin about this obviously successful interview. She had not yet mentioned Martin Krüger to him, nor said a word about her prospects, nor the letters she had written, the journeys she had undertaken, and her interview with the Minister Heinrodt; not a word even about her marriage to Krüger; it was altogether possible that Tüverlin knew nothing about it. Perhaps she had been so reticent because her unsuccessful campaign on Krüger's behalf struck her as slightly comic. Wasn't she conducting it in rather a dilettante fashion? At any rate, she didn't want to say anything about it to Tüverlin until she had something definite to tell, something with more promise of success. But now, she decided, this interview with the Crown Prince had purged her cause of the somewhat ridiculous romanticism which Tüverlin had hitherto sensed in it, not without justice. Now it had a real foundation. Now she was burning to discuss Krüger thoroughly with the Swiss writer.

She did not admit to herself that quite different reasons had probably kept her from such a discussion. Martin Krüger did not come first in her life; she was attracted by Jacques Tüverlin. When she saw his broad shoulders, his lean flanks, his powerful, hairy hands, his intelligent, sceptical face, which brightened whenever she appeared, the only thing which made her hesitate was the thought of Martin Krüger. When she was dancing with Tüverlin and felt the contact of his body, or when he held her hand rather long in welcoming her, the thought of the other man behind prison bars bothered her. She understood Martin Krüger well enough to know that the idea of physical fidelity would appear unimportant to him, and perhaps even a little absurd; but the image of the prisoner in Odelsberg intruded unbearably upon every access of intimacy with Tüverlin.

But now that she had achieved something for Martin it was as if she had paid a debt. Hitherto, in spending her time with Tüverlin, she had felt as if she were wasting money on a third person which she owed to a needy creditor. But now the thought of the man among the walled-in trees was no longer an obstacle.

So on the way home from the interview she shook off Pfisterer immediately, evaded her Aunt Ametsrieder, and sought out Jacques Tüverlin. She sought him through the hotel and on the skiing ground. The longer she sought him in vain the more urgent grew her desire to explain to him her relations with Krüger. It had certainly been stupid of her to marry him, but it was a necessary evil which repaid her by greater freedom. She must explain all that to Tüverlin. Where had he tucked himself away? He wasn't on the rink either, nor in the little Café Werdenfels, where he used to read the newspapers. Somebody told her he thought he had seen Herr Tüverlin with another man on the main road which led out of the village. Johanna went right along the main street, meeting acquaintances and getting rid of them, as far as the most outlying part of the village, where she finally sat down in the refreshment-room of the Alpenrose. There, under the design of alpine roses wreathing the green-hatted young fellows and their wide-skirted partners in the country dance, she sat down to a cup of pale milk-chocolate and waited for Jacques Tüverlin.

XXI. THE FUNCTION OF AUTHORS

Meanwhile the said Jacques Tüverlin was walking along the main road about a short hour's distance from the Alpenrose, with Pröckl, the engineer. They were absorbed in argument, paying little attention to the famous winter landscape around them, and sometimes slipping on the smooth, hard surface of the snowy road; Jacques Tüverlin, in baggy trousers which reached to below the knee, leaving his calves free, and in thrice-sewn stout-nailed boots which resisted snow and water; Pröckl, on the other hand, in long tubular trousers and shoes with rubber soles, not very suitable for winter in the mountains. Their voices, Kaspar Pröckl's loud and distinct, Tüverlin's lazy falsetto, echoed through the snowy air, coming to a stop when one of them slipped, but beginning again immediately, for they were very absorbed in their discussion.

Pröckl, the engineer, was imperiously demanding of Tüverlin that he should write propagandist, political, revolutionary literature or nothing. During the most important upheaval in the world, was there any sense in sticking to the stupid, trivial emotional refinements of a decaying society? In making fashionable poetry for spas and winter resorts while the planet was being rent asunder by the class war? Suppose that someone asked him later, "And what did you write during that time?" What could he point to? Complicated erotic trifles like scent that had gone out of fashion, nothing but a passing mode that would be incomprehensible in ten years' time. People hadn't grasped the meaning of the age. While the world was burning they were studying the reactions of domestic pets. The profession of writing, if it was to survive, must sail with the times, or it would simply not survive. Documents of the age, that was what the author should produce. That was his function, the sole justification for his existence.

This was the thesis laid down by Kaspar Pröckl, as he walked on the main road leading south from Garmisch-Partenkirchen in his shabby, sweaty, inappropriate jacket, beside the writer Tüverlin. He became very aggressive, and yelled his demands in Herr Tüverlin's very face, constantly slipping and sometimes springing aside, too, into the banks of dirty snow at the side of the road whenever a sledge overhauled them or met them face to face.

Tüverlin listened carefully, letting him say all he had to say, and twice ignored a pause, in which he could have made a reply. Then he began cautiously to define his position. So the function of an author was to draw up documents of the times, was it, to conserve what was essential and of historical importance in the age? But where were you to get your standards? He himself, for instance, was not so bold as to consider his judgment of what was historically important as a standard one. And, frankly, he thought his companion's judgment was still less so. Was the other so obsessed by his particular conception of history as not even to consider it possible that one could interpret the tendencies of the age from some other standpoint than the sociological? He himself, for instance, considered as of infinitely more importance than the sociological changes of the decade the collision between the old cultures of Asia and the young, barbaric civilizations of Europe, and the new folk-migrations with all their concomitant characteristics, which had resulted from increased transport facilities. He must seriously urge his friend to look at the age for once from the angle of these new folk-migrations and the interpenetration of cultures instead of from his favourite angle of the new sociological order. He must seriously urge him to work from that view, and from that viewpoint only.

All this was said in his falsetto and slightly comical voice, but not without conviction. He wanted to add that as certainly as the other would object to such an idea, so did he object to having the attitude prescribed for him which was to determine his vision. His conception of the world was binding for no one but himself. But for him it was binding. To deny him that right was a piece of presumption. He, for his part, was not so presumptuous as to make his own idea of what was significant in the epoch binding on other people. Pretensions of that kind he left to advocates of violence, to politicians, priests, and fools.

That was what he wanted to add, but he did not get the opportunity. They had already reached the outskirts of the village, where the street was narrow, and a sledge came jingling on them so quickly that he had only just time to spring aside, while Kaspar Pröckl was crowded into a house door on the other side. When they rejoined each other Pröckl could not hold himself in any longer, he found it impossible to go on listening to such obvious nonsense, and had to contradict it on the spot. He wouldn't get much further, he said contemptuously, if he were to follow such friendly advice and look at the world only from such a relative and æstheticized angle of vision. For, with the other's kind permission, it was his business to make motor cars. A fat lot of use it would be to him to construct his cars from the standpoint of the collision of Chinese and Anglo-Saxon cultures. His name, by the the way, was Pröckl, Kaspar Pröckl, employed till recently in the Bavarian Motor Works. He was called Tüverlin, said Tüverlin in his cracked voice. "Really!" said Kaspar Pröckl, in a milder and almost courteous tone, for he knew the name. Well, nobody expected, he went on at once, sharply, either Herr Tüverlin or himself to take up an attitude to the problem of Asia and Europe. From the position in which they were neither Tüverlin nor himself could do anything to promote or hinder its solution. But the other standpoint, the sociological one, could be fruitful for both of them. He, for example, had been inspired by it to invent a motor car for poor people. He could not but think that Tüverlin would also produce lighter, freer, and more sensible work from that Marxian standpoint. The collision of Asia and Europe was a theme for æsthetic tea-parties. The other struggle, the sociological, was going on around them in every place and at every hour; the actual people around them were divided into two classes, which were making war on each other. Civil war was all round them. This civil war was Herr Tüverlin's natural subject-matter, which it would be cowardly to evade. He could not sink himself in the study of Chinese porcelain while all around him machine guns were rattling. "Here is Rhodes; here you must jump!" he insisted. And while a passing driver looked at him with a shake of the head, muttering, "What a fool," he yelled again and again: "Here is Rhodes; here you must jump!"

Tüverlin could have replied at length, saying that he was not of a militant temperament, a characteristic which he shared with, roughly, 400 million Asiatics; that once and for all he was less profoundly interested in sociology than in culture, and that he was not thinking of jumping off there; when he suddenly perceived that Kaspar Pröckl was no longer attending to him, but had distorted his lean face into a terrible mask of fury directed towards an approaching sleigh in which sat a bulky man, wrapped in shapeless furs, who courteously inclined his plump, fur-capped head with the gleaming black moustache, in greeting to the engineer. Pröckl, meanwhile, did not return the courtesy, but kept on glaring at the bulky stranger with the same fixed expression of hatred. When the sleigh was past, he said gruffly to Tüverlin that he must go back. In such abominable weather it would be a rotten journey to Munich, and it was high time he started.

On the way back to the hotel Pröckl indulged in savage, cynical comments on the women in fashionable sports costumes whom they passed. "Sheer is the stroke, and infamous the valley," he quoted, darkly and obscenely, and Tüverlin did not know whether that was a line out of Shakespeare's Sonnets, which the engineer had unaccountably carried with him the day before in an edition de luxe, or out of some other lyric poet whom he admired.

Pröckl brought his car out of the garage. It had been originally of an ugly colour, and was now very filthy, for he had refused to have it washed. He went up to his room for his luggage, which consisted of a comb, a sponge, and a tooth-brush wrapped in newspaper, and the luxurious edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Jacques Tüverlin was waiting for the young engineer, who interested him extremely, to suggest a further meeting in Munich, but Kaspar Pröckl remained sullenly silent, with a brooding look in his eye. He was asking himself why on earth he had come to Garmisch. He had not spoken to Johanna, nor had he made any advance with his line of cheap cars. He was a stupid ass not to have taken that hundred pounds; Anni would rage, and with justice. Taking it all in all, he had come to Garmisch to sing his ballads to Herr von

Reindl. All that he had got was the sack and the Shakespeare Sonnets.

He set about starting the car. In the bitter cold it took some time to get the engine going. Jacques Tüverlin, in his baggy knickers, stood slim and elegant beside the car, giving expert advice on its management; he had often driven along frost-bound roads. At last the engine started. Kaspar Pröckl, as he got under way, said abruptly to Tüverlin, in his sharp, didactic voice, that Buddhism, in any case, was nothing but primitive Marxism without an adequate scientific basis.

Pleased and stimulated by the argument, Tüverlin retraced his steps, bubbling with lively thoughts. As he passed the Alpenrose he saw Johanna Krain inside, and gleefully envisaged the continuance of his interrupted discussion with a more sympathetic partner. He went in, and with his loose-limbed stride stalked up to the tall girl, who was looking radiant in a grey costume, her grey fur jacket flung open, and an illustrated paper in her hands.

Johanna had been waiting for a long time under the alpine roses, among small traders supping whipped cream, turning over again and again the same boring illustrated papers. She was full to the brim of her success with the Crown Prince, and told him enthusiastically about it. He lent half an ear to the tale, saying, "Yes, yes," disparaged the Crown Prince a little, and thought of nothing but his argument with Kaspar Pröckl. The sight of her sitting there, tall, beautiful and radiant, had awakened in him a yearning to pour out to her all the ideas and counter-arguments which that violent, wrong-headed young man had aroused in him. "Can you understand the fellow?" he said. "There he is, a hundred times more alive than all the stunted creatures round him, and keeps boring with his powerful intelligence into the one single point. If a medical professor or a jurist were to ask him to regard the world finally from a medical or a juristic standpoint, then the fellow would probably knock him down. But when an economist asks him the same thing he agrees. He will not realize that a universal philosophy can only arise beyond class limitations. Doesn't it give one a gorgeous feeling of freedom to look from outside at the people who are shut in by the fashionable class theories? Instead of which, this fellow, who apparently isn't driven to it, shuts himself in."

Johanna gulped. "I'm sure it's only a question of time until the Prince really intervenes. I've had two dozen so-called important interviews in this affair already, and got nothing but words out of them. But now at last I'm feeling firm ground under my feet. Can't you understand, Tüverlin, how important that is to me?"

"Do you know," said Tüverlin, toying with his glass of vermouth until the ice tinkled, "if the man weren't gifted I could understand it all. But I can tell that the scamp is gifted. Must the fool hang such a modish convenience as sociology round his neck—I'm not a nervous creature, Johanna, but, do you see, that irritates me. He declined, he said, to sit on the sawed-off stump of bourgeois society. As for me, I said to him, I'm content when a human being, or an event, or an idea increases my sense of life. Then I pass it on. But that he calls bourgeois and easygoing. Such an easy line is not for him, he says. He must first find out whether it's likely to be productive for the future. The ruffian."

Johanna had waited long for Tüverlin, and anticipated the meeting with extreme pleasure. Ever since she had come to Garmisch she had been waiting to speak to Tüverlin about Krüger, about what she had done, not knowing whether it was heroic, perverse, stupid, or honourable. Did he notice nothing? But he was looking at her, he was talking in her very face. Did he not notice that she was offering herself to him? That she was throwing herself at his head, if he would only meet her half-way? Was he such a fool that he noticed nothing?

Yes, he was, because he was a writer. All the counter-arguments with which he had failed to floor Pröckl, either because they had not occurred to him, or because he could not formulate them adequately at the time, or because he had no chance of interposing them, he now concentrated with sharp precision on the deeply mortified Johanna, who sat obstinately silent. He was masterly in his range of expression, and grew visibly more exhilarated and pleased with himself. He then passed on to his own projects. He thought it was quite a good thing that his brother had cheated him so much, for it would compel him to take his profession seriously at last. He told her of all he was doing; of a book, *Marx and Disraeli,* an incisive and probably unfair book. These two men, living in the same world, in the same city, experiencing the same things, he had got them. He had given the historical happenings round them as soberly as possible, and then showed how completely differently the two men had apprehended them. Then he was working on a great play, *The Last Judgment*, for the radio. An unequivocal last judgment examines trifling events from the lives of so-called representative men. There begins an explanation between people of the same epoch who vary, however, according to their development, one being perhaps 30,000 years older than the other. No one of them would lack significance, all would be in the right and sure of it, and yet it would appear that before this last judgment each was perhaps in the wrong after all.

Of this radio play Tüverlin spoke excitedly and quickly, not in the least sceptical and detached, with many violent denunciations of Pröckl, whom he described, all the same, as the only recognizably human being he had met in this centre of fashion. But he had an ungracious listener. Johanna took no interest whatever in these projects, over which at any other time she would have been enthusiastic. She looked at his hairy hands, and found them hideous. She looked at his wrinkled, mobile face, and decided that it was the face of a clown.

She tried to enter into his frame of mind. His life, his work, his profession form quite a separate interest for a man, which he keeps apart from women. As soon as it appears, he puts women aside. That was so, she knew it. And yet she could not help biting her upper lip, and her grey eyes from darkening with anger.

She was vexed with this man, who showed no sympathy for her and her success. She was vexed with herself for caring so much about his sympathy. She was vexed with herself and with him for sitting so close together in such complete isolation from each other.

She caught sight of Herr Hessreiter and Herr Pfaundler coming into the Alpenrose, and with cold irritation, somewhat naïvely, she said, "Excuse me, I don't understand much about these things," and crossed over to Hessreiter. He had heard from Pfisterer about Johanna's successful interview with the Prince; he had been hunting for her through the whole place, and now showered lengthy congratulations upon her. He was very proud because she had deserted Tüverlin, and surrounded her with warmth, good-will, confidence, and all that Tüverlin had withheld. And she forgot the porcelain factory with the gnomes and the toad-stools, and no longer did she feel the sourish odour clinging to Herr Hessreiter.

Tüverlin was bewildered at first by her abrupt departure. Ah yes, she had told him about that blockhead she had been visiting, and apparently he had not paid enough attention to her news. Well, he could certainly have shown a little more interest in her. She was good to look at, and he liked her extremely, everything about her, even her ill-humour, although that was perhaps somewhat naïve. But didn't she leave him like that once before? He smiled and forgot her. He had talked himself into a glow. He was not alone, he was in the middle of his plans.

Herr Pfaundler saw him at work. Herr Pfaundler had been for a long time considering the idea of launching in Munich one of those large revues which were then so popular. At first sight, Munich seemed hardly the right place for it; not sufficiently cosmopolitan; it was scarcely, indeed, a great city. But, on the other hand, it had an old artistic tradition, and was renowned for its taste. It would be the devil of an achievement to make it a centre for the production of super-revues; the idea warmed his heart. He was making a lot of money in the increasing inflation, and for months had been undecided whether to invest it in such a super-revue, or in a Passion film. He made up his mind when he saw Tüverlin. He had a good nose. He saw at once that this was the very man. This cosmopolitan, adroit fellow had enough of the devil in him for that revue; he was sensible, and yet had inspirations. Herr Pfaundler went over to Tüverlin, asked leave to sit beside him, ordered a vermouth, and introduced the subject of the projected revue. Yes, Tüverlin was willing to co-operate with Herr Pfaundler in the troublesome and pleasurable matter of production. He had an idea in hand for a revue, and Pfaundler had the right enterprising spirit. He asked whether he could venture to make the revue political. Herr Pfaundler said cautiously that he could, of course, within reason, in a very general way. The smiling Tüverlin sketched a revue based on a suggestion from Aristophanes. His discussion with Pröckl was still fermenting within him. He proposed to construct the revue round the figure of the native comedian, Balthasar Hierl. Herr Pfaundler agreed rapturously; the three of them, himself, Balthasar Hierl, and the capable Tüverlin, could make a thumping success of a revue that would put Berlin's nose out of joint. Tüverlin thought of something that could be called *Kasperl and the Class War.* That did not satisfy Herr Pfaundler; he was thinking of something that could be called *Well, That's the Limit,* a title which would be justified by the costumes of the ladies in the cast. But he had experience, artists must be handled cautiously; or he suggested a revue with both titles, *Kasperl and the Class War*, or *Well, That's the Limit,* trusting to his stubbornness and persistence to eliminate gradually the Kasperl motive altogether. He ordered a second vermouth, and a third, not for himself. He tried to guide Tüverlin along the lines he wanted. Tüverlin saw through him, and worked Pfaundler's wishes into his own material. He left the Alpenrose arm-in-arm with Pfaundler, resolved now to write the revue.

Johanna, who had meanwhile been unusually open and friendly, to Hessreiter's great joy, looked after them both and became more reticent again.

XXII. THE CHAUFFEUR RATZENBERGER IN PURGATORY

During those winter days, while on the Berlin Exchange the mark fell from 186.75 to 220 for the dollar, the dead Ratzenberger's admission that in the Krüger case he had committed perjury began to have repercussions. It seemed that the dead chauffeur could not find rest, although a splendid tombstone was to be erected on his grave. Several times the unhappy spirit appeared to the widow Crescentia in her dreams. Crescentia Ratzenberger was of peasant stock; she had often heard sermons in which vivid pictures of the purgatorial fires were given, also she had seen representations of purgatory in which sinners were portrayed roasting in the most convincing manner. But it was not in the image of any of these figures—his hair and moustache singed, his fat frizzling, his rosy skin covered with blisters—that the dead Franz Xaver appeared to her. He seemed, rather—which was more uncanny still—to remain immune amidst the flames, but always with the same despairing, outstretched waxen rosy hands. And in a faint, glossy, unnatural voice he whined and lamented that he had committed perjury that time, and must now cleanse himself in fire and brimstone until his false witness was contradicted.

Crescentia lay in anguish, covered with cold sweat. Whom could she consult? Her fourteen-year-old daughter, Kathi, was good-humoured, gentle-minded, fond of merriment; she was enchanted whenever they took her to see the river, she could gaze for hours with an amiably idiotic grin at the Isar, into which her father had once leapt with the cry, "Adieu, my beloved country!" But she was mentally not quite there, she was a little crazy, and by no means capable of appreciating the spiritual conflicts of the widow Crescentia. The lad, too, Ludwig, had no ear for his mother's troubles. He had become an important man; Rupert Kutzner, the leader of the True Germans, who had recently been presented by his increasing party with a car, had appointed the good-looking stalwart lad as his chauffeur. There Ludwig sat at the wheel whenever the grey car, which was known in the whole town, was waiting for Rupert Kutzner. A reflected glory from his great master fell on him; he sat motionless under the glances of the crowd, warmed by a sense of his own and his leader's importance. True, he still shared the flat with his mother, but when she began hesitatingly upon her troubles, he shut her up with harsh words, filled as he was with the mission and the heroic martyrdom of his father, and declared that the machinations of the enemy, the scurvy slanders of the Jews and the Jesuits had turned her head. Her scruples, he told her shortly, were damned nonsense. Her spiritual father told her the same, only being a courteous and cultivated gentleman, instead of the simple term nonsense, he employed the more learned term of hallucination. He told her she was presumptuous in thinking she was more favoured than others, asked her whether she considered herself wiser than himself, and finally declared imperatively that masses were sufficient.

But the spirtual father was mistaken. Masses were not enough. In purgatory the chauffeur Ratzenberger could find no peace. Frightening in his flames, he appeared even oftener, unscathed, a rosy waxen doll, and reiterated the same thing in a glassy, unnatural voice, called his widow, too, a stupid goose, and punched her rudely in the behind out of the very flames of purgatory, as he had also done in life.

And his confession had repercussions. A certain Sölchmaier had been in the habit of frequenting the Goat and Bells, an apprentice compositor in the Gschwendtner printing works, an unruly fellow. The foreman could not stand him, cheated him, mishandled him. Sölchmaier included in his hatred for the foreman the contents of Kutzner's paper, which he helped to set. He regarded it with ever more critical eyes, and when he was eventually sacked, transferred his custom to the Spotted Dog, where the "Red Seven" still held their councils. For the "Red Seven" had been resurrected under a new name, and was growing and flourishing: for in spite of the bloody massacres of 1919 and all the massacres of the Government, the misery caused by the inflation kept filling up the ranks of the Communists. Beni Lechner, electrician in the Bavarian Motor Works, was considered the best man in the "Red Seven," although he did not hold any official position in the party. Young, good-looking, with a strong, tanned face, with a small, neat moustache, he did not shout and threaten at large like the others. Hardly twenty and an Upper Bavarian, he was yet quiet, thoughtful, serious. The shameful business of his being sent to prison for playing the piano in the Spotted Dog had not made him an embittered grouser. In prison, thinking over the affairs of the world and reading much, he had become serious and judicious. If he had got into prison for learning to play the piano, then it was not one or two merely who were to blame: the real cause was the sociological structure of society. To curse and pound the table with your fist did not help. He did not open his mouth often in the Spotted Dog, but others listened when he spoke. Many declared that if anything ever came of the enterprises of the Munich Communists, young Beni Lechner would be the chief cause for it. With doglike fidelity, Sölchmaier attached himself to Beni. He told him, too, of what they were saying in the Goat and Bells about Ratzenberger's perjury. Beni Lechner pricked up his ears. He was a friend of Kaspar Pröckl's, he knew what prison life was, and was glad of a chance to help Martin Krüger, Kaspar Pröckl's friend. He went with Comrade Sölchmaier to see the widow, Crescentia Ratzenberger.

Crescentia, now that the dead Franz Xaver had so managed it that these two appeared before her and confirmed to her face that the perjury had been a perjury, breathed more freely, felt a pious fear of this new wonder, and found strength to take up her burden. Young Lechner did not need to use many words in pointing out to her that in consequence of the chauffeur's sin an innocent man was lying in prison, and that to help the living she must acknowledge the truth, before, amid many lamentations, she admitted that, yes, what the gentleman said was right enough, for to her, too, the blessed Franz Xaver had acknowledged that he had committed perjury. Unfortunately, at this point young Ludwig Ratzenberger arrived before they could get any written statement from the widow Crescentia. There was much shouting and a row, in the course of which Ludwig Ratzenberger bit off a piece of Comrade Sölchmaier's ear.

And the confession of the dead chauffeur Ratzenberger had repercussions. After it had been imparted by the widow Crescentia to Comrades Sölchmaier and Lechner, it reached Kaspar Pröckl. For immediately after conveying Comrade Sölchmaier to the hospital on the other side of the Isar, Beni Lechner informed Pröckl. He and Lechner carried the confession to Dr. Geyer. Dr. Geyer was sceptical. Blinking rapidly, he explained, in his high, unpleasant voice, that it was always a difficult matter to get a re-trial started; in this case, as good as hopeless. According to clause 367 of the regulations, the admission of an appeal for a re-trial was at the discretion of the court, whose judgment was impugned by the appeal. In this case, therefore, by the same Bavarian court which had condemned Krüger. It had to be proved that by swearing to his evidence Ratzenberger had been guilty of a negligent or premeditated infringement of his duty as a witness. Generally the judges only recognized perjury in such a case when it was bolstered up by a conviction of the witness in question. Unfortunately, Ratzenberger had died before that could be done. Did they imagine that Herr Hartl would allow what they had told him, even if they could support it by a written statement from Ratzenberger's widow, to count as a sufficient proof according to the meaning of the law? In any case, some time must pass before the material was assembled, which would make the appeal legally valid. He left to Kaspar Pröckl the question whether Martin and Johanna Krüger should be told at present.

After the row with the two Communists, Ludwig Ratzenberger had left his mother's house for good. The widow Crescentia was left alone with her slightly crazy daughter, consoled by the visits of her deceased husband, who still continued to appear amid his flames, no longer lamenting and whimpering, but showing already the beginnings of a smile. She was not yet at the point of confirming her evidence in writing, but she did not reject the idea, she comforted herself by keeping it in mind.

And the confession of the dead Ratzenberger had repercussions. Kaspar Pröckl went to Odelsberg.

The treatment which Senior Councillor Förtsch, the Governor of Odelsberg, dealt out to Krüger had meanwhile varied from one extreme to the other. Without any reason being adduced, Krüger was granted privileges one day and deprived of them the next. The changing currents of the political situation were responsible for these variations. The Clerical Party in power considered it expedient, for various reasons, to unite with the nationalist parties. Their members, particularly Dr. Flaucher, flirted even with that extreme Popular Party, the True Germans, which was headed by the erstwhile mechanic, Rupert Kutzner, now a political journalist. But since, on the other hand, Rupert Kutzner's followers, who were mostly very young, were inclined to audacity and demanded an ell if they were given an inch, it was considered expedient, by Klenk especially, to give them the cold shoulder again from time to time. Senior Councillor Förtsch watched anxiously to see which way the wind was blowing from the Ministry, and every change in its direction affected Krüger's daily round in prison. He might have told each shade of opinion in the Cabinet from his allowance of food, sleep, fresh air, visitors, and opportunities to write.

After he had been put for a while into the same cell as Leonhard Renkmaier, he was suddenly reduced to solitary confinement again. It was the same cell which he already knew so thoroughly, the same white bucket, the pamphlet on Tuberculosis, the brown stain on the gummed-on appendix about the good conduct system. At the very foot of the wall, in one corner, so small that only a very close examination could reveal it, a convict who had in the meantime occupied the cell had made a minute obscene drawing, and in the other corner had traced a line out of a prayer.

Martin Krüger had plenty of time on his hands, and he carefully examined the crucifix, that stereotyped factory imitation of certain images of the Crucified from the fifteenth century. He contrasted it with the "Crucifixion" of the painter Greiderer, and smiled. Better to have the factory product there than Greiderer's picture. He sat on his stool, and then walked to and fro for half an hour. It was strange that they had given him no work to do; was it a privilege or a punishment? His thoughts flowed slowly and evenly; he was neither rebellious nor discontented.

When his writing material was brought back he was completely happy. He had long outgrown the need for a reproduction of the "Joseph and His Brethren." He had reconstructed the picture in his mind down to the smallest detail, except for the face of one of the brethren, which he remembered as good-humoured, shy, and obstinate as well, yet it remained indistinct. He would have liked to look at the picture, and still more, at its painter; but as it was he was content, and desired no telephone call during the night. He knew that the engineer, Kaspar Pröckl, was doing all that could be done to track the artist. The picture had long been more to him than a work of art. His quietness, his resignation to his fate, were the result of his vivid apprehension of the picture.

It was good to have the chance of writing in these circumstances. No one was waiting for what he wrote, nor was it important to anyone but himself. It was good to write with long intervals for reflection; to write, to score out, to write again, often but one single sentence to show for an arduous day. To retain nothing that was not a living intuition, a living thought. To dismiss the stray fancies that could not pass the barriers of thought. The man sat on his stool in his drab clothing, his hair shorn close, surrounded by still and forceful images, faces and ideas; tramped in the snow within walls beside the six trees; saw the withered, suspicious face of the Governor; listened to the obliging Renkmaier's rapid remarks; ate, and wrote.

Oh, these quiet hours in the cell, when there was nothing but stillness pregnant with ripening thoughts which he could leave to ripen, unharassed, in guileful peace, good for intuitions and images! One simply sat there, relaxed in body and mind, composed and ready.

Into this place Kaspar Pröckl brought disturbance. For what he told of Ratzenberger's confession in hints, being hindered by the warder's presence from open statements, suddenly flung the prison doors wide open, and swept the grey-uniformed man back to the time when he had still been interested in Alonso Cano, an elegant portrait painter of Cadiz in the seventeenth century.

Krüger was shaken to the depths. Hitherto he had regarded with a gentle, distant smile all the attempts to set him free of which Geyer, Pröckl, and Johanna had told him. They had glided off him like water from a duck's back. But this information suddenly tore the cotton-wool asunder in which he had padded himself. All at once life stood again before him, travels, pictures, the sea, the sun, women, success, ballrooms, buildings, theatres, books. Kaspar Pröckl, who had hoped so much from the dull, compulsory chrysalis stage in Krüger's existence, namely, that he would emerge from his former complacent way of living and working into a more essential, hard, and relentless self, wàs horrified at the man's profound and wordless agitation. No, Krüger had not yet come through, or else this purely external chance could not have affected him so radically. Pröckl, who was in any case hampered in his conversation by the presence of the warder, turned the subject to the efforts he had expended in looking for Landholzer's picture, "Joseph and His Brethren." His labours seemed at last to be coming to fruition, he had now discovered a palpable clue. The painter was not called Landholzer; he had hidden his name behind another's. His name was Fritz Eugen Brendel, and he was an engineer. Kaspar Pröckl had unearthed the real Landholzer, who had given as yet no definite answer, but Pröckl knew where to find him and pin him down.

But for this piece of news, Martin Krüger had at the time no clear understanding. He was in the grip of such a profound, suffocating, overmastering agitation that Pröckl wished he had said nothing. Gone was the peace of the last pleasant weeks. He could not sit still, his manuscript left him estranged and indifferent. He walked up and down, taking off his convict jacket and putting it on again. He thought of Johanna Krain, and was unreasonably savage because she was enjoying herself in Garmisch while he was planted there. He had no relish for his food; the taste of the soda which was added to all the dishes to lower the prisoners' erotic appetites disgusted him. A strong physical desire for Johanna overwhelmed him, he could see her body and feel the caress of her firm, coarse-grained, childish hands. He bit into his arm; his body disgusted him, its neglected state, its stench. He regained his former aggressive look. Then he was grotesquely transformed again into the flabby mask of a helpless old man. He began a letter to Johanna, an extraordinary blend of lust, bitterness, tenderness, and scolding. He crouched on the floor and chewed his fingernails, cursing the chauffeur, Ratzenberger, and the engineer, Pröckl. That was the most wretched day of his imprisonment. He tore up the letter to Johanna Krain; the Governor would never have let it pass. He reckoned up how long he would still have to wait. It would be still many months, many, many weeks, an endless row of days. He did not sleep during that night, but kept composing his letter to Johanna.

On the next day he worked for several hours at the few lines of that letter, to make them such as the Governor would pass. The Governor was delighted when he read the unusual letter; his rabbit face twitched rapidly. He read it several times, noting single passages with which he could amuse the notabilities at the club table in the neighbouring town which he patronized twice a week, then he censored the letter as unsuitable, and put it among the other papers.

XXIII. THE NIGHT BIRDS

Fashionable and cosmopolitan as he wished the Powder Puff to be, on certain days Herr Pfaundler laid particular importance on a good Bavarian tone. Just as alone in Munich could one get good beer—it had something to do with the excellence of the air and the water—so alone in Munich—it had to do with the excellence of the people—could one have festivals without exaggeration or affectation, have the right atmosphere, real merriment. So Herr Pfaundler had a proper, unassuming, free and easy Munich studio dance every now and then. The costume prescribed was changed each time, but not made compulsory, so that nobody was compelled and all were allowed to wear what they pleased.

These little balls became fashionable. The foreigners collaborated enthusiastically. For the decorations Herr Pfaundler enlisted the services of Greiderer and the designer of the "Bull Fighting" series, who carried out their task with assiduity and taste. Herr Pfaundler was not stinting; these balls were near to his heart. Simply for them he sent to Munich for artists and craftsmen and suchlike people, young, mostly, who could be jolly. He brought them to Garmisch at his own expense, and charged them nothing.

This time the watchword for the ball was "The Night Birds." An ingenious idea. For what did it not include? Whoever pleased might simply come in pyjamas, a favourite custom at balls in these years.

Sakrament, what had not these artist chaps made out of the Powder Puff! Where had the eighteenth century atmosphere gone, the elegant tiles, the whole fashionable façade? Tonight, under an artificially starry sky, with red and green lanterns, there appeared an astrological observatory, a witches' dance theatre, dim and fear-inspiring, with wild devils and buxom witches of a naïve obscenity, a purgatory with flames, generously embellished with fluttering red and yellow paper serpents. Then there was Hades with the river Styx, and a mechanically rocking boat on it. (Ferry across for natives, 20 marks; for foreigners, 10 cents.) "The Private Circle" had been transformed into a moonlit landscape, superb, grotesque, romantic, adorned by trenchant Bavarian maxims. But if one wished to recuperate quietly and comfortably from all these horrors, one only needed to go to the beer cellar, which the painter, Greiderer, had arranged with particular loving kindness. Tapestries with the pale blue rhomboids of the Bavarian arms made it a homely tent. There was a great deal of green, everywhere fluttered little flags and streamers. The heart was lifted by merry drawings on the walls and optimistic inscriptions.

The Powder Puff was packed full an hour after the opening time. It was not an unimpressive picture. That faint admixture of corruption which Herr Pfaundler liked to introduce for the sophisticated was not lacking.

For instance, the black dress, fastened up to the neck and trailing to the floor, which was moulded round the slender, submissive body of Insarova, could not have seemed objectionable to the most prudish observer, and yet its effect was such that even the beady eyes in Herr Pfaundler's bulging head kindled with lust and appreciation, although he was beginning to know his dancer and all her tricks. The two young fellows, too, the airy von Dellmaier and his friend, who were got up as ladies of doubtful reputation, wore their costumes in a way which was highly effective just because of its vulgar discretion.

Yet, although all was as Herr Pfaundler wanted it, he was obviously nervous, and rude even to Herr Druckseis, his great favourite. This Herr Druckseis was an inventor of noise-producing instruments and other mirth-making devices. He had launched some epoch-making novelties of this kind, a roll of toilet paper, for instance, which played popular tunes whenever a sheet was torn off, such as "Be ever frank and true" and "The Mill Wheel." Herr Pfaundler could not imagine a festival of any pretensions to serious consideration succeeding without the help of Herr Druckseis, and he had commissioned him to create for the ball of the Night Birds some specially ingenious apparatus for producing unexpected melodies. And yet when the deserving inventor asked him a harmless necessary question, he snubbed him brutally.

What vexed Pfaundler, although so many people of rank and fame were present, was the absence of one particular man. He had gone so far as to write personally to the man, by hand, even although writing was a labour to him, telling him how much store he set on the honour of his presence among the guests, but Herr von Reindl had not come; he had come the last time, and tonight he did not come either. This vexed Herr Pfaundler. He rounded vhemently on the dumbfounded Druckseis, and grumbled aloud that that lackadaisical fellow, Hessreiter, had not turned up yet, nor his fat friend, Frau von Radolny. But she was a lazy hussy who could sit on her beam-end her whole life long, and was always the most unpunctual of women.

When the two of them appeared very late, however, it turned out that they had the best of excuses for their delay. They had hoped, it seemed, to bring with them the Crown Prince Maximilian. But the Prince had been suddenly called away. Because of the political situation, explained Herr Hessreiter, obscurely, at length. Herr Pfaundler gathered that the leaders of the Left Party had decided in a secret session to introduce a popular decree for the expropriation of the wealth belonging to the former reigning house. At any rate, after a long conversation on the telephone with Count Rothenkamp and Dr. Bichler, the Prince had considered it necessary to leave for Munich at once.

Herr Pfaundler had conducted Herr Hessreiter and his friend to their table. He glanced at Frau von Radolny. Wouldn't she be directly affected by this decree? Hadn't she been ceded a large income from the properties in dispute? Her demeanour, however, betrayed nothing. She sat there, regally, surrounded by respect and appreciation, a magnificent figure with her full face under its copper hair and her handsome bare arms, in black, glittering with gems and enormous barbaric ornaments. For the evening she was an Eastern Goddess of Night. She acknowledged with her usual lazy friendliness the numerous greetings she received, joined in conversation, and gazed with interest at the merry and noisy throng.

But inwardly she was full of panic. Expropriation! She had survived the revolution with composure, filled with secret contempt for the simple rebels who were satisfied with the changing of labels that left the real power untouched, ignorant cattle that they were. And now, after such a long time, it had suddenly occurred to them. Was it possible? Could such a thing happen? Seriously to consider the abolition of wealth, the sacredness of property, in Germany and in Bavaria, even to entertain such an idea, so that the Crown Prince was actually compelled to go away, that was sheer shamelessness; it was beyond belief. Her body sat there in regal state, answering respectful salutations and making indolent jests, but her spirit felt hollow and helpless. Had people begun to suspect something? Were they beginning to throw her over already? She knew her world. It drew away from unsuccessful people; she thought that quite natural.

She looked at Herr Hessreiter sitting beside her. He was all in black, black satin kneebreeches, long black stockings, a black waistcoat fastening up to his throat, with an enormous pearl pin. He declared simply that he was "Night." He was endeavouring to represent a character from the tales of E. T. A. Hoffmann, a German writer of a hundred years before, whom he prized highly. He looked like a somewhat rotundly distinguished ghost. He could not conceal his nervousness. But she knew him, and she knew that his nervousness was not caused by the shameless political designs of these blockheads. He was merely looking for somebody whom he had not yet espied. She was usually a tranquil person. She did not grudge him his amusements. But tonight she was vexed with him; it was mean of him to be unaffected by the threat of expropriation, and yet to be nervous because of Johanna Krain. She sat there composedly, as resplendent as an idol, and thoughtfully, while people watched her all round, resettled a jewelled ornament in her copper hair, and turned her beautiful face, with its strong mouth and nose, towards Dr. Pfisterer. Pfisterer had got himself up in primitive fashion by throwing a Venetian cloak over a rather old-fashioned dress-suit, and it was pathetic to see him trying to accustom his awkward limbs to this ceremonial costume instead of his usual sports jacket and crackling leather breeches. "Have you seen Frau Johanna Krain at all?" she asked him. "Do you know if she is coming tonight?" Everybody was amazed. Her friendship with Johanna was well known, and if anybody in that circle knew anything of Johanna's intended movements, it was Frau von Radolny. Herr Hessreiter knew, besides, that she had discussed with Johanna her costume for the ball. So what did this spiteful question mean?

Pfisterer was too astonished to reply, and gazed at her blankly. "But you are a very close friend of Frau Krüger's, aren't you?" continued Frau von Radolny, in her rich voice, unmoved. "Aren't *you* a friend of hers?" said Pfisterer at last, a little stupidly. "I think we all are," he added, looking round aggressively. Katharina, with the same quiet smile, remarked that she had read another article in an American journal abusing Johanna roundly for amusing herself in a fashionable resort while her husband was languishing in prison, and she only thought (she went on peaceably) that it was perhaps conceivable that Johanna had stayed away for some such reason.

Herr Hessreiter's uneasiness increased. What was Katharina after? This dialogue with the honest and guileless Pfisterer could only have been intended to show them all that she was cooling towards Johanna. Apparently the wretched "political situation" was responsible. But in any case, if Katharina had a reason for discontinuing her efforts on Johanna's behalf, why did she draw attention to it so pointedly, in such a capricious and tactless manner? That wasn't her usual method. Did she do it to annoy him? He took a long drink. Then, without looking at her, he said somewhat pompously: "You forget, Katharina, that Frau Krüger expressly told you she was coming. I shall look to see if she is here," he added, his veiled eyes on Katharina, his voice a little hoarse; and with some difficulty he got up and went.

No, Johanna was obviously not in the main hall with the starry sky and the countless red and green moons. Herr Hessreiter peeped into numerous boxes and confidential corners, and wound his way slowly among the dancers in his black costume of the night, with his ivory stick, looking ponderously elegant, a rotund, distinguished ghost, preoccupied and out of humour, seriously offended with Katharina for the first time in their long years of association. He had never seen her betray such deliberate and consciously directed malice. He longed for Johanna; he had the feeling that he had to make amends to her for something.

Absently he acknowledged various greetings and jokes at the expense of his costume, and exchanged perfunctory handshakes with his usual conventional amiability, seeking, seeking the whole time. He searched in the witch dance theatre, and in purgatory. In Hades someone slapped him on the shoulder, a somewhat clod-hoppish gentleman, half naked, adorned with flowers and crowned with a fantastic garland, holding rude Pan's pipes to his lips and a besom-shank with a fir cone atop in his hand, surrounded by a ring of common-looking and very naked girls. "Servus," said the figure. It was Greiderer, the painter. He alleged that he was Orpheus, Orpheus in the underworld, and the suburban beauties around him, his "Haserln," had turned into nympths for the evening. He averred that he was enjoying himself enormously. He blew a few bars on his pipes, and emphasized his Dionysiac frenzy by smacking his nymphs on the bottom with the besom-shank masquerading as a thyrsus.

The excitement of this festival was a god-send to Greiderer, who was looking for some distraction to dull the edge of his sorrows. He was finding it very difficult to maintain the grand Renaissance life suitable to an artist, and already his aged mother's companion and chauffeur were not getting their wages regularly. He had bit by bit sold off all his earlier pictures, and had nothing left but odds and ends, stray sketches, or pictures that hadn't succeeded, things that were more difficult to sell; besides, the market was falling off. And he had few new ideas. His fast living did not agree with him. Many a time his sly, wrinkled peasant face looked thoroughly exhausted. He was a fatalist. He had had bad luck and good luck; and if he was in for bad luck again, he would have another run of good luck later on. That the success of his work depended in any way on its quality he did not believe. At any rate, he was all right so far. Why not make the most of it?

Professor von Osternacher came up with great condescension, stately and decorative in the costume of a Spanish grandee. It was a triumph for him to see the degeneration of Greiderer, so highly praised by that Krüger who had called *him* a mere decorator. They sat down together, the half-naked Bavarian Orpheus, with his robust nymphs, and the magisterial Bavarian grandee in black satin. The grandee took one of the nymphs on his knee, and poured her out some champagne, inquiring meanwhile about his colleague's plans. Greiderer complained about the market. Farmyards and crucifixions were most in demand. But he was thinking of doing something quite new. He was thinking of painting some character out of the rustic theatre, an apostle from Oberfernbach, for instance. Something of that kind combining peasant interest and Biblical sentiment would be a farmyard and a crucifixion in one. Didn't the Professor think that that would do? Professor Balthasar von Osternacher slowly put the nymph off his knee, and said nothing. Of course Greiderer might bring it off; it might give him new inspiration, so far as he knew the man. Herr von Osternacher gave a gulp, hemmed and hawed, took a drink, and thought it over. Then he said dreamily, "Ah yes, the theatre. We Bavarians have always preferred comedy." He thought of the possibilities in front of a great realist who should paint a genuine country actor in one of his clumsy high flights, earnestly and mawkishly aping the sublime. He carefully wiped his satin cloak, which his drunken colleague had beslobbered.

Herr Hessreiter, meantime, was searching among the crowds of disguised and undisguised merchants, adventurers, rich ladies, and prostitutes on the grand and on the small scale, among the red-coated musicians, the waiters, the dancing partners, who were having a gala night, among the instruments of Druckseis, the inventor, among discreet flirtations, noisy Bavarian heartiness, and saucy badinage, among paper snakes, toy squeakers, and tinsel of every kind, among tickled little shrieks from ladies, and hysterical and vulgar yawps of mirth, through the whole fantastic chaos of the Powder Puff.

When at last he did find Johanna he felt a stab. She was sitting in the small gaming-saloon, where once he had given her a share of his stake and winnings, and which tonight masqueraded as a grotesque wilderness under the moon. There in a corner, in a particularly intimate nook, under an inscription, "The earth will fly to pieces soon, but Bavarian peace is on the moon," Johanna was sitting, and with two young fellows, one of whom Herr Hessreiter knew. It was the fatuous von Dellmaier, who had been his fellow-juryman, the insurance agent, who was mixed up as well with various other small and shady enterprises. The other fellow resembled him, but perhaps eight years or so younger, very young, with the same provocative and cynical manner, the same false and impudent man-of-the-world tone, the same watery eyes. That is to say, the eyes were really not the same. They had a trick of collecting themselves suddenly, and concentrating in a keen gaze. Where had Herr Hessreiter seen eyes like those before?

But how could Johanna bring herself to sit beside these two? How could she laugh and chatter with them so absorbedly, and meet half-way the inane bleating and cosmopolitan pretension of these fools? A girl like her? Herr Hessreiter stared hungrily and as sentimentally as a boy at her broad, open face, which was so completely without disguise, and on which every passing emotion could be read. She was a fellow-creature who held strongly and fanatically to her cause, but without hysteria. A native of Munich, a country-woman of whom one could be proud. Unflinching, with a natural good breeding and an unfeignedly hot temper that was no mere superficial emotion, but an enduring passion. These thick eyebrows that were yet so finely pencilled on her broad brow. Her firm, large-grained, childish hands. Her long, resolute grey eyes. She had not troubled beforehand to think out a conspicuous costume. Her well-proportioned figure, rounded, but not fat, and her warm skin, sufficiently set off her simple black dress. Herr Hessreiter felt a wild desire to press her hand and let her clear eyes look into his veiled ones. But his dislike of her companions restrained him. He decided to walk past their table. If she seemed pleased to see him he would join them.

She contented herself with a friendly but indifferent nod. He passed on in great vexation.

Johanna Krain was indeed happy in the company of her airy young friends. They were merry and light-hearted youths; their conversation skated gaily hither and thither over the surface. In other circumstances she might not have been amused by the daring barmaid costumes of the two ambiguous creatures, but tonight she was in the mood for any and every piece of frivolity. It was good to stand alone; but sometime, when one was overwhelmed, for instance, by such a mass of filthy newspaper gossip, it was none the less pleasant to be with people one could talk to without heeding one's words. It was the "Ball of the Night Birds"; was she to have scruples about her associates? She drank and listened to the satisfying chatter of the two youngsters, who kept their arms round each other, their boyish faces slightly made up in a most lewd manner. It was easy to tell what they were from their conversation; they had become friends in the trenches; the "Inseparables," people called them, or "Castor and Pollux." They had seen through the fraud of the War, and from sheer boredom they had performed heroic deeds. They had got rid of their belief in everything: Bismarck, God, the black, white, and red of their country's flag, Lenin, national claims, youth movements, expressionism, and the class war, all one and the same fraud. Eating, drinking, whoring, a look in at a night club, a look in at a film, furious speeding in a car, a well-cut dinner-jacket, upsetting respectable men, a new dance, a new song, and their friendship for each other; that was life. Anything else was only a scare-heading. In spite of the eight years difference between their ages, they looked very like each other, both long and weedy, pale and watery, without definite form; they both had sharply pointed faces and neat little rat-like teeth. Georg von Dellmaier had a high, piping laugh, Erich Bornhaak a sudden keenness of eye, but that was the only difference between them. They talked without stopping, pouring out small, shameless anecdotes, changing themselves, their whole circle, the city of Munich, the Empire, the War, and the world into an ant-hill of sheer fatuity, inane lust, and completely meaningless activity. They betrayed each other three times a minute, and were ready to die for each other. They kept their arms grotesquely entwined around each other in their barmaid dresses. It was inconceivable that they should live without each other. They interrupted each other, taking the words from each other's mouth. Johanna, tall and beautiful, sat beside them with hardly a sign of disapproval, and in great amusement.

Suddenly the young fellows began to talk about the Krüger case, with a kind of cold, base, benevolent familiarity. Johanna got a shock. It was beastly to have these creatures pawing over her affairs, but she did not go away. Her unflinching faith stood face to face with the smiling, stripped, indifferent corruption of this younger generation. How could people be so young and so unbelieving? Nothing could grow in that shallow, tenacious cynicism; nothing could be built on it, neither an emotion, nor an idea. Since it was Dr. Geyer who was conducting her case, said Erich Bornhaak, examining the tinted, well-manicured nails on his transparent hand, it was a dead certainty from the beginning that nothing would come of it. "Do you know," he said suddenly, darting a sharp glance at Johanna, "that Dr. Geyer is supposed to be my father?" Johanna stared into the boy's eyes with such an expression of amazement that Herr von Dellmaier exploded into a fit of his thin, piping laughter. Anyhow, went on Erich's light, mocking voice, Dr. Geyer had paid some money for his education. He himself didn't believe that Dr. Geyer was his father; he had good reasons for not believing it at all.

But now she had had enough. She needed some fresh air. She wanted no more shocks, she wanted to escape from this silly moon landscape, she wanted to talk to Jacques Tüverlin.

Meanwhile Tüverlin and Herr Pfaundler had run up against each other. Herr Pfaundler, full of his success as the conquering organizer of these balls, was trying to win over Tüverlin to his conception of the revue, and to eliminate what had been radical and political. A naïve and spectacular Passion film with a cunning eye on America wouldn't have been a bad speculation; but now he had decided in his mind on a Munich revue. He had his own ideas. *Kasperl and the Class War* was nonsense, of course. But *Well, That's the Limit,* on the other hand, was a jolly idea, a Munich idea; in it you could hear the rippling of the green Isar, you could savour the taste of beer and liver sausage. On that basis you could build a super-revue. Also, if one applied the motto of the revue to the costumes, one could bring in inadvertently an agreeable voluptuousness. "Build, brew, booze," Munich's old saw would give the revue its bang.

So he talked paternally but firmly to Tüverlin. Tüverlin hated dressing up, and had donned a convential dinner-jacket and stiff collar. Herr Pfaundler, on the other hand, was a marvellous figure, with a paper crown perched on his crafty, bulging head. He had been drinking strong beer, although he was a connoisseur of noble wines, and his small beady eyes were glinting. Insarova, submissive and seductive in the clinging elegance of her tight, trailing frock, sat beside him, with a strange lack of animation, as if she were frozen.

Pfaundler tapped Tüverlin on the shoulder. He talked to him kindly, as if he were a spoilt child. Tüverlin must throw over his political nonsense and write a respectable revue. If anybody had the stuff, he had. He, Pfaundler, felt that, he had a flair. The artist must stand well above the squabbles of party politics; that was a good old saying. "Get down to it, my lad," he exhorted. "Well above the squabbles of party politics. Go to it!" Insarova's slanting eyes lingered on Tüverlin's bare and wrinkled face, then she edged away from Herr Pfaundler. Tüverlin replied that he wasn't very much interested in politics; all he wanted to do was to utilize the opportunity of providing a real, fruitful, enterprising setting for a comedian of Balthasar Hierl's rank, of planting him, that was, in the middle of the class war. Here he thought there was a rich source of legitimate humour. Herr Pfaundler remained sceptical. As an adjunct Balthasar Hierl was unbeatable. But one mustn't only have pepper, one must have sausage as well. The main course of any revue, even of a Munich super-revue, the real rock bottom, was naked girls.

The dance music for the Française broke into Herr Pfaundler's æsthetics. Tüverlin interrupted the discussion, and got up to dance with Insarova.

The Française was a country dance long out of fashion in the rest of Germany, but still popular in Bavaria, where it suited the temperament of the people and was considered the culminating attraction of all the balls. The dancers faced each other in long rows, and advanced towards each other, taking hands. Then they bowed, clasped each other close, and whirled madly round and round. The men braced their arms and lifted the women high off the ground, yelling loudly. They whirled their own partners, and then their neighbours' partners, shouting the directions of the complicated figures. They sweated and yelled with gleaming eyes. They revolved in giddy circles, supporting the women on their locked arms, the women's arms around their necks. They kissed and squeezed their partners, and then flung champagne down their throats, carried away by the torrent of sound from an enormous orchestra.

Not one of the Bavarians was absent from this dance; even Herr Pfaundler joined in, his paper crown askew on his head and the chain rattling on his chest. But the beady eyes were clear and watchful that he fixed on Tüverlin and Insarova, who looked a little lost and helpless in this unfamiliar dance. Elegant and powerful, the painter, Balthasar von Osternacher, whirled his partner round, the tennis champion, Fancy de Lucca. Many eyes followed the celebrated couple. In the arms of the Spanish grandee, in his black silk, she looked twice as subtle, daring, and decadent. She was dressed as an orchid, one that bloomed only at night, she affirmed in the face of general contradiction; and as she uttered small shrieks of anxiety or of pleasure her hawk-nosed face above the damask dress radiated shameless pride and gaiety. Herr Hessreiter was dancing the Française with Frau von Radolny, somewhat mechanically and pompously, neither of them saying much. Many strangers, too, had joined the dance, trying to follow its complicated figures, swinging their ladies high awkwardly, but with enthusiasm. Erich Bornhaak and his friend, von Dellmaier, danced grotesquely in their barmaid costumes, with blasé smiles on their faces. Dr. Hartl, the ambitious judge, prominent in the Krüger case, was dancing too. He was a wealthy man, with a villa at Garmisch, where he spent his week-ends. During this time of inflation, which meant distress for the civil service officials, with their fixed salaries, it was his habit to invite some of his colleagues down for the week-ends, and tonight he had brought his three guests with him to the ball. All the four high judges were dancing the Française, for it was a worthy dance sanctified since the good days of the Monarchy. Dr. Prantl, the Chief Justice, remarked with every bow that he had to make: "The day for work, the night for play." Whereupon his partner replied: "After work, a holiday." Dr. Hartl told his partner, during the dance, that in these times of laxity one must be mild but firm. The four of them had given sentences amounting to 2358 years of imprisonment in the course of the last year.

The music rose to fortissimo. Yells of exultation from the "Night Birds." Champagne flowing freely, for the waiters at the deserted tables emptied the last drops from each ice pail to increase the reckoning. Heat, fading flowers. The reek of food, of sweating men, of warm feminine flesh, of melting cosmetics. Wildly slaving musicians. Druckseis, the inventor, set his instruments a-going in every hole and corner. Alone at a table, with a nymph on his knee, soaking himself drunk, babbling with a grin to himself and marking time with his foot, sat the vine-wreathed Orpheus Greiderer.

Suddenly Tüverlin caught sight of Johanna, who was dancing with Pfisterer immediately opposite. He did not conceal his pleasure. Since that night in the Alpenrose he had not had a chance to see Johanna. He had not comprehended in the very least what he had done to offend her. He hadn't shown much interest in her trumpery interview with the Crown Prince, which she had so unconscionably exaggerated, but then he was fresh from an interesting discussion, and wanted to continue it with her. That was no adequate reason for being sniffy. He had tried to argue her into reason, but Johanna, usually so fair-minded, had fobbed him off with idiotic remarks, and refused to carry on any half-sensible conversation. He had shrugged his shoulders, saying to himself, "Well, if she won't, she won't," for his mind was full of that argument with Pröckl, his literary projects, the revue for Pfaundler, and his financial entanglements as well; his brother's intrigues were threatening to deprive him of the whole of his inheritance from his father. His life was full.

Now, when he saw her opposite him in the Française, and in obedience to the rules of the dance put his arm about her and felt the contact of her body, he felt how much he had been missing her. He would clear up the wretched misunderstanding and get back to where they had been before. Was he to play the gentleman? Could he be accused of deferring to dignity and convention? No; he wasn't going to pay any attention, however haughtily she snubbed him or knitted her brows at him. He completely ignored his Russian partner, and prolonged every turn the dance gave him with Johanna far beyond measure.

The dance went on. It had now progressed to the last stage, where the music grew softer for a moment while the dancers linked arms in a chain before advancing on each other triumphantly to the swelling forte of the final march. The forte blared out. The grandee, Osternacher, in his black silk, had regained his youth. During the whole of this final figure he held his partner, Fancy de Lucca, the deep-red orchid, high in the air, and whirled her, kicking, laughing, screaming, and breathless, around his head, till his swollen veins stood out. A prolonged, continuous yell of joy filled the ballroom. Johanna ceased to resist Tüverlin. With joy she felt fading away that sense of waiting, which she had always felt in thinking of Tüverlin. All evening, really ever since that interview with Prince Maximilian, she had been waiting for him. She allowed him simply to desert his own partner at the end of the dance and go off with her into one of the many cosy corners.

She was excited by the dance, the heat, the jollity, the men, and particularly by the man at her side. She was not thinking at all of Krüger, neither of his engaging high spirits of four years ago, nor of his present drab personality behind prison bars. She gazed at Jacques Tüverlin, at his precocious, wrinkled face, with the prominent upper jaw, and at his powerful, hairy, freckled hands, while he sat in lean elegance beside her, relaxed and yet eager, desiring her extremely. His bare, quizzical, ridiculously boyish face strove to put on a look of devotion and to banish its mockery; he was very near to her, and she knew that she would soon be able to open her heart to him.

At this juncture the two airy youngsters drifted past with an easy grin.

And suddenly, without any reason, all the old thoughts which had been infinitely removed from her a second ago rushed back upon her: the newspaper gossip, and her hopeless, endless struggle for Martin Krüger, now her husband. It was almost physically beside her at the table. The thread of connexion with Tüverlin was snapped so suddenly that even he saw it with a start, although he was not a keen observer of such reactions.

While she would really have loved to go away with Jacques Tüverlin, anywhere, away from Garmisch, whether in a great city or a village lost in the snow, into his room, into his bed, she said spiteful things to him now, with the sole object of wounding him. Without wishing to, but she could not help it. These thoughts present with her at the table would not permit anything else.

Tüverlin had spoken of his dispute with his brother about the property. Wasn't there something comic about a man like him, who brought out such sharp and critical remarks about everything you could think of, about the organization of industry, about the organization of States? Wasn't there something comic, she said, in the fact that he was such a wretched failure in organizing his own affairs? Wasn't there something comic when a man who prided himself on his sound common sense lamented the loss of his money when it was too late? She went on. She had the feeling that her other thoughts, for instance, of Krüger, that the memories sitting beside her at the table, fled while she spitefully reviled Tüverlin. "A little earlier," she said, "when a quarter of an hour's attention could have saved you thousands, you wouldn't attend to your money. You talk about other people's incapacity. But what about yourself? Unless your attitude was pure snobbery and affectation and a lie, wasn't it more unintelligent by far than that of the others? They're in difficulties. They have to sit and see their wealth melting away through the depreciation of their money, while you, with your currency, were better off than anybody else, and have been a stupider fool than anybody else. Other people can manage the country, and you can't even manage your own brother. You're a highbrow, Tüverlin, a snob, a conceited prig; and any chauffeur is able to deal with practical things better than you are."

Herr Tüverlin heard it all through. He made amiable, mildly derisive, tentative excuses. He desired her extremely; he felt he wanted to beat her; he got horribly annoyed with her. She herself suffered from her own silly malice, but she could not stop. She went from bad to worse. She began to gird at him for hesitating to order another bottle of champagne when the waiter asked him. Now, he was not at all a stingy person; and what she said was quite beside the mark. He felt, too, that it was not what she really thought. But he took her up literally, and with an air of composure. Pointed out that neither of them would have had the slightest pleasure in a fresh supply, and that he wasn't the kind of man to order champagne at three times its proper price just because he was afraid of the waiter. Even though she felt ashamed of herself, she would not give in. His replies, too, began to get sharper. They mustered their forces, and tried to wound each other in their weakest points. So they came at last to the Krüger case. It turned out that he knew very well how matters stood, and, of course, that she had married Krüger. He held her marriage up to derision as a sentimental gesture. He flung back at her things which she had told him, and him only, in confidence. "Don't make any pretence about it, Johanna Krain," he said, "the martyred Krüger has long ago become a nuisance to you, a casual stranger, and you don't even dare to analyse his handwriting for fear of having to acknowledge that yourself." Without waiting for her answer, he called the waiter, ordered another bottle of champagne, said that he had urgent business with Herr Pfaundler, paid, got up, and left her alone with the wine.

Meanwhile, Dr. Pfisterer was wandering in gloomy preoccupation round the rooms. That interview with the Crown Prince had shored up afresh his tottering faith in his own kindly folk. But now the Crown Prince had gone away. Such a noble, steadfast man, and yet, when one looked closely into it, he had not kept his royal promise. He had given Johanna nothing but words, like all the rest of them. Injustice was done, and everybody tolerated it, covered it up, and kept it dark. The stocky man strayed through the rooms; his heavy greying head was sunk in dejection, his dress-coat looked odd on his clumsy body, and his Venetian cloak floated grotesquely behind him. His plump, little, bustling wife flitted round him anxiously. He was short of breath, and was not enjoying the ball: but he did not want to go home. There his fresh young heroines and heroes, his Zenzis, Sepps, and Vronis, were waiting for him to round them off. They would be done, of course, for he had the knack; but they gave him no pleasure.

He drifted finally to the table of the Orpheus Greiderer in the beer cellar. He hiccuped joyously, and hailed Pfisterer as the Bavarian head-purveyor-of-cheerfulness. He pointed out the pale blue lozenge pattern on the walls. "Pale blue is Bavarian," he declared impressively, portentously. Both men enveloped each other in a haze of mutual admiration. Then Greiderer remarked in confidence to his neighbour what a bore it was to produce their stuff. Herr Pfisterer nodded reflectively in agreement, but his very agreement irritated Greiderer. He suddenly changed his tune, and became quarrelsome. His complacent little eyes glinted maliciously in his seamed peasant face. He lowered his harsh voice insidiously, and said: "You see, my friend, there are two kinds of effects; there are broad effects and deep effects." He kept on repeating this obstinately, smacking the distracted Pfisterer on the thigh, and making him still more bewildered.

But Greiderer proceeded to the lavatory. Swaying unsteadily, he stood there, his Orpheus costume dishevelled. Clutching firmly his broomstick with the pine cone, he vomited. In the intervals he persistently addressed Dr. Hartl. He knew it, the big-wigs had never been able to stand him, Greiderer. But now he had won success, and now they should be more chummy. The Judge was a gay dog, he must have some "champ" now with him, Greiderer, and the girls. Hartl listened, a little misty himself, smiling with a faint, melancholy philosophy at the depravity of these republican times.

Johanna turned pale when Tüverlin went away, and sucked in her upper lip. That wasn't what she had wanted. She had been looking forward to this evening solely because it would give her a chance of setting matters right with Tüverlin. And now, through her own unbounded silliness, she had alienated him completely. And he had been quite right. She hated herself for behaving like an unspeakable fool, and she hated him for being in the right. What about her own money affairs? They were in a much worse mess than his.

As she sat there, overwhelmed by rage, shame, and regret, a black, distinguished, slightly plump ghost glided up: Herr Hessreiter. He had made a mistake that time in showing her round his factory. He saw that now, the fault had been his. Now she was sitting there, dejected, obviously needing comfort. It was a good opportunity to set right his mistake. Warmth rose in his heart when he saw her sitting there.

He realized with delight that his feeling for Johanna was more than mere desire, which relapsed into indifference once it was sated. He was no longer young, and a life of continual satiety had cooled his emotions till they were so habitually lukewarm that they had ceased to hope for any other condition. He sat down beside her and paid her court, and his heart expanded. And after the sharp and bitter remarks of Tüverlin, she was only too inclined to be pleased by his garrulous solicitude. He could be very charming, with fine taste, and he could also be merry with a kind of old-fashioned buffoonery.

He was deeply annoyed with Katharina on account of her incomprehensible cattishness towards Johanna. He divined an estrangement, an opposition stronger than any that had happened before in the long years of their association. He managed to steer Johanna so that they passed quite near her, when they were deep in obviously confidential conversation, with his arm devotedly and conspicuously round Johanna's waist. Katharina did not fail to observe them. She remarked, too, that Hessreiter's devotion to the girl was not merely an affair of the evening; and her smile deepened as she sat there throned in state like an idol; it was a bitter, and almost a satisfied smile. So Paul, too, was deserting her. He too, unconsciously, of course, but following the natural instinct which deserted sinking ships, was leaving her now that her income was in danger.

Fancy de Lucca and Pfisterer ioined Hessreiter and Johanna. Fancy de Lucca was pleased and satisfied. Her orchid dress had had the desired effect. She was so absorbed by sport, training, and the innumerable demands of her status as a champion that she had little leisure for the cultivation of her femininity. But tonight she had enjoyed the discovery that if she wished she could score as a woman. In her flower character she had a stimulating and vaguely sensuous appeal. To go further would be perilous, she could not risk it.

They withdrew to the moon landscape, into one of Pfaundler's cosy corners, the same one in which Johanna had been sitting with the two youngsters. Pfisterer, heavy of heart because he had been jolted out of his groove, but exceptionally tender in his attentions to Johanna; the pleased and satisfied tennis player; Johanna herself slowly finding ease in Hessreiter's company, and Hessreiter, elated by Johanna's kindness, made up a still group of their own among the increasing frenzy of the "Night Birds." They said very little, but were content to have found each other.

Fancy de Lucca mechanically turned on the wireless apparatus. From somewhere or other the last news bulletin was being given out. The announcer mentioned an important conference, statements made in Parliament, a lock-out, a railway accident, and then he informed them that the barrister, Löwenmaul, had applied for a re-opening of the Krüger case, on the ground that Ratzenberger, the chauffeur, had several times admitted before witnesses that he had given false evidence at its first hearing. The announcer went on to an embankment which had given way, an aeroplane crash, and the imminent increase in the postage and railway tariffs.

When Johanna heard the Krüger case mentioned, she pricked up her ears. So did the others. None of them understood exactly what the news meant. But if Dr. Geyer, who had been so sceptical before, was communicating it so importantly to the world at large, then it must be a further step in advance, there must be some hope. Johanna flushed, and half stood up, beaming all round. The announcer's voice was still going on, giving out sporting results, but nobody listened. Fancy de Lucca, with a sudden, heartfelt movement, stretched out her olive-brown hand to Johanna; Pfisterer burst out: "My God! This is success at last!" Hessreiter supplemented him importantly. Johanna sprang to her feet, nodded to them, and breathlessly rushed out of the little room, her face radiant. Now everything was all right, now she had solid ground under her feet. Everything was changed. She must tell Tüverlin.

But he had gone some time before to his hotel. Undressing, he considered whether he should not go back again to his little house in the woods.

Meanwhile, Johanna rushed through the hall, searching feverishly. She was beyond herself at this new happy development, and was radiant. She searched. Until at last she happened on Frau von Radolny, who was flirting in her indolent way with Professor von Osternacher. Johanna interrupted her breathlessly. Next to Tüverlin, she would be most delighted at the good news. Johanna; poured it out precipitately, without logical connexion, really almost incomprehensibly. But Katharina was quick, and she understood it all the same. Like a magnificent idol, she looked with detached curiosity at Johanna, and said: "Well, well: my congratulations. I hope it comes off." Then she turned again to Professor von Osternacher. Johanna gazed at her, her broad, pale brown face twitching a little. "The case is to be taken up again," she repeated in a lower voice. "Yes, yes, I know," said Frau von Radolny, a hint of impatience in her sonorous voice. "I hope it comes off," she repeated, with emphasized indifference. Then: "You see, my dear professor," she went on to the black-clothed grandee.

Yes, Frau von Radolny had decided on her tactics, and taken up her position. She had climbed from far down the ladder, and struggled to the top; it had been a desperate climb, and she hated to think of it. Now that she was on top, they were trying to fling her down again. Oh, she would resist them. She had never been sharp with people, not at all; she had always been tolerant. But now that they were trying to take her money from her there was an end of her tolerance. Everyone who belonged to this robber band was her enemy; Martin Krüger was her enemy, and Johanna. She had nothing against Johanna. To be more precise, perhaps, that wasn't true. Since Hessreiter had piloted Johanna past her so blatantly, that very evening, she had something against Johanna. Anyone snatching at what was hers was her enemy. She would clear it up with Paul, too. She avoided scenes whenever possible, and in spite of Paul's evasiveness, she had always got on well with him, but here and now she was going to have things cleared up. In any case, she was not interested—not in the least, my dear!—in the re-opening of the Krüger case. She drank her mixture of champagne and red wine, and gazed amiably at the noisy crowd which was already showing signs of lassitude.

Johanna stood dazed for a moment after Frau von Radolny had turned her back on her, without even her usual catching of the lips; she took two steps backwards, with her eye still on Katharina's box, and then slowly turned round, tottering, so that various people thought she had been drinking too much, and Herr Hessreiter, still pompous in his elegant and slightly spectral costume, trotted anxiously beside her, fearing that every minute she was going to sink to the floor.

The news of the proposed re-opening of the case had meanwhile spread. Hessreiter told several people about it. His news was coolly received. Frau von Radolny's attitude had had its effect, people listened with embarrassment to the news, or with an indifferent or forced smile. "Well, well, congratulations!" Johanna felt wretchedly ill. Why was her success held up to ridicule? Why did they try to kill her faith in it? They had all wished her success at first. She only half understood, and felt a deep loathing for the cowardly, lazy, feverishly gay people round her.

Herr Hessreiter began to talk to her, gently and tactfully. He was bursting with sympathy, tenderness, and desire for her, and followed her when she made for the door without saying goodbye to anyone.

Then, after the porter let them out through the revolving door muffled in furs about their unusual costumes, they found it strange to be standing under a clear, frosty sky, with a placid half-moon and peaceful stars.

There were sleighs waiting. Herr Hessreiter had a sudden idea. He urged her eagerly not to go straight home, but to drive with him for a little through the quiet night, to get some fresh air after the noise and the reek of the ball. He urged her eagerly and ponderously, waving his hands about, quite unnecessarily, for she simply nodded and stepped in.

In the sleigh he surrounded her with small, superfluous attentions. She sat warmly under the enormous fur rug, her thoughts ebbing away, grateful to have someone looking after her. The sleigh glided noiselessly and not too fast through the snowy landscape; the ring of mountains was peaceful, indifferent, and primeval in the steady light of the half-moon; their unchangeableness calmed her after the capricious hubbub of the Powder Puff. Peace flowed in on her from the soft, cold silence, the soundless motion of the sleigh. The horse's haunches rose and fell rhythmically in front of the driver's broad back. Herr Hessreiter sat silent, his mouth half open, so that his breath hung in a vapour. Tenderly he looked at her out of brown, veiled eyes.

The road led past a deep ravine, called the Devil's Gorge, through which ingenious paths were constructed; wooden trestles ran along the riven and beetling cliffs, and tunnels were bored through the rocks, under the spray of the cataract. Everything was now sheathed in ice; hand-rails were torn away; winter had made the ravine impassable. But the gorge had to be accessible to visitors, and it was to be re-opened next day, so now gangs of labourers were working there in the night, hanging on to slippery crags lit by flickering lamps, in danger of their lives on the sheer rocks 'vhere one false step meant headlong destruction. Some were uspended by ropes held by others, some were in climbing irons, hammering, forging, and clinching, so that the promised ceremony could take place, and on the next day between after-lunch coffee and *thé dansant,* visitors could pass without peril through the frozen wonders of the gorge.

The labourers sent friendly waves and shouts up to the belated sleigh; they found their work the most natural thing in the world. Herr Hessreiter shouted back to them in their own dialect. He was thinking of other things, hoping that Johanna would not want him to turn back before they came to Griesau. She was shivering a little, tired and shaken by hope, disappointment, and bitter experiences. He nestled her closer to him; and without more ado she leaned her head against his shoulder. His breath came more quickly, he could feel his heart beat. Her proximity winged his imagination. He thought of the enormous increase of his trade; he would make a business tour with Johanna, and inspect the porcelain factories in the south of France. The cheap labour caused by the inflation, the artistic labour no less than the manual, gave him a tremendous opportunity for dumping. He would conquer the Middle West in America. Every farmer would have Munich pottery. He would carry out the project of the "Bull Fighting" series. The increase in the sales of rubbish would allow him to take up genuinely artistic things. The South German Ceramics, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son, would increase their sphere of trade from Moscow to New York.

They came to Griesau. The driver asked if they wanted to turn back. The hotel loomed darkly in the wide, snowy valley. Hessreiter looked at the tired woman beside him, and with some uncertainty, although in a consciously firm and matter-of-fact voice he bade the driver ring the hotel bell. After a long wait a sleepy man-servant appeared, out of temper because the people who had dared to rouse him were not even Americans with currency of high value. A large tip from Hessreiter made him more affable. Yes, they could have hot tea. Johanna had not uttered a word either of consent or objection. The large lounge was uncannily lifeless, for the man had switched on only a few of the lights. They sat lost in a corner, drawn together by the vastness of the room and the scantiness of the light. After their long journey the tepid warmth of the room pleasantly thawed their frozen limbs. No, there would be no sense in turning back. Herr Hessreiter engaged bedrooms. Johanna looked wearily at him without any resistance; she knew now well enough what was going to happen.

The tea came, and sent a comforting warmth through them. Herr Hessreiter talked vivaciously for a while; then gradually he fell silent, and his eyes became still more veiled. Johanna contrasted the elegant man beside her who was so strangely absent, yet cared for and desired her, heavy and yet tender, brooding in abstruse thought, with the alert and active Tüverlin. "What do you think of Tüverlin?" she asked, suddenly. Herr Hessreiter literally started, and then gave an evasive answer. But Johanna insisted.

It appeared that Herr Hessreiter did not care much for Herr Tüverlin. He turned and twisted, taking refuge in half sentences, which he completed by vague gestures with his hands. It made him sweat. At last, after much circumlocution, he hinted that he had always believed Johanna was friendly with Tüverlin.

Friendly? What did he mean by that?

Oh, well, friendly.

He was extraordinarily embarrassed, and twisted about guiltily. Johanna had a sudden burst of sympathy for the sweating, evasive man. So he had believed that she slept with Tüverlin. But he had never betrayed the thought, had been humbly and cheerfully devoted to her, contented to be near her. A rich and influential man too, spoilt by women. The only man who had really done anything for her. And that without any pretensions, almost with shyness. She was suddenly touched, even shaken by it. She thought no longer of the gnomes and toad-stools and the sourish odour of his factory. She took his plump, well-manicured hand in her own and caressed it. At that he began to tremble, and said not another word. They were sitting in the corner of the dimly lit, uncomfortable room, it was not particularly warm, and the tea was weak and vile. Yet in this room, after a night of dancing and vexation in an outlandish costume, after nearly twenty hours without sleep, Herr Hessreiter, though he was already past his prime, felt all the happy agitation of a boy beside the woman he loved. He was ready to sacrifice anything for this woman with the warm, glowing flesh, and the steady, frank grey eyes, even to give up his comfortable life for her, if need be. He felt genuine passion, as he had done once before when he was very young, a second time when he first met Katharina, and now a third time, which he felt would be the last. With agitation, gratefully but tentatively, he returned the pressure of Johanna's hand.

The servant appeared at the door with the news that the rooms were ready, and led them upstairs. They climbed a never-ending stair covered with a coarse red carpet, and said good-night to each other with a fleeting look. She let him come into her room as soon as the servant was gone. Now, while the writer, Jacques Tüverlin, after thinking over the revue, *Kasperl and the Class War,* was sleeping soundly and dreamlessly in the Palace Hotel in Garmisch,

while the man Krüger, pallid-faced and slack-limbed, was lying in his cell in Odelsberg, which tonight did not bring him even a dream,

while the Minister, Klenk, was snoring softly in his sound, healthy, untroubled slumbers,

while the lawyer, Geyer, cramped and uncomfortable, having thrown off the blankets, rubbed his flushed face against the disordered pillows,

while Herr Pfaundler, weary but satisfied, grumbled as he checked the figures of his cashier,

while the last touches were being given to the work necessary for the re-opening of the Devil's Gorge, and while the supervising engineers were congratulating themselves that there had been only two accidents in nine days and only one of them fatal,

Johanna Krain-Krüger was lying beside the sleeping Hessreiter. His mouth was slightly open, and his breathing was regular; he looked peaceful, composed, even happy. She felt quiet, dull, sated. She lay on her back, whistling almost inaudibly through her teeth, always the same fragment of a tune, not very musically, but with indefatigable contentment, lost in half vague and not unpleasant thoughts, from which Krüger and Tüverlin were not excluded.

Fairly early in the morning, when an alarm clock was rousing the reluctant and groaning chambermaids of the Post Hotel in Griesau from their beds, Herr Hessrieter also stretched himself, and half woke up. He lay still, with his eyes shut, dimly conscious and happy. How deep and lasting was the satisfaction, so different from his usual empty restlessness after mechanical indulgence which left him yearning only for more sleep and satisfied only in being rid once more of something he looked on almost as a duty. He raised himself a little and settled himself more comfortably, careful not to disturb Johanna, and listening to her gentle breathing. No, this time it was really different. He felt that more clearly and joyously than before. He *loved* her. Love was a great and stupid word, but it was the right word. It was good that Katharina had made it so easy for him. He would now go travelling with Johanna on his business tour. He would manage her affair properly, too, that affair of hers with Krüger, to whom—and he smiled—she was married.

When she awoke later, as the first rays of the wintry sun were streaming into the room, she looked around her, neither smiling nor frowning, seriously, and without shame. This was all right. Better than Tüverlin? Perhaps.

Hessreiter, his arm round her neck in the dim light, warm beside her and lazy, asked almost with a yawn if Krüger had really committed perjury or not.

Johanna was so astonished that she held her breath. She was not even vexed with Hessreiter. This man, whose plump arm was round her, who was good-natured and genuinely in love, had never believed in their common cause. He had taken her part because he liked her figure, her skin, and her voice. Whether the man for whose innocence she was fighting earnestly, even passionately, was really innocent or not, only concerned him as a secondary consideration. He asked her about it after a caress, with a yawn. So this was what these people were like, with their social relations and their judges.

There, he even misunderstood her silence. "If you don't want to tell me," he comforted her, with his pleasant voice, "it doesn't matter at all." And he stroked her skin, and gathered her more closely to him.

Later she reflected that she would certainly have shielded Martin Krüger even if he had perjured himself.

While Hessreiter was telephoning to Garmisch for their clothes, Johanna took stock of the untidy, airless, uncomfortable hotel bedroom. She thought of Krüger with more friendliness and straightforwardness than usual. She would now fight his battles more quietly, more prudently; she would fight them to a successful ending.

Hessreiter came back. They sat on at breakfast until the clothes should come. Hessreiter smiled at the sight of their last night's costumes; Johanna ignored them. She ate without embarrassment, with a good appetite.

Stroking his side whiskers, he talked to her largely and importantly of the tour he had in mind. The opportunity was favourable, he wanted to extend his trade. It was time now for him to see with his own eyes how far the foreign porcelain industry had developed during the War and since. He would go to Paris first. He believed, he added, without looking at her and taking up a piece of butter carefully on his knife, that for the time being Johanna, too, could do more for her affair abroad than in Munich. He had heard, for instance, that Privy Councillor Bichler intended to be in Paris soon. The secret ruler of Bavaria was more accessible when he was travelling. He suggested to her, he concluded, at last spreading the piece of butter on his bread, that she should go with him. He became silent, waiting uncertainly for her answer.

Johanna consented without more ado.

BOOK III

SPORT

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SPORT

1. BULL-FIGHT

For almost a week in advance the arena had been sold out, the cheap seats in the sun as well as the dear seats in the shade; from all the country round people had come in to see the procession in the morning and the bull-fight in the later afternoon. For on the programme of this corrida, which moreover was being held for the benefit of an international humanitarian organization, the Red Cross, appeared the name of the bull-fighter Montilla II, who had worked himself up to the first rank of his class, and was, next to the Dictator, the best-known man in Spain.

The painter Greiderer, excited and confidential, attempted a conversation with his neighbour, although he only knew a few scraps of Spanish. His neighbour responded volubly. Without really understanding each other the Bavarian and the Spaniard went on talking, gesticulating the while, both satisfied of the other's interest. Very susceptible to all kinds of popular spectacles, the painter Greiderer saw in this bull-fight the supreme point of the Spanish tour which he had allowed himself while his good fortune still held. He had heard a great deal about the blood, the horses with the bellies slashed open, and similar horrors; he waited with tingling curiosity.

The procession of the morning had made a great impression on him. Thoroughly versed in such things, an enthusiastic expert through his knowledge of the Munich Corpus Christi processions, he had appreciated every detail. An endless train had defiled before him, the priests in their rich heavy robes, the saints glittering in barbaric splendour on raised platforms carried by a host of hidden bearers in an agitating, heavy, monotonous march, the flamboyant uniforms of the officers and civic dignitaries, the banners of the Church, the never-ending treasures of the cathedral, the pomp of the military. Horses, troops, cannons. And all these marched over flowers strewn thickly along the route, under awnings stretched over the streets to protect them from the hot sun, between carpeted windows and balconies. That made the painter Greiderer open his eyes.

In the afternoon the same crowd who had watched the procession now sat in the arena, filling the white stone tiers up to the blinding sky, fluttering gay wraps from the boxes; and after the incense, the pictured saints, the religious ardour of the morning, they waited greedily to see the blood of the bulls, the torn-out entrails of the horses, men thrown into the air and trampled underfoot. Sellers bawled their wares, beer, sweets, fruit, programmes, fans. Advertisement leaflets flooded all the rows. Men in grey, huge-brimmed, cake-shaped felt hats, women in splendid wraps. Shouting, expectation, sweat, excitement.

But there was the quadrilla already entering the arena. They marched briskly to inspiriting music, in gay jackets richly embroidered, and smartly took up their positions on the bright sand. Now the bull was there too. Kept for long hours in darkness, it shrank back from the howling crowd and the harsh light. It butted at the yielding, red, fluttering cloths. Now the horses appeared, wretched hacks with bandaged eyes, ridden by men carrying lances and with their feet in gigantic stirrups. The bull, black, crouching, powerful, gored a lean-ribbed hack on his horns, overthrowing it along with its rider with strange leisureliness. This happened quite near Greiderer, who was sitting below at the very front. He saw the coarse face of the uniformed picador. There was a groaning and rending as the bull bored its horns into the horse. Greiderer saw it digging among the entrails, tearing its horns, covered with blood and bowels, out of the horse's belly, in again, out again. Herrgottsakra, this was something different from the drawing-room gossip of his fashionable colleagues about the ceramic series, "Bull Fighting." The excitement which had seized the thirteen thousand other spectators gripped the Bavarian painter Andreas Greiderer, shook him too. Diverted by the rag-waving of the gay uniformed youths, the bull turned to a new horse, which was now being brought up. With his lance the rider tore off a strip of flesh and black hide from the bull. The bull overthrew the horse. Covered with blood and dust the horse was brought to its feet again with great difficulty, driven towards the bull once more, and impaled on his horns and ripped open. The rider hobbled out of the ring. The horse screamed and groaned and kept on trying to get up again, until a man in a red tunic stabbed it.

Lads with short, gay-ribboned darts now presented themselves before the bull. Standing separately in elegant poses they tried to infuriate him by insulting shouts. They ran up to his fuming nostrils, stepping aside at the last moment, and bored their gay-ribboned darts into his flesh so that they remained sticking. The crowd accompanied every movement, according to its artistic excellence, with thunderous applause or furious execration. The bull, studded with the gay, torturing darts, dripping with blood, ran round the arena, headed off now by one man, now by another. It knocked one of them over, wounding him, but not seriously.

Now a single figure approached the box of the prefect and took off his two-cornered hat. The toreador. Not Montilla II this time; an espada nevertheless of high rank, well-known, and highly paid. He posed before the bull. In his left hand he held the red rag, in his right the sword. Standing quite near the bull, he incited it with the red rag, poised on his tip-toes with legs close together, alert, cool, only turning his trunk aside sufficiently for the bull to have room to rush past him, then beginning again. Like a puppet on wires he drew on the furious bull, the smallest mistake threatening him with death. His every movement was accompanied with howls of applause from the thirteen thousand spectators, so that, as the twists and turns followed quickly on one another at quite short intervals, the gigantic arena shook with the short, rhythmic bursts of applause.

But now the end was approaching. Small, elegant, his shoulders braced, the espada stood, his sword level with his eye, pointing, directly at the bull. But whether through bad luck or through miscalculation, the sword did not pierce to the heart, the bull shook it off. The crowd hissed, raged.

Greiderer understood neither the rage nor the exaltation of the crowd; his neighbour tried to explain the rules according to which the bull had to be dispatched. The painter Greiderer did not quite understand; but he was all for it. He too quivered with the excitement of the shrieking, whistling, exultant crowd. Like his neighbour, like countless others who flung their hats to the celebrated espada when he turned round after artistically killing his bull, the painter Greiderer of Munich flung his newly purchased Spanish hat into the arena, his hat which had cost 25 pesetas, that was 1127 marks.

The bull for the fourth fight was hissed out of the ring. He proved to be a coward. It seemed that, as he was near his end in any case, he desired ignominiously to die in peace. He paid no attention to the showy red rags, nor to the insulting shouts. He had grown fat on a cattle farm in the neighbourhood of Cordova, on a flat plain covered with rich, cool grass, under a wide sky enlivened with flocks of storks. He had grown heavy, three thousand five hundred pesetas of dead weight. Now he stood there in the midst of thirteen thousand spectators, studded with gay darts, covered with blood, bellowing stupidly and sadly, his urine escaping, longing for death. He pressed his side against the palisade, indifferent to his human tormentors; not even the explosive powder and crackers which they threw upon his neck roused him any longer. He did not wish to go into the ring and the sun again. He wanted to remain standing by the palisade, in the shadow, and die.

The painter Greiderer gazed on in absorption, his seamed peasant face pale with passionate sympathy. He did not understand what was happening, why the people were yelling now for the bull, now for the matador. He had seen many people die, in their beds, in the War, in Munich street fights, in quarrels. But this spectacle of blood, sand, and sunlight, this strictly regulated, senseless combat, this sublime and disgusting drama, in which for the entertainment of the spectators those wretched hacks, those powerful bulls and perhaps too, one of those elegant men down there would meet a horrible and very real death, pierced his excitable soul more deeply than any other form of death that he had ever seen.

Then through the lively evening streets he drove to his hotel. Children were playing at bull-fights. One was the bull, and ran with lowered head at another who was waving a rag. But the bull disapproved the matador and gave him a good trouncing. The painter Greiderer crouched in his car, his face dark with gloomy thought. "Dirty swine!" he growled, thinking of his colleague's ceramic series, "Bull Fighting." From now on there remained imprinted on his mind the picture of the real bull pressing against the palisade, his urine escaping, past troubling about men, swords, gay rags, only desiring to die in the shade.

II. A BAVARIAN IN PARIS

Johanna sat waiting in Paris. The journey of Privy Councillor Bichler to France had been postponed. The great man was moody; also he loved to shroud himself in mystery. Nobody knew the day that he would arrive.

Meanwhile Herr Hessreiter had important affairs to look after; he inspected factories, arranged interviews, was on the move. He wanted to introduce her to all sorts of people; perhaps one or other of them might be of use to her. But she was sceptical and preferred to be left a great deal to herself.

At times before this she had thought that it would be impossible to live without her profession. How eagerly had she set up her apparatus! Her primitive microscope had been an unending trial to her; but for the more efficient one which she wanted she had not been able to save enough money. Now, in Paris, when Hessreiter had informed her, fussily and shyly, yet proudly, that he had ordered a microscope—would he have it sent to her Munich address, or to her here in Paris?—she had not wanted even to see the instrument. The microscope remained in Munich.

So she was intimate with this Hessreiter. It was difficult to be rude to the fussy, amiably solicitous man. He was accommodating, always anxious to understand her. Nevertheless, though it was unjust, sometimes the whole man exasperated her. Could he really fling himself sincerely into an emotion? Never except that first night had he made her feel it.

Johanna's life in Paris ran on smoothly, monotonously, in pleasant routine. She ate lightly and well, she slept well, felt tired in the evening, refreshed in the morning. Yet often it seemed to her that this was her chrysalis stage; it was as if she were changed back to a former state, as if this life were a prenatal life, a sleep life.

She had taken up tennis mildly again; perhaps in this dull time of waiting these were her best hours. Tennis, as people played it at that time, demanded speed, endurance, coolness, quick grasp of the situation. Johanna had a well-developed body, she was tough and quick as well; but her grasp of the situation was not keen enough, she knew that she would never achieve first-class excellence, and she did not desire it. It was enough to feel one's body, its powers and its limitations. After her exercise she was merry and exhilarated, ready for all sorts of follies and practical jokes as she had been in the good days before the Krüger case.

Herr Hessreiter sought her company with special ardour at those times. Whenever he saw this tall girl he was proud again to think that he was still capable of feeling such exhilaration, such happiness. Katharina, he told himself, had been a more easy mistress; he took great credit to himself that in spite of that he had preferred Johanna.

Once Fancy de Lucca played in a tournament in Paris. Hounded from success to success, a bundle of nerves and ambitions, she loved Johanna's company. It was a rest for the tennis star to escape from the circle of her hysterical admirers into the bracing air which surrounded Johanna.

Johanna went to see Fancy just after the tournament. De Lucca's opponent had been an American girl, a first-rate player, but not of a class to put Fancy's victory in doubt for a moment. It had been in fact a game of no great importance, and Fancy had won with ease. Johanna was horrified to see that her friend was lying in her room utterly exhausted after the effort. What a strain it must have been for her to gather up all her powers for the victorious effort, seeing that immediately afterwards she had collapsed so completely! While the attendants were bathing, rubbing, and massaging Fancy's brown exhausted body, Johanna was filled with a deep love for her. What would happen when her friend had to meet a serious rival, that young Mantuan girl, for example, whom up till now, without admitting it to herself, she had avoided? And even if she beat this girl she could not hope to defend her title for more than two or three years more. She had nothing more to win, she could only lose. It wasn't an enviable fate to be twenty-nine and famous, and certain that one's fame, purchased with perpetual battling and renunciation, could not be maintained for much longer. Fancy de Lucca rushed away again. Johanna remained in Paris and continued her monotonous existence. Ate, drank, dreamed, slept. Until one day Herr Hessreiter received news that the agriculturalist Bichler was in Paris at last.

To gain admittance to Herr Bichler was not an easy matter. He was living in a small hotel, accompanied by a secretary. He had come to Paris to interview a specialist about his blindness. It was known that the old man still hoped to see the light again, but people hinted, although it was categorically denied, that he was in Paris on other business as well. The Bavarians had not always felt themselves to be Germans. Their first king had known French service and had named his son, later to be Ludwig I, after his French sovereign. Their last king, Ludwig III, had carried in his thigh to his death a Prussian bullet dating from the war between Bavaria and Prussia. It had not been much more than a century before that an official Bavarian scholar, to justify ethnologically the entry of his country into the Napoleonic Confederation of the Rhine, had worked out a memorandum proving that the Bavarians were by nature Celts, with far more inner affinities to France than to Prussia. In recent times plans for a new Confederation of the Rhine had emerged. People played very adroitly with the idea of founding a new confederation which would extend from France over South Germany to Czechoslovakia and Poland, so as to squeeze even more than was demanded out of the Empire. Although the Constitution laid down that foreign policy could be dictated only from Berlin, did not France have a very ostentatious embassy in Munich? What Privy Councillor Bichler was actually plotting in Paris was kept dark, but at the slightest disagreement the alarmed representatives of the Empire were referred, with a hint of discreet menace, to his mysterious journey.

The reception clerks of the little Paris hotel where the blind man was staying had strict instructions to admit nobody, to announce nobody. They did not know of any Herr Bichler. He received no visitors. In the palaces of certain spiritual dignitaries he met people now and then. In the mansions of National leaders too, the heavy man was seen sitting about, grinding out a few surly words, laughing boorishly, prodding the soft carpet with the cane held in his purple, knotted hands.

Johanna had to wait a long time before she received from Bichler's secretary the information that she might see the Privy Councillor at Orvillier's. She went to the famous restaurant. It was crowded. In the corridor, and at the cloak-rooms, customers were waiting until the numbers of their tables should be called. At Bichler's table a chair was reserved for Johanna. The heavy man was sitting there; today his square fleshy face, clean-shaven, did not look old; but his bearing, his clothes, his appearance looked neglected. Wrapped in serviettes he sat bolting the delicate food which was prepared with the subtlest art. His secretary fed him. The sauces dripped from his mouth and chin, he smacked his lips, shoved the food into his wide mouth with purple fingers, chewed, swallowed, emitted grunting noises of appreciation or disapproval. Poured wine down his throat, spilling it in the process. The waiters stood around, polite as they had been trained to be, but incapable of concealing their astonished disgust at the gluttonous alien.

When the secretary informed him who it was who had sat down at the table, the man babbled unintelligently at first. Not knowing at the start whether he was speaking German or French, Johanna at length recognized it as Bavarian. He snorted, growled, cursed, and shot out brief phrases. He had known already who it was, he said. Of course he had known. What did she want from him?

Johanna said that Dr. Klenk's tribunals were maliciously lingering out the action for securing her husband, Martin Krüger, a retrial. They would neither turn it down, nor let it go on. For months they had confined themselves to investigating it.

Why had she come to him about it? he growled. Did she believe the newspaper twaddle, that he busied himself with politics, a blind old peasant like him? All the riff-raff ran after him, and gazed at him like a beast in a menagerie.

Johanna held her tongue. The old man interested her. He sniffed, as if he were trying to form a picture of her from her perfume. Women, he said, should not mix themselves up in politics. This wasn't politics, she maintained. She wanted to have her husband again, her husband whom they had put in prison though he was innocent. Innocent! he jeered, crunching a chicken bone. He should have kept quiet. It would have served him better. And what was *he* to do? Was he a Minister? What had he to do with the law? But after he had swallowed down a huge mouthful along with a large swig of wine, he said comfortingly that things weren't half so bad. He wasn't in favour of hounding people down. He was a good Christian. That was well known. He was entirely of the opinion that the guilty man should be pardoned at the next amnesty. He would make it known too. Provided that anybody would listen to him. The newspapers hinted at something of the kind, but that in itself was suspicious.

Then he sank into himself, and attended only to his food. Not another word was to be drawn from him about Martin Krüger. Johanna prepared to go, while the secretary wiped Bichler's mouth with the serviette.

She told herself that this Dr. Bichler was not so bad after all. It was her own fault, the fault of this strange paralysis, this weariness of her heart, that she had not been able to do more for Krüger.

III. KASPERL AND THE CLASS WAR

When Herr Pfaundler was already in the doorway, Jacques Tüverlin said to his secretary: "Don't let Pfaundler in. Fling him out. I have no use for him." Unmoved, Pfaundler said, drawing some sheets of manuscript out of his pocket: "You're a fine swine, Tüverlin. First you pretend to agree with everything I say; then you send me the old rubbish." "After expressing your opinion so unmistakably, Pfaundler, you can surely go," said Tüverlin, while his secretary waited at the typewriter for him to dictate further. "Polite manners!" raged Pfaundler. "That would suit you, wouldn't it? Eternally bungling away at your *Kasperl and the Class War*. What about *Well, That's the Limit?* If you don't deliver any of *Well, That's the Limit* by Saturday, I'll cut the losses I've been let into through you, and give it to someone else to write." And he flung the manuscript sheets on the desk. Quite indifferent, Tüverlin went on dictating. Herr Pfaundler listened to a few sentences and drew up his brows as far as they could go, struck dumb. "But that isn't even *Kasperl and the Class War!"* he said in honest indignation. "That isn't even the revue, that's something quite new." And the small rat's eyes in his puffy face glittered evilly. Tüverlin did not reply. Herr Pfaundler had still a few things to say and he said them; at last, recognizing his impotence, he remarked to save his exit: "I'll send you my ultimatum in writing."

When Herr Pfaundler had gone Jacques Tüverlin said casually to his secretary with a brief impish smile: "Of course, he's quite right from his own standpoint," and went on dictating. What he was dictating had nothing to do with the revue; Herr Pfaundler had remarked this quite justly. Yet essentially it had some connexion with it. If his work was to succeed Tüverlin had first to settle clearly certain theoretical matters; whether, for instance, art itself could be established beyond doubt as a humanly valuable activity. The engineer Kaspar Pröckl, for one, doubted it, and his doubts had disturbed Herr Tüverlin, violently though he had rejected them. He felt driven to dispose of Kaspar Pröckl's arguments with new arguments. They often argued now.

Herr Tüverlin was a passionate worker. The fact that visitors came, that the telephone rang ten times in the hour, that round him there was a coming and going as at a post-office counter, did not disturb him. Whether what he was doing was published or not did not bother him. He had no respect for printed books, and laboured in the sheer joy of improving and rounding his work. It excited him to make old Aristophanes alive again on the impossible contemporary stage. The exuberance of this poet, his quick transitions from pathos to scurvy wit, the elasticity of his chief character, at one moment a great satirist and at the next a common rascal, but above all the easy construction, allowing all sorts of embellishments without any modification of the ground plan: all this excited him.

The comedian Balthasar Hierl and the engineer Pröckl advised him, approved and rejected. The three sat together and worked. The comedian Hierl sat in morose silence most of the time. Sometimes he made vague noises expressing doubt. Sometimes he nodded his great pear-shaped head, the clearest mark of approval he ever gave. Sometimes he muttered venomously: "Tripe." But he paid attention to every word Tüverlin said, and with passionate interest took stock of all Tüverlin's ideas. Tüverlin and Pröckl were interested above all in the technical possibilities of the work, very much less in the finished achievement, hardly at all in its final effect, its success. The fanatical engineer, the morose actor, the eager writer crouched together like alchemists, like conspirators, brooding over the task of distilling art out of an age without a homogeneous society, without a homogeneous religion, without a homogeneous order of life.

Working passionately, unintermittingly, but without method, Jacques Tüverlin let himself again and again be drawn aside into by-paths. He was working concurrently on the final version of *Marx and Disraeli*, on the general plan of the radio play, *Last Judgment*, and on the revue. He bustled about quite happily in his comfortably chaotic room. His secretary, spick and span, sat typing, a gramophone was playing, Tüverlin hummed, dictated, laughed loudly over some happy stroke of wit.

It was good to work. To feel one's plot suspended in abeyance while people and things, all that one saw, thought, read, lived, grew into it. Even the rage, the despair, when one came to an obstacle, to a dead stop, when it appeared that something was out of gear in the organism: even these were good. Then the contentment when things came right again; that was good, that showed that the idea was really alive, full of snags and resistances. And how glorious to see the typewriter going, the letters eating up the paper, turning into achievement, visibly. The joy when suddenly an intuition leapt out, unforeseen, unexpected, somewhere, in one's bath, while eating, while reading a news-sheet, in the middle of a nonsensical conversation. Welcome too that state of gloom when one sat and cursed, curled up like a hedgehog, telling oneself: "It's no use, it can't be done. I'll never climb that hill. Never will I be able to climb that hill. They're right, the others, in laughing at me. It demands too much, I've overestimated my powers. Bungler." Then again the depressing but stimulating feeling when one sat over the works of those who had nevertheless pulled it off. When in their books this old exhausted life rose up anew, mingling with one's own. One sat over inspiriting old Aristophanes, laughing as *he* had laughed when he had found some quip, some little twist by which he got over that particular difficulty which he had certainly felt in exactly the same way.

What were comfort, women, travel, political and social triumphs, what was success compared with this joy in work? How wretchedly empty did these become before this ten times more real, ten times more various human life born of words, imagination, metaphor!

It was a little comic, this society he lived in and its organization, which put a heavy price on every other enjoyment, but in his case paid him for enjoying himself. If he had been cut off from writing would he not have purchased with the humblest labour the privilege of being allowed to write?

He strutted and sauntered and darted about his flat, strolled through the streets, his creased face absorbed, sly, and pleased, drove his car into the mountains, and walked with the engineer Pröckl in the woods of the Isar Valley or by the Ammersee. He went in a great deal for sport at this time and, although it was early in the year and the water was very cold, went swimming, and forced his car over steep and difficult by-paths. He kept fit, too, in his boxing and his ju-jitsu. His slim hips became more supple, his breast and shoulders broader.

He spoke to everybody about his work. Listened to every objection, to the objections of the unsophisticated more readily than to those of the self-styled connoisseurs. If he had a sudden scruple about anything he flung it away indifferently even if he had worked laboriously on it. His hands with the reddish down gesticulated. His bare, wrinkled face beamed happily.

He tried to explain to his jeering, sceptical friend Kaspar Pröckl why he interested himself so intensely in the theme of Munich in particular. He saw clearly the stupidity of that bumptious city, but he loved it just as it was. Had not Cervantes made Don Quixote survive the centuries simply because while he rejected him with his mind he had said yes to him with his heart? Tüverlin saw the people of the plateau with all their failings; but in his heart he liked them. He loved those people who lived only by the evidence of their senses which they could exploit practically, but which they were incapable of reducing to systematic logic. He loved the Bavarian, who was backward in power of judgment compared with most of the other white races, but who had maintained intact more of his sound animal instinct. Yes, the writer Jacques Tüverlin approved of this primitive forest dweller, only superficially civilized, who held fast tooth and claw to his heritage, growling with sullen suspicion whenever anything new approached him. Wasn't he superb in his self-satisfied narrowness, this native of the Bavarian plateau? How easily he deified his faults into racial qualities! With what conviction did he call his atavistic coarseness patriarchal, his boorishness racy, his dull animal fury against everything new a sense for tradition! Superb, how he plumed himself as the Bavarian lion just because of his primitive pugnacity! Tüverlin was far from despising those racial characteristics. On the contrary he would have liked best of all to make out of the Bavarian plateau with all that lived, drank, and whored on it, knelt in the churches, fought, went in for the law, politics, painting, carnivals and procreation—he would have liked best of all to make out of this land with its mountains, rivers, lakes, its animal and human kingdoms, a natural preserve. In any case he would preserve in writing this juicy, primitively vigorous existence, turning it round and round in his hands with all its superb peculiarites. With the help of the comedian Hierl he would make it Aristophanically plastic in the revue *Kasperl and the Class War*.

Frau von Radolny was very much interested in the progress of Tüverlin's work. She never failed, when she was in Munich, to look him up, and even took him with her once or twice to Luitpoldsbrunn. She needed distraction, she need Pfaundler, the revue, Tüverlin. For the first time for many years she was seriously dissatisfied with herself. She had behaved wrongly and stupidly that evening at the Ball of the Night Birds. She had violated her principle of thinking over every decision for twenty-four hours before carrying it out. Like every act of thoughtlessness it had had serious consequences. What kind of yarn had she spun herself then? Martin Krüger her enemy, Johanna her enemy? Rubbish! She had soon found out that nothing was so black as it was painted. In Bavaria at any rate the idea of the expropriation of royal property was creating no great sensation. People were more interested in the ways in which the last, now deceased, king had turned to account the products of his estate, especially the rumours of the high prices which he had managed to get for his dairy products even during the War. The people liked to have a splendid king. Peasants themselves, they found his peasant propensities unworthy of a monarch, grumbled at his greed for profit, and jeered at him as a dairy-farmer. But all the same the big majority necessary to make the expropriation law valid would never be secured. There had been no sufficient reason for the panic into which the news had thrown Katharina. She had committed a stupidity.

Besides she missed Hessreiter more than she had anticipated.

She was mortified at having herself thrown him into Johanna's arms through her unusually fatuous behaviour.

She was uncertain how she should steer her course, a thing which seldom happened with her. She wrote occasionally to Hessreiter about some business question, prettily, not too warmly, not too coldly, just as if nothing had happened. She hesitated for a long time whether she should write Johanna as well. But the memory of her first stupid act made her waver, and when presently Hessreiter's complicated, evasive answer arrived, touching only on business matters, she did not write to Johanna.

She carried on her external existence as before. But she found herself ageing, found lines on her full beautiful face. Her walk became heavier, sometimes she was no longer the obvious cynosure of all eyes. She did not ask herself whether that was due to the others or to herself, whether other people had begun to question her position, or she herself. In any case, she sought Tüverlin's company now.

He liked this statuesque lady, who survived in his day as the representative of a vanishing age. He relished the naturalness with which she allowed herself to be waited on, with which, a true Bavarian, she regarded the world as her oyster. Her judgment, too, interested him: it was the judgment of a whole stratum, that stratum which had certainly caused the monstrous stupidity of the War, but which before that had laid the foundation on which rested the present eminently worth while epoch. Disappointed souls could curse the age if they liked; he knew no other age in which he would rather have lived. The occasional, parenthetic, comforting assurances of Kaspar Pröckl, that in the new Marxian State in spite of all the social equality the liberty of each individual would not be encroached on, lessened only a little his mistrust of it.

So he allowed himself very gladly the occasional company of the imperturbable and clever lady, although he was convinced that her pronouncements on the revue would have but a conditional value. Occasionally he talked to her about Hessreiter and Johanna, adroitly, without emphasized interest, as he imagined. But she noticed better than himself how much he was missing Johanna. She saw that if his work were once to give out he would fall back inevitably on Johanna. She sought to win him over to herself. She liked him. Perhaps too it would be possible to hand him back to Johanna when the occasion rose, as a *quid pro quo* for Hessreiter. So she sat with him, voluptuous, copper-haired, benevolently interested, secretly fighting, smiling, but not at all happy.

IV. PROJECT OF A CAT FARM

With his thin-skinned hands clasped behind his head, Dr. Siegbert Geyer in his loose bedraggled dressing-gown lay on his ottoman covered with a coarse, torn rug. His face had become somewhat fuller. He kept his eyes closed; his jaws made slight, chewing, reflective movements, so that his ill-shaven cheeks quivered every now and then. The bare and cheerless furniture stood about; on the desk, whose insufficient size was a standing annoyance to him, papers lay scattered, sheets of manuscripts, newspaper cuttings.

Dr. Geyer had almost given up his legal work, troubled his head little about political affairs, and never left the house. He ate what his housekeeper Agnes set before him. He was working at his manuscript *History of Injustice in Bavaria from the Armistice 1918 to the Present Day*. All the nervous fanaticism which he had devoted to his profession he now threw into the book. As a reward he had promised himself that once the *History of Injustice* was finished to his own satisfaction he could take up his great and treasured work again: *Law, Politics, and History*. He had laid the beloved fascicle on the highest shelf of the document cupboard above his desk, beyond reach. There it looked down upon him, encouraging him.

With burning zeal he compiled his cases for the *History of Injustice*. He never went to the telephone; Agnes had instructions to refuse everybody. His one refreshment was certain pages of Tacitus and Macaulay. Even the newspapers had piled themselves up unread for nearly a fortnight. He imposed classical calm on his recital; indignation and ardour were allowed to glow only under the surface. He unmasked all the injustice and violence scientifically, with cold logic. He knew that Bavarian injustice during that year was only a small part of the injustice which was happening everywhere, in Germany and all over the world. But he felt this Bavarian injustice the most keenly, for he felt behind it the large, violent lineaments of his enemy Klenk. And he worked, wearing himself out, alone with his thoughts, among cigarette ash, a few books, a little radio music, batches of unopened letters, and the untouched newspapers. He filed to calm classical form the *History of Injustice in Bavaria from the Armistice 1918 to the Present Day*. In the abundance of material the Krüger case was lost, a foothill among the Alps; he did not enter into it.

For the housekeeper Agnes this was a good time. The dry, yellow-faced, draggle-tailed dame bustled about with doglike devotion, resolved to make her master comfortable. He patiently allowed a certain degree of orderliness to be imposed on him. She was permitted to tidy the room and hold him to regular meal times. She had him to herself. With a radiant face she obeyed his instructions, and guarded him from interruption. She isolated him. For nearly two weeks now he had seen nobody except for an occasional glance out of the window. Agnes went so far as to settle his correspondence. She took care of his finances. Seeing that he sat lazily about at home instead of earning money, *she* must rack her brains. The times were bad, the inflation made their savings evaporate into thin air. Already one had to give three hundred marks for a dollar. Housewives at that time had to procure countless little things for the badly organized economy of private life, and their duties were galling. The opportunities to get hold of food and other necessaries of life were few and must be taken advantage of quickly and circumspectly. Money not changed one week might perhaps go only half as far the next. The shops refused to accept the untrustworthy native currency, and would only deliver certain things against foreign money. To obtain good nourishment for her master, Agnes wheedled dear food out of shifty peasant dealers, spied around for ever new possibilities. That demanded nerve, a talent for organization, quick decision, perpetual alertness. At the exchange too she speculated for him; her hoarse, excited voice was feared at the counter of the little branch bank where she carried out her deals.

And at the same time this difficult Dr. Geyer must not be left without attention for a moment. While she was out on buying expeditions, at the bank, hunting for eatables, who was to look after the telephone, the door-bell, all the little things that had to be done?

Meanwhile the lawyer buried himself in his work. He took pleasure in the austerity of logical ratiocination, in the pure structures of thought. He would believe in any thinker who demonstrated mathematically the validity of ethics. Never in his life had he felt so happy as now, borne up by his capacity to describe one case, ten cases, a thousand cases, in such a way that even to the wall-eyed the whole system must become clear, that hateful, lying system which falsified violence, prejudice, and political expediency into morality, order, Christianity, right, and justice.

He wrote smiling. He scored out a superfluous sentence. Did it make the line purer? He tried it. While he read it out softly, without emphasis, the door-bell rang. He paid no attention and put back the original connexion so as to try it again. He reduced the sentence to five words, and tried it once more. The door-bell rang persistently, urgently. Of course nobody was in attendance. Agnes, the slovenly, forgetful slut; she was always able to disturb him; but when once she was needed she wasn't there. Groaning complainingly he dragged himself through the dark lobby and opened the door.

He recoiled. Before him stood a young man, airy and brazen, a faint smile on his vivid red lips. The lawyer gulped. It was suddenly as if all his blood had surged to his head. He swayed, his mouth open, gasping for air, while the young man, still with the same smile, stood in the open door. "May I come in?" asked Erich at last. The lawyer retreated. The young man closed the door carefully, without making a noise, and followed the lawyer into the untidy room.

He looked round; and saw the books, the disorder, the discomfort, the shabby furniture arranged without care. He did not conceal his contempt. It was the first time that he had come here. Until now the lawyer had always sought him out. It was a great, a colossal experience for Dr. Geyer, his son coming to see him. More important than the *History of Injustice,* more important than anything else in the world. And it was a monstrous misfortune that he should be standing there now so unprepared. He had often imagined the situation, had often visualized to himself all that he would say to the lad, words both kind and severe. But now it all slipped from his mind. Unkempt, stupid, perplexed, infinitely pathetic, he stood before his son now that his son had come for the first time to see him.

"Won't we sit down?" said Erich at last. "That is, if we can find anywhere to sit," he added, with a provocatively contemptuous glance. "Yes." said the lawyer. "It's a bit comfortless here," he said, actually apologetically; never before had he said such a thing to a visitor. The son sat there, his legs crossed with a man-of-the-world air. He seized the lead at once. He talked at his ease, in a North German city accent, while the lawyer crouched before him on the edge of his chair, humble, dejected, awkward, waiting.

"You'll be surprised that I've looked you up," Erich at last came to business. "You can imagine that I'm not exactly delighted to come to you. And least of all here." "I know," said Dr. Geyer. "But the business that I've been given a chance of," young Erich went on, "is so good that I had to come in spite of my justified antipathy to you so that you might stump up the needful." And he began to tell a fantastic story of a cat farm that he wanted to start, so as to make a fabulous profit with the cat furs. The cats would be fed on rats, four rats were enough for one cat. The rats again would be fed on the carcases of the skinned cats. Each cat would litter twelve kittens a year, the rats would multiply themselves four times as fast. The concern would consequently feed itself automatically. The cats would eat the rats, and the rats would eat the cats, and the owner would have the furs. As Dr. Geyer could see for himself, a plausible proposition. While the young man was unfolding this plan, nonchalantly, not concealing its fantastic absurdity, but rather emphasizing it, indeed, with a touch of mockery, Dr. Geyer regarded the trousers which encased the crossed legs of his son. For he only dared to give an occasional glance at his face. They were striped trousers of good English cloth, well pressed. The lawyer Geyer told himself that he had probably never worn such good trousers himself. They had a wide, loose appearance, yet remained stiff nevertheless because of the crease. Under them appeared socks of some thin, smooth-gleaming, rich material. The shoes fitted splendidly, encasing the foot strongly and comfortably. Certainly they had been made to measure.

Sitting there awkwardly, Dr. Geyer avoided his son's eyes. His glance wandered, sought the floor. He was not really listening to this impudently fantastic yarn which was being spun to mock him. Rather he was thinking what the mother, what Ellis Bornhaak would have had to say to her son's being with him now in his house, fallen back on his help in spite of everything. He saw the tall girl Ellis as he had seen her for the first time, when after sitting his examination he had spent those few weeks by the Austrian lake. He must certainly have been very alive at that time, witty, urgent, filled with emotion which soon overflowed. All things considered it was still a riddle to him how he could have won over the tall beautiful girl so quickly. She had been quite fresh, with a smooth skin stretched tautly over a slender body, and a beautiful, venturous, not particularly intelligent face; often when he saw Johanna Krain he was driven to think of her. The warm nights by the lake when they lay together, idle, happy, amused by the discomforts wrought for them by the midgets in the air, the insects in the moss, the gnats. Had it really been he who had lain in the woods with that girl so long ago? Then he remembered the complications arriving, Ellis becoming pregnant and hesitating whether she should have the child. The scene with her strictly respectable family. But she had held to him all the same, and he had been overjoyed to give her the little money that he had at his disposal. She had hesitated whether she should marry him. Had said no, then yes, at last had stuck to no. Then, why he did not know to this day, she had begun to hate him, had jeered coldly at his fanciful and careless nature, and his habit of blinking. He had stood helpless before this waxing, malignant hatred. She had scornfully rejected his urgent appeals that they should marry. At last, just when things were beginning to go well with him she had refused to take any money from him, and had gone away to North Germany, having broken with her family, and gave no further response to his letters. There she made her own way, painfully, in great poverty. She brought up her child to hate the man Geyer the Jew, whom she had loved for a few weeks, and who had then become as hateful to her as a disgusting, stinking animal. Then probably because the grey, miserable life at home was distasteful to him and he did not like the secondary school, the lad had enlisted voluntarily at a very early age. The mother had died of influenza. The boy had returned corrupted by the War, empty, no longer capable of serious work. The parents of the dead woman had reluctantly helped him, but at last refused to have anything more to do with him. Then he, the lawyer, had offered him assistance always more urgently, but had always been turned down. The lad had struck up next with that disreputable army comrade of his who was eight years older and yet so like him, the loathsome von Dellmaier. The lawyer had met his son as if by chance and tried to help him. But the mother had bequeathed to him that dull, incomprehensible hatred which was vented again and again upon poor helpless Geyer. The lad had jeered at him anew each time and had tried to hide his address from him.

Dr. Geyer was thinking, seeing, living all this while Erich sat there, a young ne'er-do-well in carefully creased trousers and faultlessly fitting shoes, expounding his insane project of the cat farm.

Geyer asked without preliminaries: "Is Herr von Dellmaier in the business too?" Erich replied challengingly: "Yes, of course. Have you anything against it?" No, the lawyer had nothing against it. What should he have against it?

Erich said that the cat farm was only one among many projects which were offered them. For people who weren't old maids, for young men of enterprise, this was a good time. If the cat farm did not come off, then they would just start on one of the other projects. For instance, there was a whole list of first-class political jobs which were urgently asking for young, open-minded people. He had splendid connexions. He named names. The leaders of the right organizations, the peasant leaders, Toni Riedler among others, the heroes of the illegal corps and unions. Names which the lawyer hated even physically, and despised as violent types belonging to a lower species of mankind, nearer the animals. Yes, with all these Erich and his friend von Dellmaier had connexions. All sorts of political jobs. If the cat farm came to nothing, then one would simply have to let oneself in more deeply into these other matters. Brazen, superior, malicious, he gazed at the lawyer while he went on talking in this vein. But the lawyer stared at the floor and remained silent. He looked as if he were not listening.

The son said suddenly that he hadn't much time. He begged the lawyer to decide. Would he support the transaction?

The lawyer looked up. Quite vaguely he remembered that when he had been attacked that time he had thought he saw the empty face of the insurance agent von Dellmaier. He got up painfully and hobbled across the room. He fetched his crutch, hobbled up and down a few times more, fetched cigarettes and offered them to his son. Erich hesitated, then helped himself. "How much money do you need?" asked the lawyer.

The son named a sum not extravagantly high. The lawyer trailed out. The son remained in the room, smoked, got up, rummaged carelessly among the manuscripts, and took a book out of the book-case. Outside he heard the lawyer's voice and another which was shrill, lamenting, hoarse, imploring. The excited, subdued whispering lasted for a long, for an endless time. Having a keen ear the son could catch some of it. Dr. Geyer would regret it, the lamenting voice said, if he gave that homeless vagabond anything. He would always come back for more. And anyhow there was no money to give; Dr. Geyer wasn't working any longer to bring in money. And she scraping together every pfennig so as to get him something decent to eat. And then it was thrown away senselessly.

When the father returned he brought a few crumpled foreign bank notes with him and some German money. The son regarded the foreign notes seriously, smoothed them out carefully and pocketed them. The lawyer was laying out his money well, he said. He must not look upon this as a favour, as if he had a claim on their gratitude. It was a business deal. A business with good prospects. There was a little risk in it, of course, as in everything nowadays. Then he went.

Behind him the housekeeper Agnes lamented and grumbled without restraint. The lawyer sat in his untidy room. Mechanically he took up the fag-end of the cigarette which his son had thrown away and laid it on the ash-tray. He felt hungry. But Agnes, as a punishment, of course, brought him nothing to eat. So they were interesting themselves in politics. Klenk was to blame for that. For that too. He gave himself up again to the *History of Injustice*. But he sat before it blankly smoking; he sat seeing pictures and did nothing.

He had a bath prepared; for several days now he had not had a bath. He lay in the warm water, his limbs relaxed. Wasn't it a triumph that the lad had come to him? He thought of the mother, of Ellis Bornhaak. All the same when the boy was seriously in need of anything, he did not go to her parents, he came to him. Geyer floated lazily in the warm water and smiled. He had wild habits and needs, the boy; an unpleasant type, it couldn't be denied. But the state of the country was responsible for it, Klenk was responsible for it, and at any rate the boy had come to him.

The lawyer stepped out of the bath and dressed slowly and with unusual care, to the astonishment of the cursing and lamenting Agnes. He went to the best restaurant in the city, to Pfaundler's, dined and drank well, and talked cheerfully to a few acquaintances. In the evening he read a chapter of Tacitus and a chapter of Macaulay and drank a bottle of good wine. He kept the day as a red-letter day.

V. KLENK IS KLENK AND SIGNS HIMSELF KLENK

After Herr von Ditram had left, Klenk stretched himself, yawned comfortably and whistled a fine classical air. The new Cabinet had been rearranged according to his wishes, and that wary bird, von Ditram, an aristocrat from the circle of the refined and exclusive Rothenkamp, did whatever he, Klenk, told him. Tomorrow the new Ministry would present itself before Parliament. He had just given the last touches to the Government's programme, and von Ditram had accepted every jot of it. So he had actually pulled it off. With the old chief, with Sigl, the old fool, things had become impossible. It was no good to be always pounding the table, to be always going on like a fish-wife against Prussia and the Empire. He, Klenk, had been really troubled for a long time by the swine that he had to sit beside in the Government. It was a good thing that he had put the alternative before the real but invisible powers in the background; either to bring forward one of their better men or else to cease counting on him. The new man, von Ditram, was not exactly a star, of course. Reindl it was who hit upon the idea and had flung the man's name into the discussion. Klenk couldn't stand him, the Fifth Evangelist; he was a pure fraud and yet had as lovely a time as if he were the Almighty or King Ludwig II himself. But to let old von Ditram buzz about again was a good idea all the same. Even if he hadn't much gumption, he had an air at least. He had been an ambassador to the Vatican under Prince Regent Luitpold. He would quietly do whatever Klenk thought right.

It had cost hard work. Conferences with the party leaders, telephone conversations with the secret masters of the country. Rushing here and there, a cursed business. That had gone on for a whole week. He had had to miss two concerts which he had been looking forward to, and he had not managed even one half-hour for a drive in this lovely weather. But now he had it behind him, and it had gone well. He had snowed them under. He was somebody; the others would have tumbled to that by this time. Klenk was Klenk, and signed himself Klenk.

It was scarcely nine yet. Tonight, for once, he could afford himself a celebration. He would have a spree, a burst. He smiled, his wide strong mouth twisted wryly. Whom should he favour, Hartl or Flaucher? He put on his woollen cape, stuck his pipe between his teeth, and crammed his huge felt hat down on his auburn hair. Both, perhaps, Flaucher *and* Hartl.

For the short distance he walked on foot. Not to the Tyrolean Café; a little visit to the Bratwurstglöckel first.

The old restaurant at the narrow corner in front of the Cathedral was still smokier and dimmer than the Tyrolean Café. As he opened the inner glass door Klenk looked gigantic in the low room among the medieval furnishings, which dangled from the roof and almost touched his head. He looked round; it always took a few seconds before one could distinguish faces in the smoke and fog. The customers were crammed close together, drinking beer, and eating tiny, wrinkled fried sausages along with sauerkraut flavoured with caraway seeds, and little salted pretzels.

Right, there sat the man he was seeking, the President of the Supreme Court, Dr. Hartl. It was inevitable that he should be here tonight at this particular table, on which as a sort of signal stood a bronze herald in medieval garb holding a banner with the inscription, "Reserved." Dr. Hartl was sitting there with a dozen of his colleagues; Klenk knew them well, Messerschmidt, the President of the Senate, and several others. The Minister saw that they were acquainted with his position in the new Cabinet. Accustomed to respect, tonight he would be greeted with double obsequiousness. He observed with satisfaction that they had tumbled to it.

While he wound his way through the customers of the Bratwurstglöckel, people with high-school education, secondary teachers, editors, higher officials, who almost all of them had been acquainted for years, he regarded through the fog the table where his own subordinate officials were sitting. They didn't look very spry; their looks and clothes were shabby and frayed. It wasn't to be wondered at, their salaries were wretched, they had wives and children; in those years of the inflation it was a hard job getting food and clothes. A few were nearing the age limit. Before the War their position had been highly satisfactory, they had had the agreeable prospect of an ample pension and a comfortable old age; but now even the accustomed evening in the Bratwurstglöckel was a luxury; they had to think ten times before they could make up their minds which brand of cigar they could afford. At the same time their work had piled up. The new State organization was responsible for that as for every other evil. It had loosened the bonds of custom, sent up the crime statistics, and who had to do the extra work? They had. They all had to dispatch four times as many cases now; each of them had his eight or ten summonses for tomorrow morning.

While room was being made for him, Klenk was thinking of the people who would receive these summonses. Certainly this was not an easy night for them; they would be waiting apprehensively for the morning, were preparing in advance every gesture, every detail of their bearing, every word, anxiously and tensely speculating about the faces and the tempers of the men who should sit in judgment upon them. They did not guess how little time those men had for them, and how little inclination to take the trouble of reading the souls of those who were brought up before them. They themselves had a damned anxious time of it at present, and were filled with their own private cares. Piles of work, wretched salaries, and on top of that a perpetually grousing public and a stupid press. All prestige was gone. Wide-spread public opinion was beginning to treat the judge as in earlier times it had treated the hangman.

It was an event for Klenk to come to that table, a demonstration. The men sitting there were elated. Dr. Hartl himself, who was sitting there, that accomplished Judge who had done so brilliantly in the Krüger case, had not in the long run been accomplished enough. He had felt too secure, he had made a false step. Over a petty case, it was true, the Pfannenschmidt case. Pfannenschmidt, a leather manufacturer in a small Upper Bavarian town, had been accused by one of his competitors (because he was a republican) of sedition, fraudulent business, syphilis, and rape, and had almost been brought to ruin by slanders fabricated out of thin air. Pfannenschmidt had entered a complaint, but his had not been taken up. His opponent's attacks had continued. As the whole population were boycotting him and spitting on him, the manufacturer had been driven to inconsiderate action. There had been violence, breach of the peace, and a law suit in which Dr. Hartl, the President of the Supreme Court, had thoroughly curried the hide of the "red tanner," as the well-disposed press declared with true native waggishness. But Dr. Hartl had taken the matter too lightly, his assurance had played him false. When one distorted justice one could not afford to make a formal error. In this respect, Dr. Hartl had been imprudent, and Klenk had been compelled officially to cold-shoulder him a little. Unofficially he had written him a charmingly humorous letter, which Hartl too had answered in a witty and conciliatory vein. That should have set everything right, but obviously Hartl's lucky star was not in the ascendant in this whole Pfannenschmidt matter. He could not resist letting an interview appear in which in the most polite and insinuating yet fundamentally insolent fashion he made fun of Klenk, citing passages from his letter only a little disguised. Klenk found the interview very amusing and did not mind it in the least; but he could not really pass over this affront to his authority, and he had a disciplinary warning sent to Hartl. Unofficially, however, he sent him an inquiry asking whether he was inclined to change over to the administrative side; he offered him the important post of Attorney-General, which would soon be vacant. At bottom Klenk could not stand Hartl, nor could Hartl stand him. The whole affair between the two men had the look of a friendly but not quite harmless contest. In the rush of those last strenuous days the incident had been for Klenk a sort of relief; he was pleased at the way in which he had solved it. He had stopped the mouths of the bawlers in the Opposition and at the same time given Hartl a facer; for he had disciplined him. But at the same time he had given the Opposition a facer and stopped Hartl's mouth; for this disciplinary measure looked devilishly like an act of promotion. At any rate it was a kind of demonstration to the public and a treat for himself that now, after that official warning to the President of the Supreme Court, the private citizen Klenk should be sitting at this table in the Bratwurstglöckel passing a pleasant evening with the private citizen Hartl.

But as he sat now in the Bratwurstglöckel, he found suddenly that it was not a treat after all. The men raised their rough heavy beer glasses and said: "Prosit, Hartl! Prosit, Herr Minister!" But they didn't please him, his judges. And the President of the Supreme Court too, sitting there blown up with his own importance, went so much against his grain that it wasn't any pleasure even to rag him. A disgusting fellow, this Hartl, with his rich, foreign wife, his foreign money, his villa in Garmisch, his impudently displayed independence, and his cheap popularity. To be conscious of your own value was a good thing; but Hartl piled it on too thick. That smooth, slimy, shameless, confidential arrogance, that mockingly conciliatory irony. There was nothing to be got by having to do with the fellow, he shouldn't have offered him the Attorneyship, where he would always be having dealings with him.

Klenk's spirits fell. He looked at the men round the table. Förtsch, that rabbit-faced fellow whom he had put over the Odelsberg prison, had naturally come to sniff out which way the wind was blowing. He was on edge too. They had all crawled out of their holes and come to town to find out what was up. That he, Klenk, was there, that he was at the wheel; they appreciated that. But was it really so hard to understand what he was driving at? Even if it wasn't shrill, hadn't his policy, his programme, been obvious enough till now? Even a higher Bavarian official should be able to understand without much trouble that now there would be no more pounding of the table, that one would make concessions in small affairs so as to carry on all the more trenchantly in great.

The presence of the Minister and Dr. Hartl, so happily and elegantly disciplined into promotion, exhilarated the company at the table. Dr. Hartl had made no mystery of his inclusion in the Ministry, nor did Klenk. It seemed now—and the presence of the Ministers at the table confirmed it—that the law was armoured against every fatuous attack, that in the tottering state of the present world it was the one firmly grounded, unshakable power. The times were wretched, and they, the officers of justice, looked somewhat shabby, it could not be denied. But they were autonomous, indispensable, answerable only to their conscience; they could discharge or condemn, throw people into prison or set them free. Nobody could call them to account. The Reds, that set of swine, had forgotten this when they had tried to build up a new State on perjury and high treason. The swine had not touched them, the officers of justice, the chief pillars of the old order. People could say what they liked about Klenk; but he was the man to guard those sacred rights. That had been shown in the way he had handled the Hartl case; that was shown now that he sat, broad and powerful, by the side of his vilified judge. This feeling elevated those ageing men in spite of their external shabbiness, stiffened their backs, and warmed their hearts. Their spirits rose, they talked of their student days. "Prosit, old admiral of the Starnbergersee fleet!" said one, raking up a moth-eaten memory of youth. "That time with Mali in Oberlanzing," another mused over his tiny, wrinkled pork sausages; "that was a Hallowmass." "Prosit, old fox!" said a very old man to one scarcely younger. They laughed rumblingly, talked all at once, raising their voices, wiped the drops from their beards, and ordered more beer. Probably, the Minister conjectured, they were secretly hoping that Hartl would treat the whole table in honour of his good fortune.

Anton von Messerschmidt alone, the President of the Senate, took no part in the general jubilation. He was a good jurist, a little slow and difficult. A stately gentleman with a great red face adorned with an old-fashioned, well-tended beard, and huge, protuberant eyes, he listened without smiling to the stories and the quips flying around him. He suffered more than the others from the times. The depreciation of the currency was eating away his wealth, originally great; already he had had to dispose of some things out of his collection of Bavarian antiquities to which he was much attached, so as to procure clothes for himself and his wife befitting their station. But it wasn't so much the actual need that troubled him. It was this: the Messerschmidts were of a bull-necked integrity. The President of the Senate had been one of the few who had felt themselves bound during the hungry years of the War to confine themselves to the authorized ration; a brother of his, Ludwig von Messerschmidt, captain of a mine-sweeper, had lost his life because, after being captured by the English, he had remained silent while his captor's ship made straight for a mine-field which he himself had laid. Anton von Messerschmidt tormented himself over Bavarian justice as it was now. He could not see his way. He was troubled by the list of sentences which juristically seemed to be adequately justified, but yet went against the elementary sense of right and wrong; by the whole manipulation of justice, which little by little, instead of being a safeguard for the ordinary man, was becoming a snare and a delusion. He would have been prepared to retire from his office and lead a tranquil life with his wife, his Bavarian antiquities, and a little music. But his Messerschmidt sense of duty would not permit him.

He could not feel cheerful at this table. The way his colleagues were drawing out the old doddering man, Kahlenegger, was not to his taste. The brazen disciplining into promotion of the rich, ironical Hartl disgusted him. Nor could he stand Klenk. Klenk had his merits, certainly, and was a capable man and a lover of his country. But he lacked the necessary inner equipoise for such difficult times. No, Messerschmidt, the President of the Senate, had no joy of this evening.

To Klenk old Messerschmidt seemed by no means the worst of the lot. He was slow, really a pedant. But he was an honest man, and one could at least talk to him at times about Bavarian antiquities. But the others: what hopeless, papier-mâché asses they were! Now they were discussing their salaries and coal prices again. That and a few official paragraphs, that was their notion of the world. Klenk loved his country and his people, but he was critical towards individuals, and tonight he felt a veritable misanthrope. The rabbit-faced Förtsch, whom he had made governor of Odelsberg, how anxiously his tongue was hanging out for every word, so that he might treat the man Krüger more leniently or more strictly, according to his, Klenk's, inclination. And Hartl, the conceited, coquettish nincompoop. And those judges and councillors, those wretched ignoramuses, those blatant cattle; what a miserable affair his celebration had turned out to be. He was overcome by a boundless repugnance, an ever mounting boredom. It wasn't worth while even to rag them. No, it was a pity for his evening. All at once he yawned loudly and unceremoniously and said: "Excuse me, gentlemen," and tramped out, gigantic, with his felt hat on his head, leaving his companions in embarrassed silence.

Well, that part of his evening had been a frost. It was to be hoped that the episode with Flaucher would be more amusing. What other reason should there be for admitting the clod-hopper into the Ministry? Yes, why on earth had he not sent him to the devil?

He had really nobody that he could talk to about his affairs. One should have somebody one could talk to. His wife, the poor dry stick, had no idea of all that he had accomplished in those last few days, and still less of what he had endured. Or had she really some notion of it! Lately she had gone about with a still more anxious, forlorn, ill-used air than usual. Simon, his boy. He had taken no thought for his brat for a long time. Veronica, the mother, who managed things for him on his estate at Berchtoldszell, she held her tongue and said nothing. But he had had his information. From the bank at Allertshausen, where he had installed the boy, and from other people too. He wasn't behaving well, the boy, he was good at nothing, he was a real wild fellow. Violent; he got into one scrape after another. Now he had actually struck up with the Kutzner crowd, with the True Germans, those stupid cattle. It wouldn't last long. Besides, the older the boy grew, the more he resembled his father. Still, perhaps one should look after him more. Rubbish. One couldn't reform people. One must be left to make one's own mistakes and discoveries. If the boy took after him it wouldn't be so bad. Then he would get his share of the good things of life.

He had reached the Tyrolean Café, and here it seemed at last that his expectations were to be crowned. Firstly Greiderer and Osternacher were there. It was amusing to observe the pair. Greiderer's position among the local celebrities was now secure and a strangely thick intimacy had sprung up between the representative painter, Professor Osternacher, imbedded in the history of art, and the painter of the "Crucifixion," who after his rapid rise was going so quickly to pieces. The cultivated professor, the painter of fashionably expensive society ladies in various countries, usually so fastidious in the choice of the women whom he suffered to accompany him, put up now with Greiderer's cheap tarts and his vulgar fashion of enjoying himself. Greiderer was extremely flattered by his distinguished company. Osternacher carried on with him long conversations about art. While others had to exert themselves to seize the crabbed, over-emphatic pronouncements of this rough peasant, he understood them. Greiderer had ideas, no doubt about it. He created in the same temper as Osternacher himself. Went on creating, while he, Osternacher, had remained marking time. So the former revolutionary Osternacher pricked up his ears, stretched out feelers, lay in watch for what the other did and still more for what he intended to do. He weighed everything, and now that the other man was becoming lukewarm and lazy, felt new powers sprouting within him. He collected all Greiderer's fragmentary notions, and assembled into one compost these and his own. The very devil must be in it if he couldn't gather himself up for a new creative burst.

Klenk sat down beside them. He guessed the reasons why Osternacher had attached himself to this plebeian fellow. He itched to put this fine Herr von Osternacher through the mill. He coaxed compromising utterances out of the proletarian Greiderer, and reluctantly Osternacher was forced to agree with them. By his applause he goaded Greiderer on to coarser and coarser remarks about artistic cliques and impotence, and Osternacher had to swallow insults which looked as if they were coined for his particular benefit.

Only after this preliminary titbit did Klenk go over, slowly and benevolently, to Flaucher's table. Flaucher was sitting with Sebastian Kastner, the parliamentary representative for Oberlanzing. His hostility to Klenk had become as vitally necessary to Flaucher as his radishes, his beer, his politics, and his dachshund Waldmann. He scented his foe anxiously and yet almost greedily.

He growled a question at Klenk, asking what he thought of this stupid business of the Field-Marshal's Hall. A new monument was to be put up, a commenorative monument, and this time not even in the hall itself, but in the street. And that had been the reason for the True Germans demonstrating there, and beating an American because he had a Jewish look. There had been uncomfortable explanations with the American embassy. Flaucher found the demands of Rupert Kutzner, who had conducted himself with great self-importance in this business, far-reaching but understandable. The representative of Oberlanzing, admiring and obsequious before Flaucher, that mighty champion of Bavarian prestige, supported him eagerly but modestly; Klenk, on the contrary, laughed at Kutzner, his wooden eloquence and his wretched fulminations. That was one of the principal differences between Klenk and Flaucher. Flaucher favoured the True Germans, Klenk used the movement where he could, but found that one must give Kutzner a good buffet now and then, when he became too impudent. "I'm afraid," he ended, knocking out his pipe, "we'll have to have his sanity looked into sometime, this Kutzner."

Flaucher was silent for a little, then suddenly, in a strangely quiet voice, he asked, looking straight into Klenk's eyes: "Tell me, Klenk, why did you really let me into the Ministry, seeing that you always make game of me?" He spoke quite quietly, but very distinctly. The presence of Sebastian Kastner, his devoted supporter, did not disturb him. So unexpectedly drawn into the quarrels of the mighty, the representative for Oberlanzing felt his heart in his mouth. For a comparatively unimportant man like him nothing good could come out of this. He got up, stuttered several times, "Excuse me, gentlemen," and went with uncertain steps to the lavatory. Stretching his neck so as to keep his eyes fixed on Klenk, Flaucher reiterated: "Why did you take me into the Ministry?" Klenk bent his head slightly, glanced obliquely across at the angry man and said: "Well, you see, Flaucher, I often ask myself the same question." Said Flaucher, "It's no joke for me to work along with you, Klenk." He crossly pushed away the dachshund Waldmann, which was rubbing against his legs. Klenk, still attentively knocking out his pipe, replied: "But it's a joke for me, Flaucher." His knotted hand clutching his wine-glass, Flaucher tried to think of some answer that would strike his opponent dumb. He gazed at his cuffs; they were much mended and frayed, they chafed his wrists. He thought of the anxiety and the awful, comfortless rush of this last week. He thought of the first news, that a reshuffling of the Cabinet was in contemplation, and that Klenk was the chief mover. Of how at the beginning he had refused to believe it. How he had seen presently that it was true. How the news had filled him with apprehension and fury, because the things which he had achieved with so much sweat and humiliation would now float out of his reach again. How then his hatred against Klenk had almost choked him. How he had pondered the idea of resigning; for Klenk would of course throw him out, and it was better to go voluntarily. How he had not managed to bring himself to it all the same, but had waited for Klenk to give him the push. How then to his great surprise he, he of all people, had been spared. How he had breathed freely again. How next his rage at Klenk had grown and grown, simply because Klenk had spared him. They had always quarrelled, but Klenk had always come off best; yet never had they spoken their minds so bluntly before, and as Flaucher was convinced that he was in the right, and as he was fighting moreover for a good cause, God must, he felt, put something in his mouth which would make his opponent feel small after this brazen piece of insolence, after this cynical admission that he had let a man whom he regarded as incapable remain in the most important position in the State merely for his own amusement. So Flaucher gripped the thick wine-glass, stared at his frayed cuffs sticking out from the rough material of his ill-cut suit, and considered rapidly, in helpless fury, what he should say. But nothing brilliant occurred to him and he only replied, not even spitefully, but rather sadly: "You're not a serious man, I'm afraid."

Klenk had been quite prepared for some damp squib. Strangely enough this sober pronouncement of the stupid and contemned Flaucher impressed him. Yes, Flaucher couldn't have hit on anything better. Klenk was Klenk and signed himself Klenk; he was State Minister of Justice and master of the land of Bavaria. It was less than nothing to him, what Flaucher thought; and what did it mean anyway, that he wasn't a serious man? But all the same he had lost his taste for a squabble with Flaucher. The dachshund yawned. The wine in his glass looked disgusting, like urine. Klenk saw that for this evening there was nothing for him even in the Tyrolean Café.

He left and, still vexed with himself, went a few steps further, to Pfaundler's cabaret. There he joined Frau von Radolny and Baron Toni Riedler, the Peasant leader. As he sipped a particularly fine wine which Pfaundler had brought in, he gradually forgot Flaucher. Keeping half an eye on the stage, he drank, and with bear-like joviality opposed Frau von Radolny, who was arguing against her own convictions that a victory was possible for the bill expropriating the royal property. He spoke bluntly to Pfaundler and chaffed Toni Riedler about the sports costumes of his illegal peasant associations.

Suddenly, as if he had unexpectedly caught sight of a capital piece of game, he asked, with his eyes on the tiny stage: "Who is that girl?" A languishing creature was dancing there, with slightly deprecating eyes and a slinking, curiously clinging step. "She isn't in form tonight," said Pfaundler. "I must give her another blowing up." Said Frau von Radolny: "Really, you're as seriously affected by the expropriation bill as myself, Klenk. Even more. For you're ambitious." "What's her name?" asked Klenk. "That's Insarova," said Pfaundler. "Have you never heard of her?" No, Klenk had never seen her before. The dance ended to faint applause. They talked of other things. "Is she to appear again?" asked Klenk later. "Who?" asked Pfaundler. "This—this—what's she called—your Russian girl?" "No," replied Pfaundler. "Unfortunately we must close here at twelve. But she'll be next door, at the One O'clock Club." "A smart piece, what?" said Toni Riedler, the guerrilla leader, a possessive smile on his handsome, impertinent face. Klenk went on talking to Frau von Radolny. Later he said to the Peasant leader: "You would do us all and yourself a favour if you would make Major von Guenther a little less conspicuous about your estate." "Major von Guenther?" replied Toni Riedler. "If it pleases me to have him, my dear Klenk, how can you hinder Guenther from being conspicuous?" His brown eyes, whose very whites had a touch of brown, stared impudently into Klenk's face. "One can arrest a man, for instance, for perjury," said Klenk, gruffly. Baron Riedler's irascible face grew red. "I would like to see anyone arresting von Guenther between this and the Judgment Day," he said. "Are you coming to the One O'clock Club?" asked Frau von Radolny. "Yes, I'll come," said Klenk. The Peasant leader went too.

The night club proved to be an angular, uncomfortable little resort with the same customers, artistes, and waiters as Pfaundler's cabaret. Insarova came to their table. "Can't you dance still worse than that?" Pfaundler shot at her. "You've been as clumsy as a pig tonight." "Which pig?" asked Insarova. Klenk laughed in approval. "What a way to treat your people, Pfaundler!" he said, "I'll have to interfere." "I'm not feeling well tonight," said Insarova in her affected, sickly voice. She stared unconcernedly and appraisingly at Klenk, and turned again to the Peasant leader, showing openly that he pleased her better. Klenk kept his good temper, was amusing, and paraded his wit before the Russian, who accepted his compliments with a faint curiosity, unsmilingly, and remained quite indifferent.

Klenk still remained pleased on his way home. He made a resolve to demand at the next Cabinet meeting a uniformly sharper attitude to the Kutzner movement. He decided to keep a sharper eye on Toni Riedler and his sports associations, not forgetting Major von Guenther and his perjury. He had had it in mind for a long time.

Meanwhile Flaucher too was making for home accompanied by Sebastian Kastner, the member of Parliament. Kastner, after waiting for a fitting time, had to his surprise found Flaucher alone at the table with the sleeping dachshund. Flaucher was very elated, obviously he had given Klenk something to think about. The representative for Oberlanzing begged as a favour to be allowed to accompany the Minister to his home. Paying no attention to the inconvenience caused him by the dog, which ran against his legs, he walked respectfully always a quarter of a step behind Flaucher, very glad that this patriarchal and upright man had triumphed over the arrogant, novelty-seeking Klenk, exhilarated by the consciousness that tomorrow he could return to his constituents in the foothills with that reassurance.

In the Nürnberger Bratwurstglöckel, too, the customers had left. Some of them had to go for a longish stretch through the English Garden towards Bogenhausen. As they had hoped, Hartl had paid for them. The demonstration which the Minister had made on his colleagues' behalf, for the autonomy of the judges, had lifted their hearts above the needy times; they were in excellent spirits. They walked through the dark gardens in their decent, somewhat shabby clothes. They did not think of the labour and anxiety which their wives would have next day to provide food to keep the house going. Nor did they think of the summonses which awaited them next morning, nor of the 2358 years of imprisonment which four of them had inflicted in penalties. They thought rather of hats, bands, watch-chain pendants, beer, fencing-schools, brothels, of all the pleasures of their youth; and they sang a Latin song with conviction and as much swing as their ageing voices could summon, a song stating that they would be happy as long as they felt young and that after a youth of enjoyment and an age of vexation they would be laid in earth. The two Protestant gentlemen joined in the singing too, not reflecting that for greater economy they had fixed up terms with a crematorium.

VI. DOG MASKS

A few days after the interview with Dr. Bichler, as Johanna was passing a pavement café near the Opera a young man greeted her, arose, and came up with a nonchalantly confidential air. He was clad in light, loose clothes, his face was pallid, empty, brazen, his lips very red. He begged Johanna to bear him company. She hesitated, then sat down beside him.

It transpired that Erich Bornhaak was often in Paris and knew the city well. Once he had acutally been a tourists' guide; he spoke French with ease and fluency. Could he not show her round sometime? He could show her lots of things which she would never find out for herself. He blinked at her with his debauchee's eyes, "But it's an eternity since I've been a guide," he laughed. "At present I've other affairs, somewhat complicated ones." His face, in spite of its viciousness, looked suddenly boyish. He invited her urgently to visit him. He had a pretty little flat in Clamart. Also he had a car at his disposal. His place was really charming, not uninteresting.

She went. Erich Bornhaak's tiny flat in Clamart among friendly trees was luxurious, exquisite, untidy. On the walls hung plaster of Paris masks of dogs' heads, many of them, of different kinds, terriers, bull-dogs, spaniels, dogs of all descriptions. Erich Bornhaak walked up and down with his conceited smile, elegant, easy, diffusing a faint scent of hay and leather. She did not give him the satisfaction of asking about those curious dogs' masks.

He spoke of his political enterprises. "I could burst several reputations," he said. He named names. He spoke confidentially of his hopes, of the possibility of making a false step. "Does he think we're accomplices?" Johanna asked herself, wondering that such a strange term should come into her head. "Really we're political opponents," he said, "but I believe in tolerance." He gave himself into her hands with languid self-sufficiency. What did he want? Johanna asked herself. Why did he say all this to her?

Erich looked the tall girl up and down, holding his cigarette with affected grace in his slim, manicured fingers. She's not particularly elegant, he thought. When I'm with Laurette, it makes a better show. But she must be amusing to sleep with. She has something promising about her. Probably she's sentimental.

"My job," he said, "is really delightful, so far as anything can be delightful in this boring world. Social moralists would perhaps twaddle about espionage—those pathetic phrase-mongers. I don't give a button for appearances. What's wrong with a spy? It's more difficult to get the better of other people than of animals. A boxer is considered superior to a bull-fighter."

"What do you think of Herr von Dellmaier?" he asked suddenly. *He* thought him marvellous. Johanna recollected how the two of them had ragged each other at Garmisch. Now he spoke enthusiastically of him and honestly, it seemed to Johanna. "Our affairs go hand in hand," he went on. "One of us always remains here in town while the other travels. We have lots of business, not all political." He showed her articles in the extreme left press in which the police were violently accused of not being active enough in investigating the murder of G., a representative of the Left Party, who had been assassinated in the public street in Munich without the authorities having found a trace of the assassin. The newspaper article indicated certain clues. They described a Herr von D.; it was clear that they meant von Dellmaier and held him to be the man.

"What does it mean?" asked Johanna, the three furrows appearing in her forehead. She stood up brusquely, flung the paper on the table, and gazed at him with angry grey eyes. He remained sitting and replied impishly, with a flash of white teeth in his impudent, boyish face: "During the War we were called heroes, now we're called murderers. I find that unfair and illogical." Without transition he began to speak of his love for Paris, and of the sexual idiosyncracies of the little Parisiennes.

Everything that the man said seemed to come from an empty heart and repelled Johanna. She ceased listening, gazed out through the window at the light green trees, and wondered why she had come here, why on earth she did not go now. She felt that the apathy of those last weeks was gone. She was annoyed by other people now, felt exasperated, felt alive.

When she began to listen again he was talking about dog licenses. He spoke graphically, with cynical interpolations; but he kept his eyes on Johanna with the sharp, vigilant stare which she had noted in Dr. Geyer. Hunger and wretchedness were increasing in Germany, already one had to give 408 marks for a dollar. In Munich a loaf of bread cost 15.20 marks, a pound of cocoa 58 marks, a woollen cape 1100 marks, a suit for a working man 925 to 3200 marks. Many people could not scrape together the tax imposed for keeping a dog. They were fond of the beasts, but where were they to get the money? They used a hundred devices to diddle the customs officials, and came to them in tears, cursing and imploring. Erich Bornhaak sat on a low chair, he spoke vigorously, his cigarette had gone out. From his words grew visibly a picture of dull and silently threatening men, weeping women and children, youths in whom rage and pain were deeply bitten in. Faces glued to the windows, staring after the dogs being led away. Almost all the women said the same thing. "You can't keep anything," they said dully, "when you're poor everything is taken from you." He had often been present at those scenes. For he ran a dog-breeding establishment himself. Owned prizes. The soul of the business was Herr von Dellmaier. A wonderful chap, really. "What has my newspaper done to you, anyway?" He stared at Johanna with his brazen smile, lifted the paper with the news of the murder of G., the parliamentary representative, from the table, folded it carefully, and put it away again. "I know people who are cut to the quick by those dog stories. Good as the cinema, wonderful. All the same I can't understand why the fools don't eat their tikes. But no, I do understand it; for I love dogs myself."

He pointed to the dog masks, and spoke of the dog-breeding business. The masks had been taken from living dogs, narcotized of course. It was a curious process. With ordinary dogs it couldn't be done on account of the hair. Aren't the masks expressive, more especially because the eyes are closed?" Without any transition he spoke of her profession. She seemed to have thrown it up. He had thought once of taking up the production of human masks as a career; he thought that would be interesting. It had a distinct resemblance to her art. It would certainly be a paying business. People were growing sick of being everlastingly photographed. One would have to open a large office, take the customers' masks and give them an analysis of their character; there would be both the mask and the handwriting to go on. Was she not interested in the idea?

There he was, making plans again. Yes, he was fond of thinking out projects. Perhaps that was an inheritance from the boredom of his trench life. She could not imagine the heroic life at the front; it had been boring beyond words. A few of his projects had actually been carried out. The dog business, for example. He laughed his demoralized and youthful laugh.

Johanna returned to her hotel with mixed feelings. His offer to take her back to Paris in the car she had refused. His foppish airs completely repelled her. But she could not banish his voice, his face, his white teeth, from her memory. The murder of the representative, the dog business, the incredible von Dellmaier, the showing of foreigners through the night life of Paris, with hired apaches. The faint smell of hay and leather. The curious heads of the terriers, bull-dogs, spaniels, dachshunds, sheep-dogs, greyhounds.

She declined his second invitation. The third one too. Then she ran into him in a café. This time he was amiable and shy, talked very little of his own affairs, and showed understanding and real sympathy when Johanna told of her fight for Krüger.

Shortly afterwards Hessreiter began to grumble that the hotel was uncomfortable. True, the food wasn't bad. But life in a hotel became disagreeable if one stayed long. Besides, Johanna was not looking after herself properly, she was no better than a child, she must have somebody to care for her. Johanna looked at him and said nothing.

Since the interview with Privy Councillor Bichler she had been able to do hardly anything for Krüger. Twice or thrice she had met influential journalists, but she had not succeeded in rousing those gentlemen. Now she was struck by the fact that without any initiative on her part, people in France were beginning to interest themselves in Dr. Martin Krüger, in the man, his fate, and above all his work. This interest had been started by a longish essay by the art critic, Jean Leclerc. Johanna was interviewed, Krüger's name cropped up more and more often in the Paris press. People analysed his theories, translated his articles; a good publishing house announced an edition of his three books on Spanish Painting. Somebody must have fanned this sudden sympathy to a blaze; but who it was Johanna could not discover. Vexed that he was not the cause of the fortunate turn of events, Hessreiter too, was in the dark.

Two days later, after he had again elaborated his views on the comfortlessness of life in a hotel, Hessreiter suggested that they should take a flat and send for Aunt Ametsrieder. Johanna answered unequivocally that she found the hotel comfortable, was glad to be rid of her aunt, and had no intention of sending for her again. Also she considered it superfluous, during the present inflation, to drag a third person with them through this expensive life in Paris. Herr Hessreiter replied indulgently that she need have no anxiety about that, his business affairs were going splendidly. It came out that he had already rented a flat and written to Aunt Ametsrieder. It was the first time that they had come to words. Hessreiter listened quietly to her violent reproaches and defended himself mildly.

When she was alone she considered whether she should leave him. Why did he want Aunt Ametsrieder in Paris? She had said nothing to him about her encounter with Erich Bornhaak and did not know whether the presence of the empty youth in Paris was known to him. Was he jealous? Did he want to encumber her with a duenna? He was mild and amiable, but stubborn and, when his interests were at stake, not too scrupulous about his methods. She smelt the stale odour of his factory.

She considered seriously whether she should not return to her graphology. Bornhaak's dog masks came into her mind. His proposal was by no means stupid. He was by no means stupid himself either. Masks were much more solid, were far more palpable and comprehensible than colourless, more or less arbitrary graphological analyses. She reflected on what Erich Bornhaak had told her about his methods of preparing those masks. He held that it wasn't difficult to learn the technique.

A degenerate youth. Not without talent. When he had told those stories about the dogs he had certainly been honestly moved. She took up the last note of invitation which he had sent her. She began to analyse it. Here everything was clear at the first glance. She gazed at the light, wavering, fickle script. An unsteady, flashy, irresponsible, double-dyed waster. His common, vile, soulless persiflage over the murder of the parliamentary representative. Unsteady, changeable. The last time he had seemed as eager to help as a brother, quiet and reasonable. Much more clear-sighted than Hessreiter had ever been. Might one not be able to strike on some reliable quality in him?

Should she leave Hessreiter?

Hessreiter came in. He behaved as if their last quarrel had never taken place. He was solicitous and tender. It wouldn't be an easy matter to wean oneself from this continuous embracing solicitude. It wouldn't be easy either to have to fight for one's living again. The fight for Krüger would be more difficult without Hessreiter.

When it was decided that they should move into a flat and that Aunt Ametsrieder should come, Johanna ran into Erich Bornhaak at a café. Once more he was unaffected and reasonable. When she spoke of the surprising interest which the Paris papers were showing in Krüger, he replied that he was glad that he had done the right thing in directing Leclerc's attention to Krüger's books. Johanna became dumb with surprise, and did not know whether to believe him or not. Was it credible that this man had any influence with the celebrated art critic? He said nothing further about the matter, left it with this short, parenthetical hint. When they parted they had agreed that one of those days he would drive her to the sea in his little car. Going home she hummed a tune to herself through her teeth, an almost inaudible tune, quite discordant; she was reflective and pleased.

VII. SIX TREES MAKE A GARDEN

Personally, Förtsch, the Prison Governor, the genial man, had never had anything against convict 2478. Now that the almighty Klenk obviously desired a milder regimen in disciplinary matters, the silver lining in Krüger's cloud became brighter and brighter, and Förtsch exerted himself to make the prisoner's days in his cell easier.

Since the art historian Krüger had been discovered by the Paris press, his mail had become more bulky. There were interesting letters; when he handed them out the Governor drew the prisoner into long, pleasant talks. He congratulated him on his growing success in his profession, and asked his opinion on this or that painter. Oh, the rabbit-faced Governor was no shrivelled specialist, he had expansive interests. He read Krüger's books. One day he begged the grey-faced man to write an inscription on one of them for him. He smiled benevolently too at times at the number of letters from women which Krüger received. For many of them remembered him now, and with letters from foreign admirers came letters too from German women which told of days, nights, weeks which they had spent with the brilliant man now fallen into misfortune.

Courteous and ready, Krüger allowed himself to seem charmed by the Governor's conversation. "Now he's got a grip on himself again," declared the Governor to his companions at his table in the café, the parson, the mayor, the teacher, and some farmers. They were all curious about the notorious man. Especially the wives of the leading Odelsbergers. The Councillor gave hopes that he might perhaps sometimes present Krüger to somebody when he was taking his walk in the prison yard. "He's a clever fellow when he's handled in the right way," he said.

Yes, Martin Krüger had changed since he had received the news of the improvement of his position through Frau Crescentia Ratzenberger's declaration; and the report of his lawyer that between an application for a re-trial and a re-trial itself there lay an endless, and only by the most improbable chance, an accessible road, did not cast him back into his former apathy. No longer did he sit day after day brooding over his writings. He eagerly read the letters which he received and studied them. He studied too, the reviews of his books, and, a careful book-keeper of his assets, learned almost by heart the articles about him which some chance author had written with a careless, elegant hand. He longed for the post hour, his one connexion with the outside world. With the warders, his fellow-prisoners, the Governor, he talked as often as he had an opportunity about his letters, about the women whose scribbles followed him into the very prison, about his success and his influence in the world.

Chiefly, however, he talked about them to the prisoner who had been allotted to him as his companion during the walking hour: Leonhard Renkmaier. The quick and nimble Renkmaier was proud of his association with such a great man as Dr. Krüger. He always called him "Doctor," and felt his own importance increased by the fame which his companion enjoyed outside. Oh, he himself, Leonhard Renkmaier, was by no means unknown, young as he was. Once, while a prisoner of war, he had divulged certain things, worthless it turned out, about the position of a battery to an enemy officer who had threatened him with a revolver. He had returned to his home at the end of the War with this action of his common property. A Nationalist sergeant-major had sentenced him to fifteen years' penal servitude for treason. Now it was true that military offences had been pardoned, but the Bavarian authorities had excepted military offences committed with dishonourable intent. The Bavarian court had fixed a dishonourable motive on Renkmaier. As this had only been possible on the most unfair construction of the evidence, the case had attracted attention. Dr. Geyer had delivered a trenchant speech in Parliament, all the newspapers of the Left in the Empire had been indignant at the fact that an offence committed during the War had now to be expiated so many years after the end of the War. Convict Renkmaier was proud of all this. The consciousness that so much was being talked about the injustice done to him nourished his vitality. He glutted himself on it, intoxicated himself. He was long, thin, fair, with a high forehead, a sharp nose, a thin colourless skin, and lank hair; he looked as if he were made of blotting paper. He babbled to Martin Krüger about his case eagerly and diligently in his watery voice. He wanted Martin Krüger to understand and recognize how interesting his case was. Krüger did. He became interested in this talkative man so eager for approval, he occupied himself during his long nights with Renkmaier's narratives and observations, and gave his commentary on them next day. In return Leonhard Renkmaier listened with devout attention to the "Doctor's" stories. They trotted round the prison yard; the brilliant Martin Krüger and the pale and wretched Renkmaier sympathized with each other, and supported each other. They were good times, the times when they ran round the little prison yard in the sunshine between the six walled-in trees. The six trees became a garden.

While Martin Krüger had been sitting in Odelsberg, summer and autumn had passed, winter and spring, and another summer had come. Johanna Krain had been to Garmisch, had married him, and was living at present with Councillor Hessreiter in France. New air-ships had been constructed, the Atlantic had been flown across, and on air waves music and lectures had been brought into every house. Natural and sociological laws had been discovered, pictures painted, books written; his own books, out of date, already strange to him, were conquering France and Spain. The greater part of the Upper Silesian industrial area had fallen into the hands of Poland; Kaiser Karl of Hapsburg had made a tragi-comic attempt to reconquer his Empire, and had died in Madeira. The split Social Democratic parties in the German

Empire had reunited. The island of Ireland had won for itself an independent status. Germany had conferred with her conquerors at Cannes and later at Genoa over compensation for War damage. The English Protectorate in Egypt had been abolished. The regime of the Soviets had been established firmly in Russia; at Rapallo an international agreement between Germany and the Soviet Union had been closed. Of the sixty millions who made up Germany's population, fifty-five millions had not enough to eat and lacked necessary clothing and house furniture. The mark had sunk still further, to scarcely more than a hundredth part of its gold value, and with it Germany's standard of life. Martin Krüger knew very little about all these things, and only felt their effect vicariously.

Now, in this early summer, he regained much of his old brilliance. It was difficult at this time not to succumb to his charm. His greed for life was no longer repulsive, his longing no longer pathetic; the certainty that he would attain his hoped-for freedom exhilarated him. He was full of sympathy for everything that happened round him. He was obliging, witty, and always ready to laugh. His secret knowledge of his good luck could not be concealed, and raised the others' spirits too. A radiance went out from the grey-faced man which everybody felt: the doctor, the warders, even the "lifers," the prisoners sentenced for life.

During the nights, to be sure, his radiance did not hold out. The nights began at the moment when, in the bright evening light, one had to lay one's clothes outside the cell door. Then one lay down on the plank bed in a short night-shirt which was hardly long enough for decency. These prison nights lasted for twelve hours. If all day one had hardly any exercise one could not sleep for twelve hours. The spell before midnight was the best; for during that time one could hear noises from the village of Odelsberg, the voices of men, the baying of dogs, the infinitely distant vibration of a gramophone or perhaps a radio, the throbbing of a motor car. After that there were only the sounds made by the warders, a monotonous story told in noises. From those sounds one read what was happening; now the warder was sitting on his bench, now he was lighting his pipe, now his dog was stretching itself out. Soon it would be asleep. It was obedient to its master, a good dog, but already growing old. Aha, that must be the dog snoring. Now everything was quite still. In winter one longed for the summer, so that the light might come sooner, so that one might hear a fly buzzing against the window-pane. In summer one longed for the winter so that one might listen to the bubbling of the heating pipes.

When it was quite still one was tortured by the thought that all one had for the work one had done, for the success which had come one's way, for the women one had known, was a piece or two of printed or written paper. He had had such splendid possessions. He was gnawed now by regret for having prized them so little, when he had had them. When he was set free he would have a chance of appreciating them better. To stand before a picture and enjoy it, and know that one could convey this enjoyment to others. To stride up and down one's comfortable study, dictating to one's pretty and quick-witted secretary, who appreciated every sentence as one formed it. To travel, savouring the effect produced by one's fame; for now he was not only the great art historian, but also the martyr who had suffered for his æsthetic convictions. To sit in a beautiful room, and eat well, and drink choice wines. To sleep in a comfortable bed with a fragrant and buxom woman. The longing for these things and the picturing of them consumed him. He lay panting and sweating on his plank bed.

In these hours after midnight, when it was quite still, the affliction of sex tortured him most. Everybody within those walls suffered under it. To assuage this hunger, soda was mingled with their food; this took all flavour out of it, but had no other effect. In every cell round him it was the same; every second message rapped through to him by the other prisoners told of it. To satisfy their desires the prisoners thought out the strangest devices. Out of pocket handkerchiefs and scraps of cloth they made dolls, substitutes for woman. Every ornament, even the printed letters which they happened to see, turned into sexual images. In the silent nights, while they lay sleepless, they called up images of women. From the letters which he received, Martin Krüger constructed pictures of the women who had sent them. Grotesquely magnified, the frenzied greed of sex devoured everything. In the night in his cell the pleasures of former nights danced before Krüger's eyes. But the water drunk years ago did not still the thirst he felt now.

At last the light came. But it was still two, or three, or four hours until the prison day should begin. Ah, there went the shrill bell, now the day began, now it was all right. With thunderous rush, swiftly, one after another, the steel barriers of all the cells fly back, echoing through the bare stone corridors, so that the din never dies down. At first the sudden and hideous transition from the deathly stillness of the night to the crashing tumult of the day had torn his nerves. Now he was glad when day began. Yes, he was almost glad that he was compelled to renounce for a little longer his former pleasures. For all the greater would be his joy when he was set free.

He felt strong and did not think that his health was suffering through imprisonment. At first the loathsome air in the cell and the stench from the bucket had made him sick. Once or twice at the beginning he had fallen unconscious when he had stepped out of the disgusting exhalations of the prison into the freshness of the yard. Now his skin and lungs had become habituated. Only his heart felt the strain now and then. He described his symptoms to the doctor; he had a feeling of unbearable pressure, lasting only for a moment, but extremely violent. Dr. Ferdinand Gsell listened to what he said. He was only part-time prison doctor, had his own private practice, and a working day of fourteen hours. That the life in prison was not exactly healthy he knew quite well. That most of Governor Förtsch's "boarders" complained of illnesses at first was equally well known to him. One became accustomed to that. He tapped Krüger and sounded him and said amiably, with the superiority of the expert, that he could find nothing wrong with his heart. Then he looked at his watch, he was pressed for time. Besides, he declared, already at the door, if it should happen to be heart disease, Odelsberg would be better for the patient than the exciting life outside. Over which witticism Krüger laughed amiably no less than the doctor.

Though Krüger gave an impression of cheerfulness at this time, his letters to Johanna remained colourless and lifeless. He did his best to write to her as he felt, exuberantly, hopefully. But it did not come off. Sentences would rise up which he could not very well write and which the Governor could not possibly have let through.

Martin Krüger was seized next by a feverish desire to work. "Joseph and His Brethren" had sunk deep into oblivion, and he no longer occupied himself with the elegant painter Alonsò Cano. He now took up the notes which he had made for a long study on the Spaniard, Francisco José de Goya. He succeeded in procuring books with reproductions of Goya's paintings and drawings. He drank in the story of the violent painter with his greed for life, who knew so well the terrors of the Church, of war, and of justice. He drank in the figures which the Spaniard, grown old and deaf then, but not less greedy for life, dreamt of and spun from his mind, the Suennos and the Caprichos. He gazed at the drawings of the prisoners fettered hand and foot, the mindless animals with blind eyes and sealed ears who in compensation for these wore swords at their sides and coats of arms on their breasts. The paintings, the drawings, the frescoes with which the wonderful, savage old man had covered the walls of his house; the giant rising out of the mist gnawing a living man between his jaws, the peasants belabouring each other with cudgels during a quarrel over a land-mark while they were sinking past their knees in the swamp, the dog swept away in the torrent. The shooting down of the Madrid street fighters, the pictures of battlefields, of scenes in prisons and in madhouses. Nobody before Martin Krüger had seen so clearly the tremendous rebellion implicit in these pictures. The reproductions helped the man in prison to intensify a thousand times his first impressions. He remembered things which for years had lain dead within him, he remembered the great halls and little rooms in the Prado Museum in Madrid. The damaged parquet flooring which had creaked under him as he was looking at the painting of the royal family with their dead, spectral eyes like the heads of hat-pins. He tried mechanically to reproduce the strange legends which the Spaniard had set beneath his drawings. He was startled when he noticed that he was doing this night and day. During the night he wrote those inscriptions in the air, wrote again and again the words, "I have seen it," which were appended to the sketches of the horrors of war, also the inscription under the savage drawing of the corpse, "For this you are born." The affliction of sex vanished before the savage joy in rebellion. He entered so deeply into Goya's written characters that gradually they supplanted his own, and he wrote his German sentences in Goya's handwriting. From this time dates the chapter in his Goya book, "How long?" those five pages of prose which since then have had a place in all revolutionary school-books, and for their heading have precisely those words which the deaf old man wrote beneath the drawing of the gigantic, suffering head over which the ants were swarming.

Once Governor Förtsch begged him to read something of what he had written. The rabbit-faced Governor did not quite understand it, but he was horrified. He wanted to forbid Krüger to go on, his mouth opened and closed, but he was afraid of making a *faux pas,* and went away shrugging his shoulders.

Now that Johanna was travelling abroad, Kaspar Pröckl was Martin's most welcome visitor. Since his dismissal the young engineer had become still more difficult. The most recent turn in Krüger's affairs irritated him. For a while Krüger had found rock bottom; now he was swimming with the stream again, splashing about on the surface, playful and irresponsible, the same old dilettante of art, not using his obvious talent. Fate had flung him into prison with the clear intention of plunging him into the depths. But, lazy and comfortable, he had floated away from them. He was actually growing stout and happy in prison. Kaspar Pröckl sat down beside him, pulled to pieces all that he had written, held up to him what he, Pröckl, termed the real problem and pointed out his laziness to him. In his exuberant, assured mood, Martin Krüger refused at first to consider those charges; but at last the art lover got the upper hand. He defended himself, attacked Pröckl, and began in his turn to be annoyed. "The reason why you've been bitten by Communism," he said to Pröckl, "is simply because from your birth you've been endowed with very little of the social instinct. What's an instinct in others, a self-evident thing, an old story, astonishes you by its novelty, its imposing façade. You're a poor devil, you can't share other people's feelings; that's the reason why you try to acquire artificial means of doing it. You sit behind walls ten times as thick as mine, you're abnormally egocentric, your inhibitions are a much worse prison than Odelsberg. Besides, you're a puritan. You lack the two most essential human gifts: a capacity for enjoyment and a sympathetic heart." The painter Goya, he went on, for Goya lay nearest to him, had certainly been a revolutionary, but that was simply because he had had more capacity for sympathy and enjoyment than others. He had had none of the puritanism of the present-day Communists, nor any of their pseudo-science. And he read out to Pröckl the chapter entitled: "How long?" Kaspar Pröckl grew white with rage, for he could not prevent himself from being moved by those pages on Goya. "What are you after?" he asked at last, falling into broad dialect, and gazing full of hatred at Krüger with his burning deep-set eyes. "You know damn little about revolution, or about the real Goya. Even Goya is becoming a dainty morsel to you that you like the taste of."

Then Krüger laughed. He laughed so deeply and heartily that the warder looked up in astonishment. Seldom did anybody laugh like that here. "Good lad," said the grey-faced man, "good lad." And he laughed loudly and happily, and clapped Pröckl on the shoulder. But Pröckl left in anger before the time allowed for his visit had expired.

VIII. CONCERNING DIGNITY

Kaspar Pröckl was by no means in good form. The busy idleness of his life since his dismissal from the Bavarian Motor Works did not satisfy him. He needed his own profession as a backbone to his existence, he needed his models to potter about with. He missed the elaborate auxiliary aids of the factory, and could not accustom himself to the slender apparatus of his drawing-board. Embittered, he had flung himself wildly into several incompatible things, into discussions at the party meetings, jeering debates with Tüverlin about his revue, into a new and violent search for the painter Landholzer. He was busied too with a ballad cycle, which attempted to depict in clear and simple ways the transformation of the individual into the mass man. But all that was only a substitute for real work.

He became more irritable, more moody. Without any consideration for the views and ways of life of his interlocutors, he carried on unrefreshing discussions with strangers in the street cars and in cafés and had quarrels with his tradesmen and charwoman. Easily pleased, not much affected by dirt, bad air, and bad food, he had nevertheless to change his lodgings several times and was never satisfied. His gloomy, despotic ways repelled many people. In return there were some who were fascinated from the start by this queer fellow with the hair coming far down on his forehead, the high cheek bones, the inward squinting, savage eyes. For instance Anni Lechner had already been going with him for two years, although many people laughed when they saw the neat, sturdy girl with that slovenly, down-at-heels figure. Fresh and harmonious in looks, somewhat plump, neatly dressed, she was more at home in the atelier in Gabelsbergerstrasse which Pröckl rented for the moment than in her father's house in Unteranger. She smoothed over his disputes with the landlord, with the other people in the house, with the shop-people. She tried to make his rooms half-habitable, and keep them clean in spite of his opposition. She tried too, though with little success, to keep his clothes respectable.

Kaspar Pröckl was a violent fellow, demanded much and gave nothing. Did Anni understand his good qualities, the passion with which he believed in himself and in his ideas? The burning clarity of his intellect, the curious mixture of the racially primitive and the sharply individual in his talent? In any case she stuck to him.

Old Lechner grumbled, her brother Beni, devoted as he was to Pröckl, made a wry face, her girl friends teased her. She would not be parted from her disagreeable friend. She had a job in a big office, she kept house for her father, her day was full; nevertheless she found time to settle the many vexations in Kaspar's daily existence.

Now, on the evening of this July day, when the thermometer was standing at 90 degrees and the Berlin dollar exchange had risen to 527 marks, she was driving out with Kaspar Pröckl to bathe in the Siemsee. Pröckl was driving fast so that the cool wind might temper the heat. He was surly and monosyllabic. Recent political events were beginning to make him disgusted with staying in his native city. The Foreign Minister of the Empire had been shot from behind by Nationalists; his murder had roused such indignation among large classes of the people that the party and group leaders who had aided and abetted the murder lay quiet and held their tongues for a little. But many, especially in Bavaria, were overjoyed at the extermination of the Jewish Minister; they were demanding unequivocally that the other detested figures should be removed too. The whole business, the way in which the protests against the murder were being stifled and the counter protests given publicity, the obscene letters too, praising up the murder: all this sickened the young engineer. He loved Munich, its river, its mountains, its air, its technical museum, its art galleries. But he decided to make serious preparations for going to live in Russia.

A large car was approaching his shabby little one, and slowed up when its occupant saw him. Anni pointed out that evidently the driver wanted to speak to him. Pröckl became still more morose and drove on at the same speed without looking up. In a few minutes the big car overtook him; it had obviously turned immediately. It cut in before him so that he had to stop. Out of it stepped a stately gentleman in a white linen overcoat, with a gleaming, blushy, thick, black moustache in a fleshy countenance, and came with a buoyant step towards Pröckl. In his rich, unctuous voice with its winning Bavarian twang he said that they hadn't seen each other for so long that one had to seize the opportunity. He begged to be introduced, bowed to Anni, and kissed her hand.

Herr von Reindl then put into plain words pretty much what the taciturn Pröckl had been thinking. Misanthrope as he was, a born connoisseur of Upper Bavaria, he marvelled all the same at the provincial pettiness with which official Munich had reacted to the assassination of the Foreign Minister and its consequences. He talked pleasantly and confidentially with his former engineer, and, Anni noticed with pleasure, put his hand on Pröckl's shoulder.

He talked politics, discussed the grave situation. France on the one side, threatening the confiscation of valuable pledges, the seizure of coal-mines, railways, forests, territory; the Rapallo Treaty with the Bolshevists on the other. A leader of industry with any sense of responsibility was hard put to it. All the same he personally perhaps didn't come off so badly in this particular business. In the next few months he would have to travel a lot, to New York, to Paris. And next week to Moscow, that was a certainty. He asked Pröckl how he thought certain details of the Rapallo Treaty would work out. Pröckl got red in the face. It was clear that he had no acquaintance with the details of the Russian Treaty. Reindl was conciliatory, did not persist, and asked whether Pröckl wouldn't like to go to Moscow with him. Perhaps there one might be able to do something with his mass-production car. He should think it over seriously. Without waiting for an answer he turned to Anni, and asked her if she knew Pröckl's ballads. Splendid stuff. Pröckl had recited them to him.

In his sweaty leather jacket Pröckl stood on the dusty road in the evening light. Reindl's offer to take him to Moscow had been a shock, he was greatly tempted. The capitalist had a weak side for him. It was fatuous of him not to have exploited it before this. Except for this one feeling he had rooted out his bourgeois prejudices, consciousness of one's dignity, and such like rot; why before this swine in particular did he show injured dignity like some idiotic ancient Roman? Such a lack of cynicism verged on the pathological. The whole week he had been racking his brains to find out the easiest way of getting to Moscow. If he didn't accept Reindl's offer now, it would simply be criminal.

Meanwhile Reindl had taken off his huge motor spectacles and was smiling gallantly at Anni. It was astonishing what a huge white face he had. In the portraits in the newspapers his face looked stuck-up, unapproachable, the face of a real big-wig; but near at hand the Fifth Evangelist was a quite amiable gentleman. He knew how to deal out compliments in the most diplomatic manner, without actually saying them. Anni knew that she looked pretty and smart in spite of her cheap summer dress. He showed that he approved of her. That man there, she thought, is a real and authentic "leader of industry," without any frills. He must be keen on Kaspar. I must play up to him. She liked him and she was proud of Kaspar Pröckl.

After he had talked a little longer of indifferent matters, the Fifth Evangelist asked, well, what about it, would Herr Pröckl come with him to Russia? He would manage Moscow if Herr Pröckl would come. He looked into Pröckl's face with a kind of ironical heartiness; Pröckl thought: "The mean, provoking dog," and replied roughly: "No." Reindl turned his fleshy face full on him and asked amiably: *"Horror sanguinis?"* Anni hastily interposed that Kaspar would think it over. When one was on the road to Krottenmühl one couldn't be expected to fly like an arrow to Moscow. She laughed in her fresh young voice. Her full face with the merry eyes looked warm and fresh in the evening light. Right, Reindl said, Pröckl could have a few days to think it over; he could telephone any time up to Saturday.

After the Fifth Evangelist had driven away Anni reproached Pröckl gently for letting such a great man go like that; a chance of that kind wouldn't come again. Pröckl was elated that Reindl had shown in Anni's presence how much he valued him. But he put on a gloomy and arrogant air. If he liked he could get to Moscow without Reindl's help; he could manage that much still, at least. Anni was clever and did not persist. She knew that though Kaspar put on great airs, she only needed to wait for the right moment. Besides, she would rather that he didn't go to Moscow; but he mustn't be such an ass as to spoil his chances with Reindl. It was damned difficult to get food and clothes for oneself in these times. Class-consciousness and the wretched little car were not sufficient in themselves. It was a good thing to have a big-wig in the background.

They bathed in the still, wooded lake at the foot of the mountains. Pröckl was as merry as a boy, shouting and laughing; it was a delightful evening. On the way back she began again tentatively, asking what were his intentions about Moscow. He replied roughly that he had told her already. She said she couldn't understand what they all had against Reindl. If Beni had liked he certainly needn't have had to leave the Bavarian Motor Works. It was his own fault, that was certain.

Pröckl compressed his long, thin lips. He had not known that Benno had left Reindl. Strangely enough, Benno had said nothing to him. He felt irritated. Such a close fellow, Beni. Anni went on that seeing Beni was dismissed, he, Pröckl, might at least have spoken to Reindl about it. Pröckl answered gruffly that Benno knew what he was doing. She didn't understand.

When they reached Gabelsbergerstrasse they were surprised to find Benno Lechner waiting in front of the house. Devoted as he was to Pröckl, the young electrician did not come often to see him, and never when he guessed Anni was with him. Then there was a strange constraint between the two. But tonight he had important news. He obeyed Anni's hesitating invitation and went up with them to the studio.

She was delighted to see her brother, asked him whether he would have tea or beer, and chattered cheerfully away at him. Pröckl was taciturn. He was hurt because Benno had been so proud and had said nothing to him about his dismissal from the Bavarian Motor Works. Really it was Anni who talked. She asked him how he liked the new lamp-shade. She grumbled about the bad times. She described once more her father's present state. It was hard to put up with him. Since he had sold the famous casket he had sat round all day with suspicious currency speculators, profiteers, and such like fry, and was working himself to death on account of the yellow-fronted house. But the affair didn't seem to be getting any way on, the house was slipping through his fingers after all. There he was sitting now with his paper money.

Benno was oppressed by the feeling that Pröckl might think him importunate; but he wouldn't speak before Anni. And Anni went on talking, her tongue was never still. At last it became too much for Kaspar Pröckl. She was always saying the same thing, he declared bluntly. Benno made a vague gesture, then said that he had important news for Comrade Pröckl. That was why he had come. He became silent and Pröckl too said nothing. Until, slightly injured, Anni declared that of course she could go into the next room. Neither of them tried to prevent her.

Alone with Kaspar Pröckl, Benno Lechner told him that Klenk, obviously as a reply to the Empire's temporary measure for public safety, had appointed Hartl, the President of the Supreme Court, as Attorney-General.

He added no comment, but waited to see what Pröckl would say. Pröckl stirred his tea: Anni had set out a glass of beer for Benno, which he had hardly touched yet, though the foam had vanished. That Klenk had appointed a man so conservative as Hartl to deal with pardons for offenders who had been chiefly condemned on political grounds was a challenge. What the appointment might mean in further development of Krüger's case could not be estimated at present. Astonishing as it might seem, the law prescribed that the same court should preside over the re-trial which had presided at the trial. That Hartl had been removed from that court now was certainly an important fact for Pröckl's friend, so much was clear; that was why Benno Lechner had come at once with the news.

But Pröckl remained silent and did not even thank him. He had listened to the news with mingled feelings. He wanted Krüger to get out of prison finally. On the other hand, though his present situation had given Krüger a great deal more insight into things, the man had not yet found himself, and it would probably be a good thing for him to find Hartl standing in the way of his release.

As Benno Lechner was very fond of Comrade Pröckl, he was not offended at his silence and did not interrupt it. But after Pröckl had remained silent for fully ten minutes, had at last got up, walked backwards and forwards, and finally sat down to his drawing-board, Benno went on that, so far as he knew, Hartl was a member of the Gentlemen's Club and even a pal of Reindl's. Perhaps Comrade Pröckl could do something in that direction and get Reindl to speak to Hartl sometime. But Pröckl was not pleased by the proposal. Was he always to run up against this cursed Fifth Evangelist? He replied irritably: no, he wouldn't speak to Reindl again; it had no point.

When Benno Lechner had gone, Pröckl sat down to his drawing-board and his designs. Anni came in and made tea. After a while Kaspar Pröckl said abruptly and roughly that they couldn't let that go on, Benno's being without a job. He would have a talk with Tüverlin. Benno was interested in theatre-lighting problems; Tüverlin could certainly get him taken on for Pfaundler's revue. Anni replied that that would be splendid. For the rest she remained judiciously silent and showed no curiosity as to what Benno had told him. Later in the evening she asked why really Reindl was called the Fifth Evangelist. Not without bitterness Pröckl explained it: the four gospels were obscure, and were so effective simply because a fifth one was lacking to make everything clear. What made the four gospels effective was accordingly the missing fifth gospel. In the same way everything in Bavaria's political life became clear when one stopped explaining it by the men who were officially responsible for directing it. That was the reason presumably, he concluded vindictively, why Reindl was called the Fifth Evangelist. Anni listened attentively; it was not quite clear whether she understood or not.

Still later in the evening she asked whether Kaspar had thought over the Moscow business. Kaspar Pröckl declared vehemently that he had had enough of it: he knew what to do himself. Anni concluded that this policy would keep him from going. So she said nothing more, yawned, and decided to come back to the matter next day.

IX. A HUNDRED AND FIFTY HUMAN PUPPETS AND A HUMAN BEING

A colourless man with an attaché case came to see Jacques Tüverlin, pushed at once into his room, and asked quietly: "Are you Herr Jacques Tüverlin?" carefully but incorrectly pronouncing the difficult name. Then he sat down at the table, drew a fountain pen out of his breast pocket, and began, silently and laboriously, to write. Herr Tüverlin gazed at him. Then the colourless man said: "I'm the court bailiff" and presented his card. Herr Tüverlin nodded. The colourless man went on: "Here is a demand on you to the amount of 24,312 marks. Do you intend to pay?" "Why not?" replied Herr Tüverlin. "Then please do so," said the colourless man severely. Herr Tüverlin searched in various drawers, it was early in the morning, he was in his pyjamas and his secretary had not yet come. He found three dark-green dollar notes. "I'm afraid that doesn't cover it," he said. No, it didn't cover it. The dollar stood at 823 marks that day. "I'm afraid I haven't the money," said Tüverlin regretfully. "Then I must take something as a pledge," said the man, set down something in his report, looked keenly round the room, asked Tüverlin whether this thing or that belonged to him, and gummed a little label to several pieces of furniture. Herr Tüverlin look on, his bare, furrowed face working; he began suddenly to laugh at the top of his voice. "I beg you to behave in a becoming manner," said the colourless man severely and took himself off.

Herr Tüverlin told his secretary about the visit and discussed his financial situation with her. As he had lost his case against his brother, it was not good. He was not anxious; he did not bother much about security. He still possessed a number of good things, his small car among them. For the time being the money he was getting from Pfaundler would tide him over.

As soon as he heard of Tüverlin's situation, Herr Pfaundler seized his opportunity. He ran his thick finger over the revue and Aristophanes vanished. Kasperl, a harmless Jack Pudding, was forced to confine himself to good-humoured chaff instead of stirring up class war.

Tüverlin would have liked best of all to fling the revue at Pfaundler's head and turn again to his radio play, *The Day of Judgment*. But had he not called the revue form the most serious artistic expression of the age? Could he, now that he had been given an opportunity to demonstrate his views practically, show the white feather? The mere finishing of the text accomplished nothing. The really important thing was the translation of the words into figures, into scenes, into an effect. For himself he was not dependent on success or failure. But in war, politics, business, and the drama, the only deciding factor was their effectiveness, their success. To enter into this realm meant that one must recognize the rules and the deciding value, *success*. A scenic production which did not achieve its effect was like an engine that didn't work. It wasn't pleasant to have given up so many months of his best work to an affair that didn't work.

Pröckl underlined this point of view and looked on sardonically. "I'm curious to see," he said with blunt malice, "whether Herr Pfaundler or Aristophanes is going to win."

The comedian, Balthasar Hierl, was often present at the debates with Pfaundler. He stood there, his great pear-shaped head hanging, snuffling through his nose, morose and melancholy. He said little, and that not to the purpose, but sighed deeply. Asked for his opinion he would bring out: "H'm, well yes, I mean to say, mate, it's, as you might say, difficult," or something like that. To the woman he lived with he cursed deeply over those giddy asses who knew nothing about real comedy; it would be a hit-or-miss affair. When she asked him why in that case he did not fling it up, he growled something incomprehensible. It was because he was keeping a sharp eye on all Tüverlin's doings; he saw that Tüverlin was a sly dog who would tick them all off in the most artistic fashion. Many of Tüverlin's observations and notions went on working in him and gave him ideas. He planned to utilize many of these later in the Minerva Hall, though he firmly rejected them at present. On the other hand he feared that in the revue he would be swamped. Tüverlin was too slashing for him. He too, Hierl, had lots of things to say about his native city, Munich; he kept growling away at her, his performance was itself a criticism. Criticism was permitted to *him, he* could afford to say that his mother was an old sow; but if another said it he would give him one on the jaw. Tüverlin said it clearly and loudly, yet he had not given him one on the jaw. This irritated him.

When Tüverlin's text began to be utilized, obstacles and absurdities piled up. Lady friends of business friends of Pfaundler had to be engaged, and demanded lines. Frau von Radolny hinted delicately that really she had reckoned on coming to Tüverlin's help by acting, and demanded lines. Pfaundler wanted to oblige Klenk, whose interest in the Russian was unabated, and demanded lines for Insarova. Different lines, new lines. Lines, lines, lines were wanted by printers, musicians, costume-makers, scene-builders. The deluge of requests, entreaties, and threats rose and rose. Herr Tüverlin found one comprehensive term for them all: "Freak ideas." He asked quizzically everybody whom he had to do with: "What's your freak idea?" With Pfaundler there were more and more violent explanations, which Pfaundler generally ended with the fat and triumphant query: "Who's paying?"

For *Well, That's the Limit* Pfaundler needed a hundred and fifty naked girls. For a whole week queues of girls were standing about in the theatre, where they had to file past the assistant producer, the assistants of the artistic adviser, the woman artist who superintended the costumes. With empty dolls' faces and expressionless limbs, matter-of-fact, sweating, hopelessly bored, the girls stood about tittering stupidly and making obscene jests, roughly handled by all the men as they passed. Quite young girls were among them. If they were taken on here then they would be well rid of their homes, bare rooms crammed with other humans, full of bad smells and savage curses. To be a chorus girl in the revue meant freedom, a great opportunity. An entrance card to an existence worthy of a human being. Some were there with their mothers. They wouldn't become like their mothers, they would have a good time and be chorus girls.

But even those young, eager creatures were without charm. Tüverlin had never believed that women's flesh could be so insipid, that young limbs could be so sad and colourless, like blotting paper. A stench of powder, sweat, and flesh was in the room. Tüverlin thought of the medical parades of naked cannon fodder which he had known during the War.

There were people of all kinds swarming round besides, people who had the most shadowy connexion with Tüverlin and his work: artistes, a Lilliputian troupe, a man with a musical baboon.

The comedian Hierl stood about among them, morose, suspicious, critical. He measured the naked girls with his glance and said: "How much do you get out of this, dearie?" For this was the tone which, at Tüverlin's suggestion, he wished to set for his whole performance as Kasperl. Kasperl was interested in the economic aspects of his surroundings. He asked everyone: "How much do you get out of this, mate?" Once he asked someone to explain to him the principles of Communism. The other explained at length, Kasperl said "Aha!" then asked, "How much do you get out of it?" and declared at last that he would become a Communist. But once he had got his whack, he declared viciously, then the others would have to be the Communists. At a later stage he was to play the bull to another's torero in a bull-fight, and in the middle of the fight the bull suddenly takes up the phlegmatic, stubborn posture which Hierl loved to assume and asks the torero who has to kill him. "How much do you get out of this, mate?" In most of the other scenes he stood about in sour silence and paralysed his partner by his indifference.

The more the rehearsals advanced, the clearer it became that Pfaundler had allowed only a trifling fraction of Tüverlin's text to appear. One scene only among the forty-two presented by Pfaundler was what Tüverlin had planned: the scene in which

Kasperl-Hierl acted the bull. This scene pleased Tüverlin both in the text and on the stage.

For the rest, the performance resembled every day more and more the usual revues of the period, meaningless tinsel display, gorgeous stuffs, naked flesh. Tüverlin had had a few good productive months. Hadn't he been extraordinarily stupid to waste his fertility on this revue? He thought of Johanna. When he told her about the affair she would get those three furrows on her brow. Really, he would like to tell her. It had been a piece of stupidity, their not coming together that time. He called up a clear picture of the tall girl. After the hundred and fifty human puppets whom he had just seen, she was a human being. The wisest thing would be for him to let the whole rotten business go. Should he write to her?

But he did not write. Instead he sat down and polished the bull-fight scene.

X. FOUR BAVARIAN BIOGRAPHIES

(a) Ignaz Mooshuber, farmer in Rainmochingen, was born in that place, son of Michael and Maria Mooshuber, good farming stock. He attended the school at Rainmochingen for seven years, learned to read and also to write a little. He served in the army, then took over the small paternal farm. In the prime of life he possessed 4 horses, 2 ploughs, 1 wife, 4 lawful, 3 illegitimate children, 1 Bible, 1 Catechism, 1 Christian Catholic Farmer's Calendar, 3 sacred images, 1 reproduction in oils portraying King Ludwig II, 1 photograph representing himself as a soldier, 1 centrifugal butter churn, 7 pigs, a few snares and traps for wild animals, 1 bankbook, 3 chests filled with paper money of the inflation period, 23 sewing-machines which he had purchased so as to translate some of that money into commodity values, 2 bicycles, 1 gramophone. He had at his disposal a vocabulary of 612 words. He was involved on an average in 23 rows per annum. All told, he climbed in through the windows of women's bedrooms 204 times. As a result of his activities, 14 females, girls and women, resorted to abortion. He was 9 times wounded; 3 times by knife-stabs in private houses, 2 times by bullets in the War, 4 times by broken beer mugs in the public house. Nine times in the year he took a foot bath, twice a complete bath. He drank yearly 2137 litres of water and 47,812 litres of beer. He had sworn 17 oaths, among these 9 which he knew to be false, in swearing which oaths he bent three fingers of the left hand, which according to the general local opinion exempted him from all responsibility to God or man. He had had 3 bad hours. The first when during the War he learned that on account of lack of raw material the beer was to be diluted; the second when he was sentenced to provide alimony for his illegitimate child Balthasar Anzinger; the third when he had a premonition of death. His favourite song began with the words: "Up there on the heights stands the Bavarian Army." 192 people attended his funeral, for he was widely respected, and a member of the parish council. After his burial they played the air: "I had a comrade." Also as a token of mourning several volleys were fired. During the funeral banquet a difference of opinion arose over the fact that one of the mortars had not gone off, in consequence of which one of the mourners had to have a hand amputated and a rib removed.

(b) Anton von Casella, Major-General, resident in Munich, was educated in an institute for children of the aristocracy. Witness for the defence in a shady sexual affair, in which also a member of the royal house was involved, and which was soon quashed, he rapidly attained success in his career. His vocabulary consisted of 412 words; his favourite song began with the words: "The Prince of Luxemburg made hay with all his money." He possessed 1 oil painting representing the Bavarian Prince Elector Max Emmanuel at war with the Turks, as well as 1 reproduction of "Othello at the Feet of Desdemona," further 1 oil painting representing the Bavarian King, Ludwig II. He boasted of never having opened a book since his schooldays, and liked to make use of 2 quotations: "The Prussians don't shoot so very fast" and

"Every girl isn't so very pure." He was a reader of *The Munich Times, The Military Weekly,* and *The Miesbacher Standard.* He swore 9 oaths, 9 of them false. He had had a liaison with a Viennese operatic soubrette. To his wife he told 2312 times, to his mistress 3114 times, 12 amusing anecdotes about a prince of the Munich Court, and each time in the same words. When his mistress died at the age of fifty-two he discovered that she had had false teeth. Thrown off his balance by this discovery, he failed to keep strictly enough to the regimen which had been prescribed to him on account of his kidney trouble, and thus died the death of a hero, for it was during the War. 706 people attended his funeral. The band played: "I had a comrade."

(c) Josef Kufmüller, beer-carter in Ingolstadt, attended a board school in his native town, learned reading and a little writing, the reigns of the Bavarian kings, and the exact dates of the battles in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. A reproduction in oils hung in his house representing Napoleon being crowned by Pope Pius, further, a portrait of the Bavarian King, Ludwig II, and a landscape representing the Star Brewery, Ingolstadt. His vocabulary consisted of 724 words. His favourite song began with the words: "To Mantua in chains" and had for its theme the popular Tyrolean hero, Andreas Hofer, who had been shot by the Bavarians. He transported on the average 6,012,000 litres of beer per annum, while doing which he wore a green hat and a velvet waistcoat with many buttons. During the War he succeeded in selling for his own profit several wagon-loads of strong beer belonging to the army and intended for hospital use. By these means he was enabled to marry off his daughter Kathi to a traveller for a rubber and asbestos firm, and to get his son into the Latin School so that he was able to enter for the higher civil service. He loved cards, above all a game called Haferltarock. In playing this game he used to accompany the flinging down of his cards by some popular facetious comment, generally in rhyme, such as: "That'll exercise your brain, How do cockerels piss in Spain?" or with generalizations, the result of popular wisdom, such as "He who has, has." He swore 9 oaths, among these 2 which he knew to be false, with three fingers of his left hand bent. 84 people attended his funeral. The band played: "I had a comrade." His son-in-law got such a severe cold at the funeral that he was unable to dispose of a great quantity of rubber and asbestos articles, as a result of which the purchase of a piano which he had planned had to be postponed for almost 3 years.

(d) Johann Maria Huber, Civil Servant in Munich, attended the board school for 4 years, and a secondary school for 10. One year he had to take twice over. His vocabulary consisted of 1453 German words, 103 Latin, 22 French, 12 English, 1 Russian. He attended 221 concerts, 17 plays, and divine service 4118 times. He possessed an old print representing the entry of Tilly into Magdeburg, which was shown in flames, 1 portrait of the Bavarian King, Ludwig II, 1 green death-mask of Beethoven, 1 reproduction of a temple in Paestum. His favourite dish was a sweet concoction made of eggs, butter, and flour, called Salzburger Nockerl. Of his favourite songs, one declared that "still live the days of roses," and the other a Russian folk-song, was about a "little mother" and a "red sarafan." With these songs he was accustomed to punctuate his working hours in the State Ministry for Education and Culture. He interested himself in the construction of broadcasting apparatus, and in the productions of the Bavarian porcelain factories; he was a prominent member of the Association for Breeding Bavarian Rabbits, also of the Bavarian People's Party. To express admiration he loved to use the term, "Schlapperdibix," taken from an amusing old game. He endured his hardest conflict of conscience while watching beside his father's corpse during the inflation. He was confronted by the question whether, to make his daughter's marriage possible, he should take the gold-filling out of his dead father's mouth, for gold had grown disproportionately valuable during the inflation. He swore 7 oaths, of these 3 false in substance. But as these were legally irreproachable, he did not consider it necessary to crook the fingers of his left hand at the same time. 514 people attended his funeral, and the band played: "I had a comrade."

XI. IS THIS HOW A MURDERER LOOKS?

Dr. Geyer wrote Johanna in Paris giving a full account of what was happening in the Krüger case. Nothing was happening. The appeal for a re-trial was making no headway. Dr. Geyer was of the opinion that it would be more sensible for Johanna to make Paris her scene of action, to stir up the press, and arouse the public opinion of the civilized world, than to hang about in Munich trying to see State Councillors and Presidents of the Supreme Court who wished to sabotage everything.

Johanna went on living somewhat sullenly with Hessreiter. In five days they would move into the little flat which he had rented. Whether they lived in a flat or a hotel, whether Aunt Ametsrieder came or stayed, wasn't a matter of much importance; nevertheless, since that quarrel the last point of contact between her and Herr Hessreiter had been broken off.

Herr Hessreiter thought: "She's dull, there's something wrong. She never flies up in the air now, and she's not ready for a spree either. Tennis is the only thing she's excited about at all. She's more interested in her balls and rackets than in me."

At this time Herr Hessreiter was full of plans. He had dealings with French business men and American investors. He kept thinking of Reindl; he would show him! Yet always at the last moment he drew back. The South German Ceramic Works, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son, was a solid business, a firm and secure foundation for Councillor Paul Hessreiter and his beautiful house in the Seestrasse. A moderate export trade would line his pockets comfortably without his having to take too many risks. If he let himself in for new and great enterprises, then he would have to swim with the others in the wild and illimitable flood. It was a great temptation to fling himself into it; then Bavaria would no longer be his home, but the great world. His comfortable dreaming at any rate was over. Herr Hessreiter had important matters to think of; he considered, drew back once more from a decision, considered anew. For the time being the only result was that his side whiskers grew shorter and shorter.

Once a crony of Hessreiter's from the Gentlemen's Club came to

Paris, Privy Councillor Dingharder of the Kapuziner Brewery, bringing all the Munich news. Dr. Hartl had come into a great deal of foreign money through the death of his mother-in-law, and was cutting a great dash both in the club and the law courts. General Vesemann had bought a house in Munich and had settled down there at last, and that had made the town the centre of the patriotic movement. The Fifth Evangelist was spreading himself; people were almost becoming afraid, so powerful was he growing. The Mayor had granted a new sum for the decoration of the Field-Marshals' Hall. Herr Pfaundler had begun rehearsing for his great revue. Hessreiter was filled with longing for Munich. He longed for his house, for the English Garden, the Tyrolean Café, the mountains, the rehearsals for Pfaundler's revue. He had for long been resolved not to stake his secure life in Munich on the fascinating but risky hazards which the great world offered, although he had never admitted that to himself. If in spite of this he was staying abroad, it was because he considered it his duty to miss none of the possibilities of this mad inflation period. He spun projects, held conferences, talked importantly and mysteriously of future and wide-spreading changes. Even if one did not swim in the main stream, it was exciting to make movements from the bank as if one were swimming.

Two days before Aunt Ametsrieder was to arrive Johanna went for the agreed trip to the sea with Erich Bornhaak. It was a fresh day, brilliant and clear. Driving his little car Bornhaak was boyishly happy. She sat beside him, thoughtful and indulgent. It was clear that the emptiness and viciousness which he had paraded before her in Garmisch and at the first Paris encounter were nothing but a pose. He was by no means so empty-headed as he pretended. How immensely absorbed he was in his driving, how like an unspoiled boy chasing a squirrel. Would it be any good intervening here, doing something? Was there a possibility of giving him another, a decent start?

As long as they were sitting in the car he made no play with his terrible past which he had liked so much to boast of before. But when they went for a stroll along the fine promenade of the bright watering-place, which was rather deserted before the season, he began, unexpectedly, putting on a mask, partly impudent, partly cynical, partly regretful: "Unfortunately I won't be able to stay in Paris now for the two weeks that I had planned." She felt a slight sense of disappointment. "Why?" she asked after a while. "It seems they can't leave anybody alone," he said wisely with the air of an experienced man. He told an intricate, shady story. As she knew, he was running dog kennels together with Herr von Dellmaier. Their chief line was export trade to America. Now dogs were sensitive creatures, more sensitive than many men, and several times valuable beasts had died on his hands on the way across. So they had insured the dogs in advance. That was an obvious measure, Herr von Dellmaier was an insurance agent. But their trade rivals, annoyed because their business was flourishing, had not balked at anything. Now they had charged Herr von Dellmaier with having over-insured the dogs, and, so as to gather in the fruits of his transgression, with having given them a slow-working poison before shipping them.

He told this story mockingly, brazenly, casually, in his usual style. Johanna remained standing and listened carefully; he too remained standing while they gazed out over the sea. A faint, fresh wind blew, decorative white waves ran over the glass-green level towards them. The two of them did not look at each other. Disturbed and troubled, Johanna bit her upper lip. He went on. It was unpleasant that young people should be forced to poison dogs for a living if they had a need to see and be with well-dressed people occasionally. He left it in uncertainty whether the times or the young people's characters were to blame.

Johanna stood with the three sharp, vertical furrows in her brow. The exasperatingly superior, mock sentimental tone of the boy. The faint scent of leather and hay. His morbid joy in confession. She would have nothing more to do with the cad. Leave him standing.

But she did not go. Instead she turned her eyes towards him, turning her pale face at the same time, opened her mouth, and asked tensely, a little hoarsely: "And how about the murder of the parliamentary representative? Anything new happened about that?"

"The parliamentary representative?" Erich Bornhaak repeated. "I must admit that gives me less anxiety than the dogs. A man like that has views and can spout, can talk of justice, humanity, civilization, pacifism, and so on. Probably he even thinks a little while he's doing it. Why shouldn't he spout? But when he spouts too loudly, then he disturbs people, then he's a nuisance. When you are busy at your work, and somebody plays a piano next door, you probably want to silence the pianist too."

"But the people who lend themselves to that kind of thing?" said Johanna, still in the same dry, toneless voice.

Erich Bornhaak smiled knowingly, witheringly. "These so-called inhuman chaps are sometimes very nice, I give you my word. It certainly needs more resolution to rid the world of a pedigree dog than a fat, self-important agitator. Given the case that Herr von Dellmaier may have killed the parliamentary representative G. *and* the bull-dog Thusnelda, I imagine that the bull-dog Thusnelda would be more likely to cause him sleepless hours than the representative. Beside the Ganges," he added, seeing that Johanna remained silent, "there's an older culture than beside the Isar. I imagine that by the banks of the Ganges lots of people have more hesitation in taking the lives of certain animals than of certain men."

Johanna walked in silence, almost paralysed, beside the jaunty youth. His easy torrent of words deafened her, killed all feeling. A light fresh wind blew. Erich Bornhaak went on cheerfully talking. Political murders were a funny game. Once he had been invited to an estate in Chiemgau. Shortly before that another leader of the Left Party had been murdered and the so-called murderer never traced. At this country house, the devil knew why, they had taken *him* to be the murderer. That had lent him terrific prestige, the young ladies had made a dead set at him. He remembered clearly a certain excursion on the lake. He had run aground with a lady on the reefs of the Herren Island.

If he hadn't been obdurately opposed to all entanglements he could have made a good match then: for she had any amount of the needful. Besides she had been young and very nice.

Johanna was unresponsive on the drive back, and when they reached Paris she parted from him briefly and curtly.

Next morning tennis for a while banished her reflections on the dogs and the dead man. She felt well and happy. Very soon, however, the picture of young Bornhaak burned itself again into her brain. His slack gestures, the affected carelessness of his words. It was as if all the air round were filled with a faint perfume of hay and leather. What did he want? What could she do with his admissions? Did he want to unload them on her? She was distracted that evening, and treated Hessreiter abominably.

After announcing herself several times and putting it off again, Aunt Ametsrieder entered next day with resolute tread. She carried her great masculine head and her stout form boldly through the quiet little flat, very flattered that she had been summoned. Her feelings had been hurt when Johanna had parted from her so indifferently. But now it was clear that they could not get on without her. Yet it wasn't clear after all. Not in the least repentant, Johanna took the presence of her aunt for granted, yes, even seemed to consider it a nuisance. As in Munich she allowed the lady little insight into her affairs, though Aunt Ametsrieder would have been glad to help with her advice, her hands, her experience. Nothing remained for Frau Franziska Ametsrieder but to confine herself to looking after Johanna's food, re-arranging the furniture, and such paltry affairs.

Herr Hessreiter was a man of enough experience to know that no human relation could always remain at white heat. But Johanna's lukewarm friendliness hurt his vanity. At a gaming club he had come to know an exotic little lady from the French Indies, an amiable creature, not too exacting, whose yielding and vivaciously accommodating nature pleased him. He visited her every other day. He wasn't the only one who visited her, that was certain, but that did not trouble him.

It was unavoidable that some news of these visits to the lady from Annam should reach the flat. Johanna remained undisturbed. But Aunt Ametsrieder, sentenced to complete boredom by Johanna's silence and indifference, saw here an opportunity for comporting herself resolutely. She decided to interview the exotic lady. Yes, that was the most dignified course. She regarded Hessreiter as a kind of son-in-law. She would put a stop to this Chinese monstrosity.

So one morning she appeared in Madame Mitsou's bright little flat. She had looked up all the appropriate words in the French dictionary, so as to let the Chinese lady know unequivocally and trenchantly what her opinion was. A polite maid asked her to wait, madame was still in her bath and would receive her in five minutes. Stout and resolute Frau Franziska Ametsrieder sat and waited in the pretty little room, her great, closely shorn masculine head pushed forward, spying in every corner to find something that would stimulate her to the proper pitch of fury against this yellow abomination. But she found nothing: the furnishings were all sober and decent. Madame Mitsou appeared, mild, amiable, a little surprised. She would have been glad to oblige the brusque lady; but she could not quite grasp what her visitor wanted. At last she understood. The lady had come about the stout, friendly gentleman. Had something happened to him? Did he wish her to come? All the words that Frau Ametsrieder had looked up in the dictionary proved unserviceable when faced with Madame Mitsou's quiet, assured serenity. At last Frau Ametsrieder was forced to talk of the price of food and other things of daily interest on which Madame Mitsou showed herself to be well-informed. So as not to return quite empty-handed, Aunt Ametsrieder asked the address of the dressmaker who had made Madame Mitsou's truly charming kimono. She would get Johanna to order a kimono of the same cut. With the address, written in Madame Mitsou's huge, unskilled, child's handwriting, Frau Ametsrieder returned at midday to Herr Hessreiter's flat.

XII. A KING IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PEOPLE

At the church door great violet placards announced in gigantic golden letters: that only one thing was needful to save one's soul. Many people answered the call, young and old, men and women, well dressed and shabby. For the general misery was great. The bread handed out to grumbling customers at exorbitant prices was hardly cold before the price soared up again. A roll cost 3 marks, a pound of margarine, 200 marks, one paid 80 marks for a haircut. The Church utilized this time of need and hunger for a general attack on the hearts of the people, a revival campaign. For a whole month all the priests who still had a voice were kept at it. The right men for each church was cunningly selected.

Most popular among the people was a young Jesuit preacher, a youthfully elegant man. He had a fine head, and his practised voice stirred his audience, now coaxing, now thundering, now tenderly pleading, now terribly threatening. His flowing periods were made doubly moving by their faint, homely suggestion of Bavarian dialect. Many had been turned away at the church door, and the police had had to pacify them. Now the winged words of the preacher were assailing the ears of troubled housewives who did not know where tomorrow's food was to come from, and of people with a few small savings, the "three-quarter gentlemen" who maintained themselves through their connexions with the farmers and through a little apprehensive profiteering. The voice reached the ears of the salaried officials who hoped that God might give them a tip for the stock exchange to tide them over the next fortnight, of the fat middlemen who were prepared to give a great part of their gains—high enough today, but melting away tomorrow—to the Church if it would only consolidate them. It fell on the ears of the faithful, old starving officials, fortifying them in their combat with the new era. All the tightly packed, sweating crowd in the church hung devoutly in pious silence on the words of this priest with the noble Roman profile, the slightly curving nose and the arched, brown eyes. They sat and stood, sweating in the heat and the incense, and filled the bright pleasant church. Their eyes were glued to the simple, white pulpit and the Jesuit within it. For he was an accomplished preacher, extremely ready, with a complete mastery of his audience, who could sense to a nicety every feeling which swayed them, and every effect he made. He fixed his eyes on certain faces, gauging from them the intensity of the effect he was producing. He guarded himself, however, against looking into anyone's eyes too long; for he knew that that only confused people. He preferred to fix his gaze on the brow or the nose of the listener.

Now he was regarding benevolently the reverential, broad, pretty face of a medium-sized, soberly dressed lady. This lady happened to be Zenzi, the cashier in the Tyrolean Café. She was idealistic. She had let several men in good positions go, and had reserved her affections for Beni, who was a customer in the less select room in the café. For now he often came to the Tyrolean Café, instead of going to the Spotted Dog, yet she could not manage to get him to come to one of the tables served by her in the more select room. He sat obstinately in the big room, and still paid far too little attention to her. It was true, he often spent the evening with her when she was free, went to the cinema, the folk singers, or to other restaurants where she could draw comparisons with her own field of operations. He had slept with her too, but their relations were by no means yet those proper, comfortable ones which were destined to end in marriage and healthy children. The fault for this lay in Beni's suspect revolutionary views, and his friendship with that Bohemian Pröckl, that disgusting man. At the moment, however, there was a silver lining to the cloud. Things were going badly with Beni and Pröckl, they had been sacked from the Bavarian Motor Works. Beni declared of course that he had given notice himself. But she didn't believe him. Now he was employed at the theatre, in Pfaundler's revue, a questionable business. On the other hand she herself was doing well. She had had some promising speculations on the exchange through a banker in a small way who came to the Tyrolean Café, and she had a financial interest in some of her customers' properties, in houses, goods, motor cars. If her affairs went on flourishing like this she would ask Beni to finish his course at the technical high school at her expense. That was nothing out of the common. Many men did it. He had gumption. He would soon get on, as he himself said at times. The fact that he had been in prison only spurred her on the more; it was a good thing to put a fellow like that on the right lines. He was likeable in spite of his Communism. She saw herself and him sitting in a four-room flat in the evening after a good and profitable day's work, reading *The People's Standard,* and digesting good food to the music of the radio. Yes, she would manage it. She listened piously and devoutly, God would not leave a good Catholic in the lurch. And when the preacher fixed her with a keen, full glance, she gazed back calmly and humbly, like an innocent schoolgirl.

The priest was speaking now of the age's lust for pleasure and riches. Many people held back the means of life and starved out their fellow-men so as to send up the prices, sabotaged the just and righteous measures of the authorities, and thought only of their own bellies. He brought forward popular examples which showed that he was thoroughly conversant with the various devices for making money during those wild post-War years, with the petty rapacity and boorish flintiness of his listeners. He kept his eyes directed now on an old square-head, who in pious appreciation was gazing up at his smooth, elegant features. Yes, the Minister Franz Flaucher drank in the words of the priest devoutly with his huge hairy ears. He felt that the priest was talking especially to him. Klenk had said that in a time when the world was engaged in revolutionizing society and finding new dividing lines for coal, petroleum, and iron, in such a time they had something better to do in Bavaria than to wrangle with the Empire over privileges, or create new titles against the Constitution, or quarrel about the pretexts under which they were supporting the illegal armed troops of the True Germans with the country's money. Now, listening to the Jesuit's sermon, Flaucher found those axioms of Klenk doubly ridiculous. All the rivers of the Empire flowed from south to north; but the Main flowed east to west and the Danube west to east. So clearly had God drawn the natural frontier between

Bavaria and the Empire. But Klenk wanted to escape beyond the circle, beyond the frontier which God had drawn. Here they had been set, he, Flaucher, Klenk, the others; it was their work to defend Bavaria's prestige. What were coal, petroleum, and iron? It was Bavaria's honour that came first, the God-ordained sovereignty of Bavaria. Fortunately Klenk himself wasn't quite so autocratic as he fancied himself. He hadn't been quite himself, he had had to take to his bed several times lately, something was gnawing at him, a creeping sickness. He, Flaucher, had good sight, he had looked Klenk in the eye, no one could deceive him; he was a sick man, the mighty Klenk; this furious rushing about, this damned new-fangled unrest was revenging itself, or maybe it was Klenk's irregular ways of life. It was a judgment, the finger of God. In any case he was handicapped, he couldn't interfere whenever he liked, they could carry on without his perpetual supervision. Devoutly gazing up at the Jesuit the Minister Flaucher prayed God to make the loud-mouthed Klenk totally harmless, and vowed to carry on within his province according to the old, native tradition of his fathers, and sabotage *ad majorem Dei gloriam* everything that originated from the Empire.

The preacher now passed on to the unbridled lust which characterized the age, and proved himself no less conversant with this province of vice than with the others. Amid the breathless attention of his audience he spoke of the abominable offence of averting the consequences of conception. It was a mortal sin. Every soul denied life by precautions of this awful nature shrieked for eternal punishment against their shameless parents. He spoke of women who committed this crime from sinful vanity, merely to keep their figures, and of those who committed it out of laziness, or out of sinful self-pity. He spoke of the men who committed it from a lack of faith in God, because they feared poverty, and commended them to the God who nourished the birds of the sky and clothed the flowers in the fields. He described how the fulfilment of conjugal duty, if it were done to beget progeny, was pleasing to the eyes of the Lord, and how it became dreadful sin without this aim. Persuasively, consummately, forcibly, he painted the image of godly pleasure in the lawful wife, of devilish pleasure in the strumpet.

From this part of his sermon the priest had counted on a particularly telling effect. He was disappointed when in the face he happened to be gazing at he read a certain indifference. He had picked upon the wrong person. For perhaps, pious and humble as he was, Alois Kutzner was less moved by the descriptions of the priest than anyone else among his hearers. He was looking for something different. He had achieved all that he could achieve in a worldly sense; he was a boxer of good class. But that was not enough. He was waiting for an illumination, he wanted to live in the spirit. His brother Rupert, the leader, was all right. He had had an illumination, he had found his path, and was filled with his German God. Alois liked to sit in his brother's audiences and let himself be carried away credulously along with the others by his brother's great, triumphantly ringing sentences. It warmed his heart to see his brother's light shining in the darkness, and how gradually all Munich had come to hang on his lips. Alois Kutzner was not envious of his brother, and would have gladly laid down his own fame in the boxing ring if only he too could have found his inner light. He sought and sought, but in vain. What the preacher was saying up there was no use to him. The women were no problem to him. The renunciation which his trainer imposed on him he did not feel very much; between fights he flung himself in dull hunger upon some woman he fancied and was soon appeased. What he needed was something else.

Now a faint distant glimmer of light had lately dawned on him. A young man whom he had met in the office of *The People's Standard* had got into conversation with him. He had gone with this other fellow, a real good sort, to a restaurant, and there his new friend, a certain Erich Bornhaak, had indicated a way. He had confined himself to mere hints, had not spoken out frankly. He hadn't had full trust in Alois still, and that was understandable. But later he had sent another fellow to him, a Ludwig Ratzenberger, a quite young lad, suspiciously young. For the undertaking which these lads were tentatively sniffing at, a great deal of courage, and youth as well, was needed. As far as Alois could make out it all depended on the truth of a certain rumour which for more than thirty-five years the Bavarian people had not allowed to die. The well-beloved King Ludwig II, this rumour ran, was still alive. This King Ludwig, filled with a Cæsarean consciousness of power, had identified himself with Louis the Fourteenth of France, had built extravagant and pompous castles in almost inaccessible positions, had fostered like a new Mæcenas obsolete artistic ideals, had kept like a new Pharaoh his distance from the people, and precisely through this had excited their enthusiastic love. When he died at last the people refused to believe it. The newspapers and later the school-books, declared that the King had drowned himself in a fit of madness in a lake near Munich. But that, the people held, was only an invention of his enemy, who had seized the throne. Myth after myth was spun round the dead man. His enemies, it was said, led by the Prince Regent, who was destroying the country, were keeping him concealed in a dungeon. The rumour survived obstinately, outlived the death of the Prince Regent, the War, the Revolution, outlived the death of the deposed King Ludwig III. The giant image of the second Ludwig with his rosy face, his black moustache, his curls, his blue eyes, lived on in the fantasy of the people. Countless portraits of the King in purple and ermine, in blazing uniform, in silver mail standing on a boat drawn by swans, hung in the rooms of peasants and respectable townspeople, beside oil reproductions of saints. From his youth up Alois Kutzner had been a believer in the stately King; often, standing before a gigantic portrait of him, he had reflected what a splendid boxer this Wittelsbacher might have become. He had set up a monument to him in his heart. How jubilant he was now when those lads gave hints that Ludwig II was still alive, and now that they had clues pointing to the dungeon in which he was being kept prisoner. He did not stop imploring and beseeching until bit by bit he squeezed more precious information out of his hesitating friends. Under the monarchy, he learned, it had been out of the question to think of the deliverance of the King. Now that God had given the government into the hands of

Jews and Bolshevists the consciences of the dungeon-keepers were awakening. Now one could think of the deliverance of the true King. When he appeared the enslaved people would rise to his support and ask him to free them from the slavery of Judea and Rome. The King was old, fabulously old; he had a mighty, white, flowing beard; his eye-brows were so bushy that he had to fasten them up with a silver pin so that they might not fall over his eyes. At present, so they said, an attempt to set him free would not be quite hopeless. Alois was to reflect whether he should join them in the affair; it demanded daring, physical strength, and a great deal of money.

This then was what those lads had put before Alois Kutzner. It had stirred him deeply; here he saw the inner light for which he had waited so long. And while up there in the pulpit the Jesuit was thundering against the sin of lust, Alois Kutzner was fervently concentrating his thoughts on God, and praying humbly that He might make him worthy of taking part in the deliverance of the King, and eventually accept the sacrifice of his life for the successful issue of the work.

When the preacher had finished, Alois Kutzner left the church in deep thought. Still vigorous though lost in his dreams, he dealt out nudges right and left in the packed crowd. The general excitement, which was expressed in differences of opinion about the sermon, did not affect him. There were some who did not agree with the preacher, who even flatly declared that his oratory was an impertinence, and that cheap bread was of more importance than cheaply pious sentiments. This excited the pious to demonstrate to the godless with fists and knives what decent behaviour was. Finally the police had to settle the dispute. Insarova among others incurred the indignation of the pious. Returning from a walk in the English Garden she found herself in the crowd issuing from the church. She pressed against the wall, gliding along in her slinking walk, displaying under her short skirt a pair of slim and pretty legs. A shrivelled old woman obstructed her, bawled toothlessly in her face, spat, and asked whether the dirty sow hadn't a decent skirt at home that she could put on. Insarova did not catch clearly what she said and made to give the old lady a few coins; the people, the women in particular, took sides against her, and she escaped with difficulty in a taxi.

Meanwhile, the boxer Alois Kutzner, oblivious of all this, made for Rumfordstrasse, where he lived sparely with his mother. His mother, withered and yellow, and, like many of the inhabitants of the plateau with an admixture of Czech blood, was puffed up with proud love for her two sons. She read with joy of the successes of her son Rupert in high politics, and of the triumphs of her son Alois in the ring. But she was broken with age, cares, and continual work, her memory was failing, and she confused the triumphs of her sons; and what with straight lefts, Poincaré, the true-blue Germans, victories on points, Judea and Rome and knock-outs, she was always in a muddle. While his mother was preparing the dinner Alois helped her to set the table with bright plates and bowls decorated with the familiar gentian and edelweiss designs of The South German Ceramics. There was smoked pork with potatoes. This happened to be a great dainty in that lean year, and a relative had turned up who could smell dainties such as this a mile off, Uncle Xaver. Uncle Xaver had once been a well-to-do shopkeeper. He had dealt in students' necessities: badges and caps, the apparatus of the fencing school, seals for watch-chains, and obscene picture postcards. He had retired at last with a substantial pile. But the deluge of the inflation had washed his pile away. Uncle Xaver's mind had given under the strain. Now with an air of importance he heaped up his worthless notes, counted them, and arranged them in bundles. He ran diligently from house to house where he had connexions with students and tried to carry out big deals with these notes on which were printed such high figures. The students, being used to him, treated him as a joke and often played tricks on him. He had become gluttonous and greedily devoured whatever came into his hands. The becapped students, with their hacked faces, had their joke with this idiot, flung him the remains of their food, let him carry it away, and yelled and clapped their hands when he fought with their dogs for a bone.

The three, Mother Kutzner, Uncle Kutzner, and the boxer Alois, peacefully ate their smoked pork and potatoes. They spoke to one another, now and then, hardly waiting for an answer, and replied only in half sentences. For they were each of them occupied with private thoughts. Uncle Xaver was thinking of the enormous transactions which he would bring to a successful conclusion next day. Mother Kutzner was thinking of a dinner many years ago at which there had also been smoked pork. At that time her son Rupert had still been a little boy, and at dinner they had waited for him, but he had not come. For that very day he had tripped up a school friend from behind, who had fallen and hurt himself severely, and then Rupert had run away and had been afraid to come home. And yet now he was such a great man that he could give the Frenchman Poincaré the knock-out. But the boxer Alois was thinking of the plan for setting free King Ludwig II. So they sat round the table, talking reflectively, and ate until the gentians and edelweiss came into view at the bottom of their plates.

XIII. BAVARIAN INVALIDS

The author, Dr. Lorenz Matthäi, paid a visit to the author, Dr. Josef Pfisterer. The latter had had a stroke and was failing; it was improbable that he would outlive the year. On the way, Dr. Matthäi brooded over the fundamental lack of resistance in those vigorous Bavarians of his. The virile Pfisterer was far gone, the stalwart Klenk was ailing too, and he himself, Matthäi, was not in the best of form.

He found Pfisterer in a huge old arm-chair with a camel-hair blanket over his knees in spite of the heat; his silvered red beard and thick curly hair looked grey and dirty. Dr. Matthäi did his best to soften sympathetically his jeering pug-nosed face and his rough voice. Frau Pfisterer, plump and important, bustled about, chattered, and exuded hopefulness and sympathy. Pfisterer did not like this subdued sick-room atmosphere. He only half-believed what the doctors said. Even the clever and alert Dr. Moritz Bernays, the most capable physician in the town, had not been able to convince him in spite of his clear diagnosis. It was nothing organic that was wrong with him. The real cause—Pfisterer could not put it into words, but he felt it, it was there, especially at night, when alone with himself he thought and thought—the real ground for his illness was the painful knowledge that he had deceived himself during the fifty-four years of his life, that there was injustice in his land, and above all that the world was not such a pleasant place as he had made out to himself and his readers.

But if Matthäi was sympathetically subdued, Pfisterer, in contrast to his usual demeanour when well, had become aggressive. He disliked this camomile-tea atmosphere, he grumbled in his somewhat broken voice. He wouldn't let himself be wrapt in cotton-wool. He had written and dictated all morning. He was working on his reminiscenses, entitled, *A Sunny Life*. He was not in the least inclined to look upon death sentimentally. Death and birth were not so very different; death was only one among many realities and not such an exceptionally remarkable one. He told funny stories about dying Bavarian peasants which he had experienced himself or heard from others. There was, for instance, the story of a peasant who would not stop sneezing. The sneezing had been painful, but his friends had become accustomed to it. His eight descendants had got into the habit of counting how often their father would sneeze; 43, 44, 45 times. Pfisterer had been there himself when this peasant had died. Actually on his deathbed he had been seized by one of those sneezing fits. The family stood round. They had counted as usual; but this time their father could not stop and they roared with laughter. And really it had been very funny, Pfisterer himself had had to laugh. Only after he had sneezed the eighty-second time, to the great amusement of his family, had the peasant died.

When he heard the other talking so vigorously Dr. Matthäi put no further restraint upon himself and laid aside the solemn solicitude which was repugnant to him. Soon they were in the middle of one of their outspoken quarrels. Dr. Matthäi declared that *A Sunny Life* would presumably be no better than the rest of Pfisterer's varnished rubbish. Or did Pfisterer think it particularly "sunny," perhaps, that he hadn't been able to get Krüger out of prison and in consequence would have to kick the bucket without having slept with Johanna Krain? The sick man retorted trenchantly, and Frau Pfisterer bustling in again was full of hope for the full recovery of her husband. But Dr. Matthäi had scarcely gone when Pfisterer collapsed, looking quite exhausted and not in the least a picture of "a sunny life."

Dr. Matthäi, on the contrary, felt pleasantly stimulated on leaving his colleague. It did one good to clean oneself out, to lighten one's heart with a little abuse. Hullo, who was that there on the other side of the street? Right enough, it was Insarova, no one but her could be so slender or could walk so fast. He crossed the street hurriedly and ostentatiously, and made clumsily after her. She answered him shortly and cheekily as ever, and kept him at a distance. She was in a hurry, she was on her way to a rehearsal; and besides she wanted to call in first on Dr. Klenk, who, so she had heard, was seriously ill. Dr. Matthäi considered whether he should accompany her; before he had come to a decision she had said good-bye. A murderous rage rose up within him against that dog in the manger, Klenk. It was a scandal that the Bavarian Minister of Justice should have an affair with a dancer, a Bolshevist probably at that, and that he should let his mistress visit him in his house openly, in broad daylight. They would have to show Klenk sometime where he stood. Besides, Klenk was not the right man. He was much too milk-and-watery. He was too lax with the Empire, his thirst for enjoyment was making him slack.

Klenk must go.

He would talk with Bichler sometime about it, also with his friends in the Club. In the next number of his journal, Klenk would find a poem to read that would do justice to him.

Meanwhile Insarova proceeded to Klenk's house. This time, as the use of the age demanded, she had attended with particular care to the painting of her face. Usually she rouged thickly, but she knew that Klenk did not like it. She walked on smiling, almost skipping, so sunk in herself that people turned round and looked at her, fancying that she was deranged. But she was only elated; for it had been damned clever, the way she had caught Klenk at last, and she was pleased with herself.

She had let him dangle for a long time. Then when he had turned down a suggested evening on which finally she had agreed to let him come to her, she had insisted that it should be that evening, or none. In reality she did not care much for him; but it had been a nice, satisfactory evening. When he got into his stride, Klenk was certainly someone to be reckoned with. Now she knew too why he had at first called off that evening. He had been feeling out of sorts; after a chill caught in mid-summer he had felt one of his severe kidney attacks coming on. It had been certainly his unlimited drinking and indulgence in love with her that had finally sent him to his bed. It was really her fault that he was unwell, because she had insisted on that evening. She felt flattered. She was convinced that he must be bound to her now for a long time, and the adroitness of her methods with him made the man Klenk agreeable and precious in her eyes.

In Klenk's house she was asked to wait in a large reception-room. Heavy handsome pieces of furniture stood around, their effect heightened by the stag horns on the walls. Some time passed, then a maid entered and announced in Frau Klenk's name that the master could not receive her. No reason even was given. All at once Insarova looked small and discouraged; the maid waited for her to go. On the stairs she began to sob quietly. In the taxi which bore her to the rehearsal she still sniffed like a schoolgirl, then took out her powder box and her lip stick, and painted her face more saliently with quick mechanical movements.

Meanwhile Klenk was lying on his bed. It was the forenoon, at this time of day he felt relatively well. The confounded cloud on his mind was gone, the cursed weakness and lassitude; he could keeps his eyes open without any great effort. When Insarova had been announced he had felt not even a moment's pleasure at her coming, only a blind rage that he had given into her caprices that time. He had realized well enough that he was not in form. But when she had lisped over the telephone in her small, helpless, resigned voice, a fit of sentimentality had come over him. He had wanted to show her that he was a man. He had behaved like a schoolboy. Now he was laid on his back, he had earned it with his fatuity; and he had to look on helplessly while the rotters round him utilized his enforced passivity to undermine him. The Russian was to blame for it all, the sow. Besides, she had made it easy enough for the others, Toni Riedler for example. So when the Russian was announced, he had shouted in a fury that it was a scandal, the way this female followed him into his house, and that she should be flung out. It had given him satisfaction to humiliate her. Frau Klenk, the withered, anxious old hen, walking to and fro in the room, had said nothing about the Russian's visit or about his outbreak. Klenk did not keep things secret, that was not his way; his wife had of course heard of this Bolshevist, and Insarova had been a sharp anxiety to her. But she remained unresponsive now, at most the grey hand with which she held out the lemonade trembled. It was a good time for her.

After he had turned away the Russian, Klenk lay weak and appeased, filled with flitting, faintly confused thoughts. He thought of his office in the Ministry, of a purposed conference with his Württemberg colleagues, of Privy Councillor Bichler, of his son Simon, the brat, who was developing lustily. He had not seen him for a long time now. He would really have liked to have had him there. Probably Simon would not be so quiet and solicitous as his wife. But he would have preferred all the same to have had him tramping round his bed on his sound legs rather than this careful female on tip-toe, and he looked at her with unfriendly eyes.

Meanwhile the doctor arrived, the quiet, alert Dr. Bernays. The little ill-dressed man examined his patient without saying much. He repeated his old instructions: simple food, quiet, no excitement. When Klenk angrily asked how he thought that was possible, he answered coolly that that was not his business. To the Minister's further question how long would that have to go on.

he had only a shrug of the shoulders. When the doctor had gone, Klenk lay fuming over having asked two other people to call that morning, the slimily elegant Hartl, and the brazenly recalcitrant Toni Riedler. He did not fume because he was afraid of the excitement, but because, ill as he was, he did not feel a match for them. He did not want to put them off either, and thus betray his consciousness of weakness.

Hartl sat on his bed and talked away at him with jovial optimism. When it came to the point Klenk saw that the impudence of this reptile was even more shameless than he had imagined. As if deliberately, Hartl set out to uphold whatever he himself regarded as bad. In all the measures he suggested there was shown a demonstratively separatist tendency directed against the quiet Klenkian policy. Klenk listened with only half an ear to the prudent, circumspect words of his Attorney-General. He was considering intently what the man was driving at. Why, for instance, was he against Krüger's amnesty? That would be obviously the simplest way of getting round the re-trial of the case. A pardoned Krüger would be settled for good. Hartl talked on. The sick man followed him acutely with all his mind. Aha! he had him, now he had winded the fox. Hartl was expecting that during his illness the Cabinet was going to change its programme again, was again to revert to its earlier blustering policy, and that the sound Flaucher would get the better of the sick Klenk. He was feathering his nest, Herr Hartl was, putting himself forward in good time as his, Klenk's, successor, as a table-thumping, satisfactorily Bavarian Minister of Justice. Klenk was furious; we haven't come to that yet by a long way, my dear man. But now he must be astute, he must betray nothing. He listened quietly to the whole of Hartl's rigmarole and responded objectively and thoughtfully. He gave no sign that he had suspected anything. It was a courteous, almost cordial interview between the Minister and his Attorney-General.

He was exhausted when Hartl left. Damn that Russian. Now he must have a rest, close his eyes and think of nothing more serious than a wood in the mountains where one is waiting in the coverts. But he couldn't afford that. For now Baron Toni Riedler was due. They were becoming boundless in their impudence, those louts in the Patriotic Party; he couldn't countenance it much longer. Because he was ill they were flouting him. The whole policy of Bavaria had been overthrown already through this damned kidney attack of his. Flaucher and his protégé, Rupert Kutzner, that fathead, were stirring, were making themselves big.

Exactly where Hartl had sat, Toni Riedler was sitting now. In all his brutal elegance, broad-shouldered, he smiled under his moustache, and gazed with assurance at the sick man out of mocking eyes whose whites were tinged with brown. Klenk felt that his head was not too clear, that his best time in the day was past. He mustn't break down. He mustn't say anything stupid.

Toni Riedler talked of a hunting party on the previous Saturday; it was a pity that Klenk had not been there. Klenk sipped his lemonade. He knew quite well, he said, how pat his illness had come to those gentlemen. But they mustn't count too much on it, they mustn't exploit it too richly. It was probable that he would be sitting again at his desk in his office in a week's time. If necessary, too, he could issue instructions from his bed. He wanted to say more, something stronger, but he could think of nothing. That damned female, that Insarova. It was unjust; she had given him a kidney attack, and this lout Riedler, whom she had let into her bed without objection, was sitting there chaffing him.

Toni Riedler said he did not understand Klenk's policy. A child could see that the True Germans had the wind in their sails. All Munich, all the country, was rushing to Kutzner's party. And that was a very good thing. He didn't understand Klenk's tactics in blowing cold now. If Riedler didn't understand those tactics, responded Klenk, it wasn't the fault of the tactics. He warned him again that his sports associations could only be regarded as sports associations so long as they didn't appear in a provocatively military guise. "What does that mean: provocatively military guise?" Baron Riedler asked with slow ironical politeness. "It means, for example, that they must hold no military parades," replied Klenk politely. "And as far as Major von Guenther is concerned, that he must disappear." "I know of no Major von Guenther," said Toni Riedler, gazing at Klenk with hatred. "In three days he must be over the frontier," Klenk commanded. "Tell him that I've studied his dossier. Tell him that I consider him a poltroon. Tell him that if it weren't for the good of the cause I wouldn't even let him over the frontier. Tell him that from me with my best compliments." "And if he isn't across the frontier in three days," said Toni Riedler jeeringly, "then you'll set things in motion?" "Yes," said the sick man, raising himself partly upright, "then I'll set things in motion." "You are really ill," said Toni Riedler.

When he was alone the Minister's hatred for Insarova returned. He had no doubt that Riedler would send the Major across the frontier. But all the same he should have asserted himself quite differently, he should have given the lout a more severe facer. That damned woman was to blame for everything. Later, when he lay back as if in cotton-wool and warm clouds of weakness, he thought kindly again of his wife, the withered, anxious old hen, of his estate, and still more kindly of his son Simon, the brat. Also that it would really be better if he were to go to his estate at Berchtoldszell, and hunt, and read, and leave justice and the Insarova here in Munich to stew in their own filthy juice.

Meanwhile Toni Riedler drove to Pfaundler's restaurant for lunch. He told himself that Klenk must go. He said it in Munich and he said it in Kolberhof. He said it to Kutzner, he said it in the Club. He wrote it to Privy Councillor Bichler in Paris.

Hartl too said that Klenk must go. Flaucher too said it, and many others.

XIV. JOHANNA KRAIN ATTIRES HERSELF FOR A PARTY

During the night before her twenty-sixth birthday Johanna Krain slept badly. She closed the shutters of the open window; perhaps it was the moon that was disturbing her. But it was not the moon, for she still could not sleep. She thought of the people she knew, and what they had been doing while she was playing tennis in Paris and driving down to the sea. She thought of Tüverlin, dry, gay, alert, whose revue was now being rehearsed. It would have been splendid to have had him there telling her about it. He irritated her often and deeply, but he was in the right about many things. She thought of her scatterbrained mother with faint dislike. She thought of the man Krüger of whom she knew so little; for his colourless letters concealed more than they betrayed of him. She thought of the ill-dressed lawyer, Dr. Geyer, with his sharp, insistent eyes. Here her thoughts began to stray to another man, but she called them back and dismissed them. She tore herself away from the image of that empty face, and when the name of Kaspar Pröckl came into her mind clung to it. She began to consider him. He had told her he had become a Marxian. It hadn't been pity for the downtrodden or suchlike sentimentality that had converted him, by no means. But before he had become a Marxian he had tried everything, had worked and worked and found no reliable ground under his feet. He had found no free and comprehensive view of the world. History, society, everything around him had remained meaningless when explained by older categories. But the moment that he had turned the principles of scientific Marxism on to them they had arranged themselves automatically; causes had appeared and effects; the wheels had fitted into one another. It was as if he had tried till then to drive an automobile with whip and reins, and had not been able to move it from the spot; but now he knew mechanics. She thought of the fanatical zeal with which he had explained this to her, then of his shabby and uncivilized appearance, and she had to laugh. For the time being she could not sleep; she switched the light on and picked up a book. In those last restless weeks she had often tried to read. But the novels of the age said nothing to her. They were determined by the views and conventions of bourgeois society and made a monstrous fuss about someone achieving success or failure with his business, or about someone sleeping with someone else. Now she had ordered books about socialistic problems; Herr Hessreiter had smiled indulgently at them. She had been told that if she grasped the theories of surplus value and of the accumulation of capital, and the fundamental axioms of the materialistic interpretation of history, then she would know the real laws by which human beings live. The fate of the Ruhr miner and the Dalai Lama, the Breton fisherman, the last German Emperor and the coolie in Canton, was determined by the same, clearly recognizable economic necessity. "Once you grasp this law," Kaspar Pröckl had declared to her, "you have the meaning and guiding lines of your own actions; you acquiesce in your destiny, or you combat it."

Johanna read an astute and lively book about the division of wealth in the world, about the class struggle, and the dependence of all human things on economics. But the book did not help her and made her own affairs, her loves and her hatreds, her days with their pleasures and struggles, no clearer. Her eyes strayed from the page, reluctantly her suppressed fancies broke through again. Erich was empty-headed, irresponsible, strangely vacuous. Was it possible to fill this vacant creature? Would her days have a meaning if she tried? But she told herself at once that it was a lie; she didn't want to pretend; a "mission" of that kind was a piece of acting in the style of those stupid novels. She simply wanted to be with the man, that was it, to be with him, to sleep with him. Tüverlin was gone, he had not written. She had treated him badly and stupidly; it was understandable that he hadn't written. But it was a pity.

Tomorrow being her birthday, Hessreiter wanted her to have dinner with him in the Restaurant Orvillier. Fancy de Lucca was in Paris, but Hessreiter insisted that they should spend this evening by themselves. Why was she here with him, with him of all people? She would rather have been with somebody else. She felt furious with Herr Hessreiter. She felt the stale odour of his factory so strongly that she got up and leaned far out of the window into the night. Hessreiter disgusted her, his lukewarmness, his ceremonious politeness, his ceramic series "Bull Fighting" no less than his long-bearded gnomes and gigantic toad-stools.

The other morning they had driven to Meudon. They had walked through the woods towards a lake called the Etang de Trivaux and she had had a talk with de Lucca. Fancy had put her arm round her; the slim, vulture-beaked woman had looked childlike beside her stalwart, resolute friend. "Sometime," said she, and it had been like an answer to a question that had not been asked, "this year, or perhaps next year, I'll lose the championship. Then I'll make one more attempt, and perhaps be lucky, perhaps, unlucky. And then the time will come when I'll be no good at all." She had said it quietly. Not at all in a complaining voice.

Johanna began to dress very early in the evening for her dinner with Hessreiter. She considered exhaustively what she should wear, decided on one dress, threw it away, and put on another. While she was in her bath she remembered a passage in one of her socialistic books that had irritated her. Still in her bath-robe she hunted for the place, could not find it, and began to dress. But the thought of the passage bothered her, she looked again. In her cami-knickers, she sat looking through *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism,* by Bernard Shaw, a great writer of that period. She could not find the passage, but she fastened on another: "I have known women of natural intelligence and capacity who firmly believed that the world could be improved by the influence of compelling personal character," and she applied those words to herself. She shrugged her shoulders and puzzled over the question whether she was right or Bernard Shaw. Hessreiter telephoned asking whether she was ready. Without haste she finished dressing.

She was suddenly clear about herself. She was in a period of transition and could not live otherwise than she was doing. As certainly as the dinner would come for which she was dressing, so certainly some experience would come too, the right one for which she was holding herself ready, and which would bring with it a meaning for her life.

They ate in a little private room in the famous Restaurant Orvillier. Herr Hessreiter had chosen presents for Johanna with great taste, and had thought out the dinner too with particular care. They ate strongly seasoned hors d'œuvres, clear soup, fish, shell-fish, the flesh of domestic and wild beasts and of birds, the fruits of the ground and of the woods, and dishes composed of eggs, milk, and sugar. The dishes were concocted with an art learned during centuries and refined by cunning artifices; the components had been brought from many corners of the earth with great labour. Herr Hessreiter ate not largely but judiciously, with enjoyment; and with enjoyment he drank the wines which were changed to suit each course. He was merry this evening, in a comfortable good humour. Johanna tried to respond to him. She too seemed happy and amenable. But underneath she was growing more and more exacerbated. She told herself that it was unjust; but everything about him irritated her. His well-cut dinner jacket, his fleshy face with the small mouth, his cuff-links, his appetite, his circumstantial way of expressing himself. They talked of the books she had read. He was tolerant, and agreed with many things in them; but after the sharply defined statements which she had found in them she was doubly exasperated by this vague conciliance. She showed none of her annoyance, however, remained polite, and laughed at his jokes. But Herr Hessreiter, sensitive to vibrations, could not conceal from himself that the birthday dinner hadn't come off. When they parted he kissed her hand even more politely than usual, and both knew that this was the end.

Next Sunday the vote on the expropriation of royal property was taken in Germany. For the people's will to become law, a half of the total electors had to vote. But on this occasion it turned out that the greater part of the electors had remained quietly at home. In other words, the opponents of the measure had, with primitive cunning instructed their supporters not to vote, and in this simple fashion had managed to spike the act of expropriation, though the majority in Germany desired it.

Herr Hessreiter and Johanna read the result on Monday morning. They did not talk about it.

By the noon post on Monday Johanna received a short note from Dr. Geyer. The appointment of Hartl as Attorney-General had modified Martin Krüger's situation. There was really little gained, it was true, by the fact that another of Dr. Klenk's judges would have to preside at the re-trial instead of Hartl. All the same, the inclusion of Hartl in the Ministry made possible a new policy, unsympathetic to Geyer, but not unpromising. He suggested that she should have a personal talk with him about it.

While she was reading the letter she knew that she had already resolved to return to Munich.

When she spoke to Herr Hessreiter of her journey he agreed politely. He too had the intention of returning in a week or so. She couldn't wait till then, she replied. Then for what day would he get the tickets for her? he asked courteously. "For the day after tomorrow," she decided.

He accompanied her to the train. From the window of the carriage she noted with interest that now his side whiskers had almost disappeared. As the train got under way he stood for a little while still on the platform. Then he drew a long breath, smiled with relief, reflectively hummed the little air which Johanna had used to hum almost inaudibly through her closed teeth, took a firm grip of his ivory cane, and proceeded, with a gratified and gratifying letter from Frau von Radolny in his pocket, to Madame Mitsou.

XV. THE PASSION PLAY IN OBERFERNBACH

In the American Bar of the mountain village of Oberfernbach, to the sound of jazz music, among a few natives with long reverend beards and a host of Munich people, the painter Greiderer was sitting with Professor von Osternacher. Every seat in the elegant and fashionable room was occupied. For despite the fact that this year there was to be no Passion Play but only a rehearsal for it, the celebrated name of the village drew numberless foreigners. In the times of their great-grandfathers those Bavarian peasants had acted their drama in simple piety and with a genuine delight in the acting; now the ingenuous rite had grown into a well-organized and profitable business. It had brought the village a railway line, a market for the products of its wood-carvers, civilization, and hotels, while the inflation period was for the Oberfernbachers a particularly good time, since they charged for their simple ritual in good foreign money.

The atmosphere of the devout village suited the painter Greiderer exactly. The mountains, the clean streets, those piously knowing peasants going about even on ordinary days with their Biblically long hair and flowing beards and sandals, striving to achieve a pedantically unctuous elocution; all this was very much to his liking. But he wanted more of it than was offered in the American Bar. Gentlemen! stop this fatuous jazz. Let us have the good old zither trio. Rochus Daisenberger must dance. That would be splendid. Funny and yet impressive.

Rochus Daisenberger was waiting, quiet, sly, and pleased. He was an elderly man, tall, lean, with a silvered black beard, long flowing hair parted in the middle, and gold teeth. Above a tuberous nose gleamed two little deep-sunk, very blue eyes, in conspicuous contrast with the black eyebrows. He wore sandals and a solemn black frock-coat; for he had a solemn part in the play, he was the Apostle Peter who denied his Lord.

Now then at Greiderer's incitement Rochus Daisenberger danced to the zithers. He exchanged his sandals ceremoniously for stout, hobnailed shoes and danced the native hop-dance, the *Schuhplattl*. He leapt, slapped his bottom, and stamped. He slapped the soles of his shoes and pulled a girl to her feet. He danced round her, leaping, stamping and setting to her, while she raised her arms above her head. His blue, cunning, deep-set eyes flashed with prodigious pleasure; his apostolic beard flew; the long, black dignified frock-coat waved round him grotesquely, while he slapped himself on the bottom and on the shoe soles. He danced with wilder abandon, shamelessly. Everybody stopped talking and gazed at the old man as he stamped round, possessed with pleasure, more and more unequivocal. He turned his back on his partner. Still dancing, while she returned to her place, he approached an elegant foreign lady and bowed. She smiled in embarrassment and hesitated. Then she stood up and made the necessary movements, easy to pick up, while the lean apostle danced round her. He seemed inexhaustible, and found ever new variations. The blasé foreigners gaped at him.

Next day they sat in the primitive wooden building in which the play was proceeding. The play was lumber, stiff, dry, endless, academic, a caricature. Herr Pfaundler found himself justified. Here, it was true, one still could charge high prices, while in the churches they were glad if the people could be induced to come in for nothing. Yet he had done a good stroke of business in turning down the Passion film and deciding for *Well, That's the Limit.* An even deeper boredom diffused itself. The Minister Flaucher, very anxious to find this pious and indigenous affair good, thrust his finger oftener and oftener between his collar and his neck, and could scarcely fight down, even he, a growing desire to yawn. The Crown Prince Maximilian, used to manœuvres and discipline, made immense efforts to preserve the prescribed interested expression. He sat in state among his attendants; but every five minutes he had to keep his eyelids from sinking, and square his shoulders. Here and there, despite the devout atmosphere, people began to eat surreptitiously, and tried by unobtrusive physical exercises to keep themselves awake. It was a relief when a bird or a butterfly flew across the open proscenium.

It was only when Rochus Daisenberger appeared that they began to attend. The others murdered their wretched parts by rote. But Rochus Daisenberger remained his eager self even as the Apostle Peter, sending out rays from his deep-set blue eyes, now and then laughing with his gold teeth, claiming for himself a large share of attention. Jesus, carefully and badly played by the master-joiner Gregor Kipfelberger, said to him: "All ye shall be offended in me this night." But Peter Daisenberger replied confidently: "If all shall be offended in thee, I will never be offended." But Jesus said to him: "Verily, I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." But the coachman Daisenberger walked now quite close up to the somewhat smaller Jesus Kipfelberger, put his hand on his shoulder, gazed at him with glowing eyes, and said with an air of indescribable intimacy and truth: "Even if I must die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." He shook his long hair with the parting in the middle, and smiled at him faithfully with his gold teeth. All the audience believed him, and without a doubt the coachman Daisenberger believed himself too.

But Jesus Kipfelberger was ungently seized and led to the palace of the High Priest. The coachman Daisenberger followed him from afar to the palace and went in and sat down with the servants, to see how it would end. It ended very badly, however, for it ended with this, that everybody said: "He is worthy of death," spat on him very realistically, laid hands on him and struck him in the face. But the coachman Daisenberger sat outside in the courtyard, and a maid went up to him and said: "Thou also wast with Jesus the Galilean." Then the coachman Daisenberger looked at the maid, and his little eyes glowed no longer. He grunted and sighed, raised his shoulders and let them fall again, raised them once more, and said at last: "I know not what thou sayest," and made to go away. But then another looked at him and said to those around: "This man also was with Jesus of Nazareth." Then the coachman Daisenberger shrugged his shoulders again, and became angry and said with an oath, "I know not what ye all want, ye dogs. I know not the man." And after a little while another said once more: "Of a truth thou art one of them; for thy speech betrayeth thee." But then he began to put on mighty airs, and gesticulated impressively, and violently with his arms, and cursed and swore: "Donnerwetter, I know not the fellow."

And straightway the cock crew.

Then all saw that Peter Daisenberger was thinking of Jesus's words which he had said to him: "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." They listened attentively, the thousands in the great wooden building. It was quite still, their boredom was gone.

They only saw the man on the stage who had denied his master. They did not think of the treacheries from which they had suffered, nor of the treacheries which they had committed. Only Alois Kutzner, the boxer, perhaps the most deeply moved among them, thought of the betrayed and imprisoned king, Ludwig II.

But on the stage the Apostle Peter Daisenberger went apart and wept bitterly, shamelessly, genuinely, as he had danced the evening before.

Most of the visitors left the same day, but Osternacher and Greiderer and his "Haserl" remained in Oberfernbach. Greiderer wanted to paint Peter Daisenberger. The Apostle Peter should be shown sitting with the great key in one hand, while he stroked his beard complacently with the other, his little, cunning, deep-set eyes glittering. The coachman Daisenberger was quite agreeable. But he demanded money, and foreign money at that. He started by demanding a dollar, and when Greiderer began to curse him heartily he demanded two. Then Osternacher intervened and paid up. "You see, gentlemen," said the Apostle, his honest face lighting up, showing his gold teeth in a friendly smile, "when you get what you asked for it shows that you asked the right figure." And he seated himself in the desired pose with the great key in his hand. He talked frankly of his life. He had grown up in the stables and loved his horses. As a boy he had talked to the horses a good deal and understood their language. Everybody knew that the Saviour too had as a child known the stable and the manger, under the particular blessing of God. It was a pity that horsemanship was declining. True, he had added a garage to his stables, could drive as well as anybody, and had shown himself to be an expert mechanic; but there was less holiness about a garage than about a manger. For the rest he had knowledge of balms and potions not only for beasts, but for human beings too. In fact, he knew many mysteries and was looked upon as uncanny by the others in the village on account of his dancing and his queer ways generally. But as he was devout and had a good knowledge of his Bible they couldn't do anything against him.

He began immediately a violent flirtation with Greiderer's little friend, and she too could not keep away from him. While Greiderer was making his first sketches Daisenberger sat there quite unconcernedly, not at all as if he were facing a camera; naïve, sly, yet full of dignity. He told a great many things, concealing nothing. He told without any concern how during the War he had wangled soft posts for his sons. He told too about the women he had known. He had obviously a remarkably adroit way of dealing with them. He said too that he could not stand a life in the country much longer. The times were ripe now for an extraordinary man to pick up something for himself in Munich.

Meanwhile Greiderer worked away on his sketch for "The Village Apostle Peter." He worked without any great gusto. He had drunk a great deal the night before. He was vexed at the thought of the two dollars which the cunning yokel had sneaked, and at his "Haserl," who was flirting so shamelessly with the swine. Herr von Osternacher tried again and again to keep him down to his sketch. He gave advice. Greiderer rejected most of it, and did his best to express in his awkward, incoherent fashion what he was really trying to do. He did not have much success. But Osternacher listened greedily, looked on greedily.

Greiderer became less and less interested. The sketch was coming right, but it was damned hard work. The bad air of the overheated room made one tired. The Apostle Peter smiled his understanding. Yes, Herr Greiderer was quite right. Mustn't hurry things. If it was a good piece of work, it could wait till next week to be finished. He mustn't allow himself to be infected with this modern rush. Greiderer nodded, blew an air on his mouth harmonium, and withdrew with his "Haserl."

Left to himself Herr von Osternacher took a walk through the village in deep and concentrated thought. He went up to the surrounding hills and passed again the house of Rochus Daisenberger. He noted the address carefully, and invited the flattered Apostle to visit him in Munich.

XVI. KASPERL AND THE TORERO

Jacques Tüverlin stepped out of the warm August morning into the fusty coolness of the theatre, sniffing nervously at the stale air. The plush-covered seats, the crumbling gilt on the boxes, the stucco frame of the proscenium; how dismal these looked in the huge empty place! How badly the place smelt! Rehearsals were dreary. Instead of writing at his *Day of Judgment,* he had to squeeze his way between insipid beauties, flat or forced comedians, bored girls who squatted there, sad and resigned, naked under their shabby cloaks. It had been a piece of folly for him to let himself in for this business.

They were rehearsing the Tutankhamen tableau. The tomb of this Egyptian king had been discovered and reopened a short time before, and the style of his period, particularly in objects of feminine attire, had quickly become the rage. In the Tutankhamen tableau the girls walked in profile over the stage in hieratic poses, and the bas-relief style of the Egyptians, applied to tennis, football and negro dances, might have been very effective had it not been for the hopelessly insipid faces of the girls. Antique cults and modern actualities were juxtaposed brazenly and audaciously, the whole held together by more than passable music. But Herr Pfaundler had cut out Tüverlin's verses as "too daring," and a popular operetta librettist had written the present ones, teasing, banal, and vulgar. What did it matter to Tüverlin?

Herr Pfaundler screamed something through the speaking-tube, went on to the stage, wrangled with the director, gave new directions, cancelled them, returned again to his lighted desk in the auditorium, and swore in his high, smooth voice, which came startingly distorted from the megaphone.

He was difficult to handle during those rehearsals. He had many small annoyances. A baboon who played the piano, for example, was alleged to have the colic. Pfaundler maintained that it was a shabby pretext, the ape was only going elsewhere on higher terms; but the offended theatre doctor declared himself incompetent to turn down the veterinary surgeon's certificate submitted by the possessor of the baboon. The same story with the troupe of

Lilliputians. He had secured them on particularly favourable terms. But it turned out that they had only come to such terms with him because the English Ministry of Labour had refusd them entrance to the country as unfair competitors with English Lilliputians. Now this prohibition had been rescinded, and the cunning dwarfs were attempting by passive resistance to force Pfaundler to cancel their contracts or give them better conditions. Yet these were mere pin-pricks: deeper lay the gnawing regret that he had ever had anything to do with that cursed man Tüverlin. After so much experience, how could he, old sheep's-head that he was, let himself be led straight into this mess, this "artistic" business? That the project of an artistic revue could be carried off successfully, but only in Berlin, that consequently, if it came to nothing, only his precious preference for Munich was to blame, this he would not admit to himself. He was in a savage humour: nobody could do anything right, everybody had to submit to unexpected and undeserved snubs. He looked on Tüverlin with particular distaste.

Tüverlin listened for a while to Pfaundler's scolding, then went to the canteen and sat down beside Bianchini I, the artiste. He had struck up a friendship with this man in a quiet way. The artiste was a taciturn man with a good knowledge of the world. He worked along with a very young man, and everybody in the theatre knew that the young man got the applause, and that the other was the real artist. Bianchini I's job was one which demanded years of practice and a rare endowment; the young man was only a well-schooled lively puppet, whose job could be learned in a few seasons. But Bianchini I was not disturbed by that. Wasn't that always the case? Didn't the wrong people almost always reap the success? Could the public possibly understand that four or five somersaults from the floor were incomparably more difficult than fifty from the trapeze? They didn't even understand the difference between a mere contortionist and an acrobat. The refinements of the art only pleased those who performed them, and a few experts. The public never saw them. This fact, proved by the experience of the artiste, interested Jacques Tüverlin; for wasn't it just the same in most spheres, only not so palpably demonstrable? He saw with approval that Bianchini I, knowing that the public did not understand his finer touches, went on all the same trying to refine them still further. Obviously he was not jealous of his young partner who was overwhelmed with applause. Yet strangely enough he never spoke to him, and did not share his dressing-room, but that of the instrument imitator, Bob Richards. The relations between Bianchini I and Bianchini II were taciturn, difficult to fathom, and had, thought Tüverlin, something painful in them.

Bob Richards, Bianchini I's dressing-room partner, sat down beside them. In contrast to the Bianchinis he was a talkative man, knew some of Tüverlin's books, and had once debated them keenly but respectfully with him. Intended for the rabbiship, he had studied the Talmud in Czernowitz and in a Galician school. Then he had joined a travelling troupe and had achieved success in a circus as a lightning artist. While at that job he had happened to get some virulent paint into his nose, and a severe blood-poisoning had followed. The necessary operation had disfigured his face, his nose in particular, but had also given him the capacity to imitate through this transformed nose, musical instruments of all kinds. He had perfected this capacity so far that he could now imitate fourteen instruments, from the base saxophone upwards through all the string instruments to the piccolo, all this simply by his abnormal and gigantic nose. His art was sought after and highly paid; he was made for life, things went well with him. He travelled always with the same programme, and needed little training. His abundant free time he spent in devout study of cabbalistic and socialistic works, which he related to each other in the most remarkable way. He had friendly arguments with Benno Lechner, whom Tüverlin had smuggled in at Kaspar Pröckl's request, to attend to the lighting of the revue, and whose grave, thoughtful philosophizing pleased him.

Balthasar Hierl, the comedian, did not go to the canteen, avoided the others, and sat generally in his dressing-room with his mistress, morosely grumbling. It had been idiotic to let himself be tempted away from his Minerva Hall to this fatuous show, where he did not fit in. True, in the course of the rehearsals he still went on finding things in the figure of Kasperl that stimulated him. Tüverlin had not made Kasperl a mere virulent caricature, but had allotted him a sympathetic rôle and a great number of triumphs. Kasperl was knocked about a good lot, but more often it was he who gave the knocks. He knocked everyone on the head, until the big-wigs and the smart Alecks lay dead all around him. But Kasperl still remained, stupid, inevitable, triumphant, ingenuously inquiring: "What do you get out of it, mate?" The nimble and the victorious passed away; but Kasperl remained, stupid, stubborn, victorious in the end simply through his naïve cunning and his slowness. Hierl knew nothing of this symbolical function of the figure, but he felt vaguely that it gave him something which he could express: the qualities of the dwellers on the Bavarian plateau. Fundamentally he felt well in the rôle. But all that he could convert to his own use he had squeezed out by now, and he could use it comfortably in his own popular scenes, *without* the aid of Tüverlin. There in the Minerva Hall he had been alone, hadn't been forced to hide himself behind silly theatre properties, animals from the zoological gardens, pomaded gigolos, and naked whores. The whole apparatus put him off, made him suspicious. Like Pfaundler, who had a nose for things, he foresaw failure and crash. He was resolved to throw up his part.

Naturally he did not admit the real grounds for his distrust to his mistress, or even wholly to himself. Instead he cursed because his beer had not been properly warmed again; these people were simply letting a real artist go to pieces; they didn't trouble about his weak stomach; it would be idiotic for him to stick to them any longer. His beer drunk, he stood about in the corridor and the wings, said from time to time, "H'm, h'm, miss, it won't last long," and evinced such a settled and open melancholy that the others anxiously inquired what was wrong with him.

When Tüverlin returned to the auditorium they were rehearsing a scene called "The Naked Truth." A rich young man had brought back from Tibet an image, a *Kwannon,* which had the property of moving itself whenever anyone told a lie. A fact of which he alone was aware. The bigger the lie, the more violent the movement. The young man gives a party, quite a number of people are present, they talk and say all the things that are customary at such parties. The image trembles, puts itself in motion more and more rapid, more and more violent, dances. The Tibetan image was represented by Frau von Radolny. In her lazy way she had secured that she should play in the revue. She was not without a certain heavy grace, a little grotesque. But Pfaundler was not satisfied and kept on cavilling. Katharina remained calm with great difficulty, Tüverlin saw that. He knew why Pfaundler took the liberty of being insolent to her. It was because, strangely enough, she was the only one who appeared to have been seriously damaged by the business of the expropriation bill. The will of the people, it was true, had been defeated and Frau von Radolny was in undisturbed possession of her Luitpoldsbrunn estate and her rents; yet while from all the rest the filth of the Opposition press had fallen harmlessly, it had remained sticking to her. Without discoverable cause. She alone remained besmirched. The former Court circle, her friends to whom she had shown favours of all kinds, turned the cold shoulder on her. She had no more wind in her sails, everybody guessed it. Pfaundler too guessed it and showed it. As the Tibetan image she was good. If it had not been for the silly insinuations in the press, Herr Pfaundler would have found her good as a society lady too. She knew it, knew too that now if he thought she was bad it was not mere ill-will, but actual conviction. She had had much experience and knew the world; and she too was of the mind that one should apply strict standards to the unsuccessful. Herr Pfaundler scolded. His high voice came squeakily from the speaking-trumpet like that of a gigantic baby. Frau von Radolny calmly rehearsed the scene again and again until Herr Pfaundler left his lighted desk, went on to the stage, and with an angry face remarked with dangerous calm that they would have to cut the scene altogether. But now Tüverlin rose up in arms. He croaked hoarsely from the dark auditorium that there were lots of other things that would have to be cut first. On the stage, in the limelight, Pfaundler turned his bloated face towards the darkness, and was on the point of shouting, but controlled himself and said that they would have to settle that later. Bianchini I, who had sat down beside Tüverlin, said quietly: "You're right, Herr Tüverlin."

Tüverlin said nothing further, said nothing, either, during the following scenes. Herr Pfaundler had watered down everything. Everything when it was put on sounded lukewarm, cautious, without vigour. Tüverlin saw that his work was ruined. But it was not the failure that annoyed him, it was the waste of a year. Perhaps Pröckl was actually right, and there was no possibility for art in this age. Tüverlin did not make a scene, he did not wrangle with Pfaundler, who with a bad conscience—for he knew well enough how good the text had originally been—was waiting with every new scene for an outburst from the author. But the only thing that happened was that Tüverlin's shoulders grew rounder and rounder. "Are you tired?" asked Bianchini I. "Have you anything to suggest, Herr Tüverlin?" asked Herr Pfaundler from time to time in a deliberately casual voice. No, Herr Tüverlin had nothing to suggest. "Just go on, will you?" he said; perhaps his voice today was more falsetto than usual.

Bob Richards told an anecdote of a revue which had been played five hundred times. Everybody had survived the five hundred performances except the elephant, which had collapsed after the two hundredth.

The bull-fight scene came on, the last remnant that still remained in the revue of Tüverlin's plan and spirit. Tüverlin had made the bull a hunted, dull-witted creature destined to destruction, a creature full of strength, not unlikeable, whose only failing was a defect of irritability, a quality without which in that age it was hard to live. The naked girls were now bull-fighters. They carried lances, beribboned spears, and wore short embroidered jackets under which their naked breasts seductively appeared. The actress Kläre Holz, was the matador. The verses which she had to declaim were happily turned, sharp and malicious, they might have pleased even Kaspar Pröckl and Benno Lechner, and she delivered them with great verve. In vain. Pfaundler's cautiousness had botched this scene too. The political allusions were bowdlerized, all the sharp wit had vanished, and all that remained was a mild facetiousness. One had to laugh, for Kasperl-Hierl who, concealed by papier-mâché, represented the bull, was really very funny, with countless rich and artistic variations, clumsy, pathetic, sulky, naïvely cunning, grotesque. Pfaundler too had exerted himself, and had achieved an effect coloured and gay, in spite of its deliberate cumbrousness. But it was all empty, its hidden and yet perfectly obvious meaning was gone. Now there was no hint of Tüverlin left in the whole revue.

As the scene was nearing its end and Tüverlin was about to leave, not really angry but very tired, all at once a melody struck up, a perky little march, and Tüverlin did not leave. The melody, a strange mixture of the Spanish and the Negro spirit, with a Negro wildness and a Spanish elegance, a swinging rhythm catching the seduction of the bull-fight, the elegant poses and the delight in death, had really nothing to do with Tüverlin's text or his original intention; but it caught the attention at once after the mediocre music which had preceded it. The stage looked different, the bull looked different, the slender limbs of the girls came alive, and moved like those of human beings. The music grew louder, stronger. The voices of the girls, their vulgar street voices, rose in a wild and elegant chant. All at once the revue had a meaning again. The pert crescendo brayed out in irregular rhythm, took hold of one's ears, of one's blood, straightened slack shoulders, quickened the rhythm of one's feet, of one's heart.

In the last row of the auditorium the man who had composed this march sat in the costume of a gipsy: he was the former revolutionist who had once proclaimed the autonomy of the interpretative musical artist and was now the musical clown in the revue. In St. Pauli, the shipping quarter of Hamburg, he had heard the melody; a sailor's girl, born of a southern mother, had hummed it to him. By an adroit change in rhythm he had transformed it into what it was now. The other two composers who had written for the revue, the official ones whose names would appear on the programme, looked at him askance. The former revolutionary sat in the dark auditorium, contemptuous and happy. He knew that for a year his melody would fly over the world, broadcast by five thousand jazz bands, by three hundred thousand gramophone records, and by the radio, and that millions of human beings would go about their vocations to this rhythm. He was old and finished before his time. He had sold his collaboration in the revue for a trifling lump sum, his outward lot would not be improved by the success of his music. He did not sorrow over it. He smiled. His music moved everybody in the huge room; it moved him no longer, and that was his triumph.

The scene ended in a burst of gaiety and general satisfaction. As it was to be repeated at once everybody was eager to begin. But then Balthasar Hierl stepped quietly and sadly on to the stage and declared that he was going home. He wasn't coming back tomorrow either, nor the day after, nor for the first night. He was ill. He had kept on saying that his beer must be properly warmed, and now he was ill, and, he could feel it quite distinctly, it would last for a long time, and he was going home. Those on the stage were taken aback and crowded nearer, the man who was to represent the hind-quarters of the bull and now held them ready for action in his hands, stared with his mouth open. They all gazed in suspense at Pfaundler. Pfaundler mounted the steps to the stage slowly and reflectively, and for a long time spoke in low tones to Balthasar Hierl. They saw that Hierl did not say very much in reply. He listened to the persuasive and voluble Pfaundler with a melancholy, stubborn expression and shrugged his shoulders, repeating again and again, "But you see, that's not my point of view," or "Well, I'm going now," and at last disappeared.

Tüverlin had not said a word. He had known Hierl for a long time, he was not surprised. He was rather relieved that at last the whole business was finished as far as he was concerned. To Herr Pfaundler, on the other hand, although in Hierl he lost the chief support of the revue, this solution was almost a welcome one. Now the silly title *Kasperl and the Class War* could be scored out altogether; now there only remained, by the will of fate, *Well, That's the Limit.* While he was still trying to persuade Hierl, he already sketched out a notice to this effect for the newspapers.

Capable and energetic, he turned to the cast who were still standing about helplessly. They were of course to rehearse the next scene. He cursed and bade them hurry. The scenes were shifted, a wild confusion of stage-hands, properties, actresses, movable scenery, musicians, and white-robed girls of all sizes filled the stage. In five minutes rose the setting of the next scene, which was entitled "Still Life," in which naked girls incarnated various dishes. Already they were waiting, and ready to walk over the stage with measured tread to fatuous music. One wore lobster claws instead of arms, another gigantic pheasant feathers over her bottom, another again opened and closed oyster shells: except for these they were naked. The whole aim was to secure that the stage should present at the end of the scene a gigantic, seductive, completely set table, consisting of naked women as colossal appetizing dishes. It was a scene completely in the style of *Well, That's the Limit*, and quite after Herr Pfaundler's heart. Everybody on the stage stood in readiness. "Go," said Herr Pfaundler, and the bell rang.

Meanwhile Tüverlin had left. Wearily yawning, his hat in his hand, the summer wind in his face, he strolled aimlessly through the hot streets. He was glad that things had come to the point they had, and was inclined again to find the world a good place. He thought a great deal about Johanna. It was not simply that he wanted to sleep with her; that was to say, he wanted to do that too of course; but above all he wanted to have her beside him. To curse at her, and grumble about himself and the others. To get her opinions about things, her advice. The simple old-fashioned words "affection" and "trustfulness" about suited his mood, he thought. It would be pleasant, he thought, if Johanna were walking beside him now.

Johanna had arrived in Munich the day before. She was sitting in a closed taxi, number II A 8763, which was just passing him. But Jacques Tüverlin did not know that.

XVII. CONSULTATION IN THE PRESENCE OF AN INVISIBLE LISTENER

Back in Munich again, Johanna moved restlessly about in her large sitting-room with its bright, gay walls, handsome furniture, and neatly ranged book-shelves flanked by her professional apparatus, her spacious desk, and her typewriter. Beneath her windows the green-bubbling Isar flowed along beside the quay. She buried herself in work and ignored her Munich friends. Dr. Geyer in any case had gone for some days into the north of Germany, to Berlin and Leipzig, and was not expected to return till the beginning of next week. She felt it good to be alone again. It was as if she had come back to herself. In attempting to secure influence by going into society she had been on the wrong track; she should never have agreed to it. Beginning with Hessreiter it had only led her finally to the empty-headed Bornhaak. It was a stagnant kind of life which did not suit her; she felt suffocated in it. All the time she had spent with Hessreiter she had been in a numb state, as if dazed; but now she had got back into the fresh air again. She snapped her fingers and smiled; she had a devouring hunger for work; and there were commissions enough on hand to keep her busy for three months if she liked.

Her nails were still smooth and oval, but she had no time to tend them as she had done in France. The typewriter roughened both nails and skin; the pearly gloss she had taken so much trouble to acquire disappeared, the tender skin at the base of the nails grew raw. During her excursion into social life she had acquired a flow of small talk, and learned to answer remarks quickly if not very profoundly, but now she relapsed into her old habits of delaying a reply for minutes at a time and suddenly reverting to some topic abandoned half an hour since, as if meanwhile she had not been listening at all. In her dress, too, she put on the old Johanna, for the fashionable garments she had brought back from France looked out of place in the rustic spaciousness of Munich.

She worked hard. Formerly she had depended on her moments of intuition, those lightning flashes of insight which had thrilled her with pain and pleasure and had made her work worth while.

The work she did now was more laborious, less brilliant, but more honourable. The microscope Hessreiter had given her proved a great help and, besides, she found that her knowledge of humanity had widened.

For six days with great content she devoted herself to her work, hardly leaving the house, and sleeping well every night. But on the seventh night she realized that such a life was only a hopeless flight from reality, an attempt to escape one's fate, and she was appalled by her fate.

As if to propitiate an invisible creditor she rang up Dr. Geyer once more. He was newly returned. With unusual courtesy, almost with delight, he agreed to see her in less than an hour's time.

Dr. Geyer had resumed his practice again, to its full extent. He was earning piles of money, foreign money, real money, in the numerous law suits he was engaged in. He had always been a tireless worker, but now he took on so many cases of the first importance that the clerks in his office shook their heads over him. Agnes, his housekeeper, fretted in bitter helplessness. She could put her finger on the very minute when this senseless hustle had begun; it had all begun with the arrival of that young fellow, that bloodsucking waster, that gold-digger. As long as it was only his own affair the doctor had not bothered about money, but now he was piling it up, raking it in, and flying with it to the banks. He was pinching himself too, cross-examining her on what she spent on his meals and his laundry. Agnes scuttled about in bewilderment, her face yellow and her eyes wild. She gave the doctor notice, but he paid no attention.

The boy had never come back again. Dr. Geyer had lost all trace of him and had nearly succumbed to the temptation of putting detectives on his track. His two manuscripts, the *History of Injustice* and *Law, Politics, and History*, lay side by side, tied up in neatly filed bundles, gathering dust. The lawyer waited and waited, taking on case after case. Thanks to the inflation, the mad transmutation of today's money into tomorrow's worthless paper, speculation had reached wild heights and questions of property were entangled in endless confusion so that an expert lawyer had plenty to do. In the course of a few weeks Dr. Geyer became a rich man. If the boy should turn up again he would have no need to haggle. He had heard of the dog-poisoning case in which von Dellmaier was involved, and his heart had contracted when he heard of it. Perhaps the boy would come back to him now, asking for help in his casual, saucy, irritating, charming way. Dr. Geyer waited. But there was not a sign of the boy, who had apparently vanished from the earth. Perhaps—no, certainly—because he had had something to do with the poisoning case. The whole affair was wrapt in annoying obscurity; Dr. Geyer could get no information about it. The authorities seemed undecided whether to hush it up or make a great scandal of it. Political influence was at work. Ever since the beginning of Klenk's régime political activities had become more and more obscure.

Dr. Geyer neglected his appearance, smoked a great deal, ate at odd times and slept little. Since the assault upon him he had let his reddish beard grow, he blinked less frequently, and his limp had almost disappeared. With patient intensity he followed every move of Klenk's. For the time being Bavarian affairs seemed to be on a sounder and more respectable basis, relations with the Empire were more straightforward, the worst asininities of the patriots had been suppressed, and bombastic proclamations were avoided, but that couldn't last for long; it must all come to a bad end in the long run. A world at the mercy of dictators, of caprice, a world without justice, was unthinkable and could not go on.

His excitement mounted when Klenk was struck down by illness. For three days Klenk was laid low, for four days, then for so long that the Government began to totter at last. The lawyer pulled himself together, drew back in readiness for a spring, and waited. By disingenuous inquiry he established the fact that there was some connexion between Klenk's Government, the dog-poisoning case, and his son Erich. Klenk's fate was bound up with Erich's. Everything that was happening had some connexion with Erich.

It was while he was in this state of anticipation that Johanna rang him up. This Bavarian woman had always reminded him of Ellis Bornhaak, and the sound of her voice called up forgotten memories. These convinced him that his ill-success with Erich was due to his own lukewarmness. He had sunk himself in his manuscripts and let himself grow cool towards many cases of actual injustice, Krüger's case, for instance. Superstitious concepts of guilt and punishment thronged up in him. Because he had neglected to further Krüger's cause he had been rightly punished through his own son.

Johanna's voice at the telephone therefore came to him like a sign. He invited her to his flat. She found him in his unappetizing room surrounded by newspapers, briefs, and half-emptied plates. She sat down on the chair in which the boy had sat. The lawyer looked at her and saw that her steadiness was wavering, her assurance less sure than formerly. He himself was not so curt as usual and begged for permission to smoke; there was embarrassment between them.

The penetrating blue of the lawyer's eyes reminded Johanna of another pair, and she had some trouble in keeping her thoughts to the point. She had been trying, she explained, to exploit social influence as he had recommended; she had moved heaven and earth. Yes, she repeated thoughtfully, not without bitterness, she had moved heaven and earth, and she thought of Tüverlin, Pfisterer, the Imperial Minister of Justice Heinrodt, Frau von Radolny, the Crown Prince Maximilian, Privy Councillor Bichler, Leclerc the art critic, Hessreiter, and the empty-headed Bornhaak. She sucked at her underlip and fell silent. The lawyer's eyes avoided hers and sought the ground. He observed her legs, strong and shapely in their light stockings, planted in solid well-cut shoes which were not so elegant and dainty as those of the youngster Erich Bornhaak. "So it's all been of no use," he said, after some time. "No use at all," replied Johanna.

"Are you fond of animals?" he asked her, suddenly. "I loathe cats and dogs," he went on. "I don't understand why people make such a fuss over them. There's a great to-do just now," his eye avoided hers, "about some dogs being poisoned." Johanna watched his mouth which opened and shut under his beard as if it were independent of him. "Political motives involved, of course," went on Dr. Geyer. Johanna with a gasp inquired: "The murder of G., the deputy?" The lawyer, his face blanching, jerked at her: "What makes you think that?" After a horror-struck pause Johanna said reflectively: "Only that I read about the poisoning and the murder in the same newspaper." "You did?" said the lawyer. "Where did you read about them?" "I've forgotten," said Johanna. "I rather think it was in Paris." "Oh yes," said the lawyer, "you were in Paris too."

At last he touched upon the Krüger case, and, perhaps to allay his own conscience, ruthlessly enumerated the difficulties which stood in the way of a re-trial. The written affidavit which had been screwed out of the Widow Ratzenberger was as good as worthless. When she had to set down in black and white what she had so unequivocally stated by word of mouth, that timid woman had so qualified her assertions that the confession of the dead chauffeur was capable of being interpreted now as the raving of a delirious man. He had already warned her how little chance there was in general of getting a re-trial. How unfavourable the letter of the law was, how many formal difficulties impeded each step, how difficult the preliminary proofs required by law, how hostile the judicial courts. He recommended her to verify all this by referring to a book called *Miscarriages of Justice* by Alsberg, a colleague of his, a book that had become a classic, although unfortunately it had as yet had no effect on the machinery of the law. Moreover, if Krüger were rehabilitated in court, he would be entitled to claim compensation for his wrongful dismissal by the State. Did she think it likely that such a rehabilitation was probable in a rotten state like Bavaria, which forced the widow of its murdered Prime Minister to sue at law for a beggarly pension, while admitting the murderer as director of a company supported by public funds?

Johanna bit her lip and sat holding the large book by Alsberg which Dr. Geyer had given her. After a while she asked if there was nothing gained by the transfer of Dr. Hartl? As far as he could remember Dr. Geyer had once told her that by some unaccountable quirk of the law the same court that pronounced the verdict was the only one entitled to decide in a re-trial. Well, now that Dr. Hartl was transferred to another——

"Do you imagine," interrupted Dr. Geyer with passionate scorn, "that Dr. Hartl's successor will put his powerful predecessor in the wrong?" He relapsed into silence; his delicate hands trembled; he seemed to be suffering from the heat. All the same, he began again, and Johanna saw how much the admission cost him, all the same, as he had written to her, this very transfer of Dr. Hartl opened up a new possibility. Perhaps if one were to hint to him that the appeal for a re-trial might be withdrawn Dr. Hartl might be got at. If the appeal were withdrawn, that was tantamount to an acceptance of Dr. Hartl's verdict, and, in that case, as Attorney-General he might in return sponsor a reprieve. It wouldn't be a very honourable transaction; but if Johanna was seriously set on it, he would sound Hartl on the point.

Johanna observed the lawyer's repugnance to this proposal and thought it over. Was she, indeed, seriously set upon anything? At first she had been full of fight; she had desired, just as passionately as the lawyer seemed to desire, the triumph of justice, the final triumph of Martin by lifting him from the gutter into which he had been thrown. But did she now even want Martin to be set free as quickly as possible? She struggled to recall his face, his walk, his hands; but her memory was refractory; the former Martin and the drab convict melted indistinguishably into each other. Truth to tell, it was so long since she had seen him that she could no longer even recall his face. She cast down her eyes in embarrassment and looked at her hands. She was suddenly ashamed to think how well-groomed her hands had been in Paris. "So you knew quite well that I was in Paris?" she said in a defiant voice, without realizing that she had said it. The lawyer looked up in surprise, Johanna flushed. "Excuse me," she said, "I don't need to think long over this question of reprieve or rehabilitation. As far as I am concerned, of course I don't want Martin to sit for another two years beside those six trees." Although he had never noticed those six trees at Odelsberg, the lawyer knew exactly what she meant. "My one desire is to see Martin set free as soon as possible," she said in a firm, emphatic tone, turning her head towards Dr. Geyer and fixing her great grey eyes upon him. The lawyer blinked rapidly and looked almost embarrassed. "Very well," he said, "then I'll speak to Dr. Hartl." "Thank you," said Johanna. "I understand exactly what that means," and she gave him her hand.

They stood for a moment side by side before they parted, in hesitating silence, preoccupied by the same thoughts.

"Did you like Paris?" asked the lawyer at length shyly. "Not really," answered Johanna. She picked up her thick legal volume and went away. Dr. Geyer watched her from the window, cautiously, so that she could not see him if she were to turn round. But his caution was superfluous; she did not turn round.

Two days later Dr. Geyer was escorting a client, a Czech financier who was exploiting the inflation of Germany by buying up houses and land for next to nothing. As they were going down Ludwigstrasse a young man in a car approached them, an elegant, airy young man whose brilliant red lips parted in a smile of casual and familiar recognition. The lawyer broke off in the middle of a sentence, gasped, blinked, and turned round to stare after the car. "What's the matter?" said the financier testily, for they were in the very middle of a complicated legal discussion involving huge sums of money. But the lawyer seemed to be thrown off his balance and, to the indignant amazement of his client, postponed further discussion of their business until next day.

XVIII. FOR EVERYONE HIS OWN CRAZE

Kaspar Pröckl sat at his square table before a battered little typewriter, evolving an article on the function of art in the Marxist State. He was not making much progress. Not only were the letters E and X on his typewriter out of order, but his thoughts on the function of art in this connexion were far from clear, and although he was convinced of their soundness, he found himself constantly entangled in contradictions when he tried to formulate them. He knew quite well what the function of art ought to be, or, rather, he *saw* it quite clearly. For he thought only in pictures, and when he put down his pictures directly, in his ballads, for instance, they were coherent; but when he tried to express them in the sober language of prose they fell to pieces. At any rate the article on the function of art wouldn't come right.

Nothing would come right. He thought of his last interview with Ratzenberger's widow. The very fact that he had parted from Martin in anger had goaded him on to secure the man's freedom and he had not spared himself; he had gone with Comrades Sölchmaier and Lechner again and again to visit the widow, risking the possibility of a brutal attack by young Ludwig Ratzenberger. The interviews had been most unsatisfactory. The idiot child Kathi had crouched glaring at them sullenly from a corner, and the woman had persisted in the same nonsense time after time, becoming only more obstinate when he grew angry and shouted her down. The written statement which they had managed to screw out of her at last was not of much use now, according to Dr. Geyer. When he tried to do something for Martin Krüger it always came to nothing. His mass-production motor car had come to nothing. Nothing was all that could come out of nothing. His visit to Moscow had come to nothing. And ever since he had thrown Reindl's offer back in his face everything had gone wrong. He got up and flung himself on the sofa. His studio was glaringly hot. He went into the kitchen and made himself some lemonade, then lay down again on the sofa with his hands folded behind his thin, flushed head, his large Adam's apple sticking up, his long narrow lips compressed, and his hollow eyes turned inwards. Even in repose he looked sullen and surly.

That article he had written on the deficiencies of the German automobile industry had been much too tame. Now of course that it was too late, much better and more trenchant expressions occurred to him. All the same he had said his say in a Berlin newspaper with a big circulation, and had incisively exposed the failings of the German auto industry since the War. It was designers that were lacking. Unless they were men who kow-towed to their chiefs and let them have the credit of their ideas, and put up with snubs and cuts in their salaries, indispensable or not, the designers had been packed off to the front during the War, and on their return found inferior men holding all the best posts. With luck they could get foremen's jobs. The caste system prevailed everywhere, with rigid social differentiation between the chief engineers and the foremen, the foremen and the mechanics; and the men at the top, who skimmed the cream off everything, were purely ornamental, the kind of men who organized beauty competitions for their cars and were conspicuous in society. The automobile industry was admirably organized except in this one essential, its need of designers. Everything else in it was being rationalized except the very hub of the whole. A few good constructional technicians were needed, not the existing crowd of mediocrities; a few striking and successful designs instead of the prevailing chaos of commonplace models. With only 117 models America produced 2,026,000 automobiles, while Germany had 152 models for a mere output of 27,000.

Unwilling to let his resentment cool, Kaspar Pröckl fished out the telegram which he had received from Reindl after the publication of the article. "Bravo. Hit the nail on the head. Glad to see you're relenting. Come back, all forgiven. Reindl." He ran his eye over the telegram with close attention as if he were reading it for the first time, although he knew by heart the appearance of the lettering typed on the gummed strip. Naturally he had never answered it nor told anybody about it. Anni, for instance, would certainly have urged him to accept the offer, and would have pursued him with her common-sense arguments. Common sense was all right, but Reindl was a shameless ruffian. "Horror sanguinis?" he had said. Sound common sense was an essential ingredient in Kaspar Pröckl's world, but whenever he thought of the Fifth

Evangelist's fat pale face his anger and his sense of personal dignity rose up and overwhelmed his common sense. He thrust the telegram into the drawer again and locked it away carefully.

He didn't want to work, nor to see Anni, who might turn up at any minute. The only thing he felt equal to was an exchange of surly monosyllables, and he made for the Spotted Dog to look for Benno Lechner.

But on this evening Benno Lechner did not put in an appearance. Since the rehearsal had finished at an unexpectedly early hour he had waited for Anni at her office to take an evening walk with her, and perhaps to have a bite of supper with her somewhere out-of-doors. He wanted to speak to her alone, without Comrade Pröckl in the offing. Beni felt no grudge against Pröckl for his recent increase of sulkiness; but he felt that it was hard on Anni, who had to put up with the man day after day. She was a hopeless little bourgeoise, and couldn't possibly comprehend Pröckl's real value as a man and a comrade, and it was very decent of her to have loved him and stuck to him so long in spite of it. She deserved a squeeze of the hand and a word of encouragement.

Anni's office was in a factory far out in the northern suburbs. Beni stood waiting for her in the fading evening twilight; she would be coming out in a few minutes. His Marxist text-books and his conversations with Comrade Pröckl had impressed on Benno Lechner the doctrine that sexual emotions were merely peripheral and had no part in the central interests of a man's life; that all the fuss made about love had been invented by the bourgeoisie to divert the attention of their exploited victims from the essential facts of economics. Theoretically he admitted the truth of this docrine, but he found himself capable of sympathizing with a different point of view. He would find it painful in the extreme for example, if Zenzi the cash girl were to be left out of his scheme of things. She was not particularly clever, and it would be useless to try converting her to an intelligent view of the world, but she could be depended on and she was very practical. She would stick to him even if he were down on his luck, of that he was sure.

At long last the clerks began to come out. Anni agreed at once to go with him into the English Garden and have supper somewhere thereabouts. She was pleasant to look at in her gay, flimsy dress as she walked lazily beside her fair-haired, well-knit brother in the long dusk of the summer evening.

Beni did the talking. He was enjoying himself as a lighting expert in the theatre. Of course the work was hard and irregular; sometimes nothing to do for a whole day, and then hard at it till dawn, and that wasn't what he liked. But on the other hand he could potter about and experiment, the technique of stage lighting was very backward, and there were hundreds of problems to tackle. Besides he had got an idea, something absolutely new, and perhaps he'd be taking a patent out sooner or later. It was an interesting job, everything a man could want. It had been very decent of Comrade Pröckl to get it for him.

Yes, assented Anni casually, it had been. Inwardly she was proud of Kaspar. But, she went on, Kaspar had been rather difficult for some time; he had had so much to worry him. She could speak about it now that it was all settled, and at great length she retailed to her brother a story of Kaspar's rows with the landlady, and especially of his troubles with a certain Babette Fink, who had a child which she gave out as his and had made shameless demands upon him. He simply hadn't known how to handle the silly creature; all he could think of was to make a first-rate ballad about her. Anni had had to interfere finally and settle it for him. To finish up with she had had a terrific row with Kaspar herself. In spite of herself she hadn't been able to resist giving him a dig or two and saying that she wondered at a man who couldn't settle his own affairs being so certain that he could tell everybody else how to live. Kaspar had been touchy about it, and they had had a fierce argument about her attitude to society. She hadn't let herself be downed. What she said was that to argue the possibility of scientific Communism was just as mad as to hold that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception or of papal infallibility was scientific. It was only a matter of belief; either one believed it or one didn't She didn't.

Beni slowly and laboriously set out to explain to her that Kaspar

Pröckl wasn't a Communist on emotional grounds, but from the sober conviction that Communism was the most practicable, desirable, and useful system for the majority, and therefore also for him. Anni retorted that Kaspar was no doubt a clever man, the cleverest man she knew; and when he sang his ballads she was bowled over; but she would stick to it that his creed meant nothing to her. Later on she said reflectively that, like her brother and everybody else who met him, she took Kaspar to be a genius, but what it was that made him a genius nobody rightly knew. Beni admitted that he didn't know either.

Anni's equanimity was restored, and she announced with emphasis that the main thing, after all, was that Beni enjoyed his work in the revue. So he was going to take out a patent, that was great news. He would be at the top of the tree yet. They both grinned when she produced the favourite phrase of their father's, which had been so well hammered into them.

They sat amiably together in a beer-garden shaded by chestnut trees, languidly observant, thinking of their father. The food was mediocre and insanely dear, because the dollar had made another jump on the exchange. The word "exchange" which had been unknown a year before was now of common use all over Bavaria on both sides of the Isar. The peasants refused to sell anything except for foreign money, and left the towns to starve. The food profiteers strutted about in marvellously loud suits that showed off their fat figures, and lit their cigars with smooth brown thousand-mark notes fresh from the imperial printing-presses. They were heading for a crash, said Beni. Many of the comrades were dreaming of direct action; they were even crossing over to the True Germans because these were always shouting about taking action, and had something concrete to show in the way of a leader, their man Rupert Kutzner. Yet he was a fatuous fool, asserted Beni, a fellow with good lungs and an empty head. Anni didn't understand politics. She had seen with her own eyes the same fifty thousand people who had wept as they followed to his grave the murdered revolutionary leader Eisner, thronging with the same weeping faces in the funeral procession of King Ludwig the Third, whom Eisner had dethroned. The Munich folk in her opinion were all good-natured enough, but knew nothing whatever about politics. All they wanted was somebody to follow, so that they could say: he's the man. And it was a toss-up whom they chose. Today it was Eisner, the Jewish Socialist, tomorrow Kutzner, the True German, and the next day it might as well be Maximilian, the Crown Prince. They were a bit mad, the Munich folk. But why shouldn't they have a bee in their bonnets if they liked? Everybody had some bee or other in the bonnet. She herself had Kaspar, Beni his Communism, and their father the yellow house.

Beni escorted his voluble sister to Gabelsbergerstrasse where Pröckl's studio was, and then went home to Unteranger. Old Cajetan Lechner was glad to see his son but dissembled his pleasure, and growled that it was something quite out of the way for him to have the honour of his company again.

The old man was in a bad way. He had spent weeks haggling with Pernreuther, the owner of the yellow house, with agents and brokers, with respectable and crooked lawyers, and yet in the end a foreigner had snapped up the yellow house under his very nose. A Galician Jew. Rupert Kutzner and his True Germans were evidently right. At any rate their doctrines were more illuminating than the stupid rubbish his son Beni believed in. But whether capitalism or the Jews were responsible, Cajetan Lechner's casket was gone for ever, the yellow house was another's, and his great passion, the bee in his bonnet, had come to grief.

After much vacillation he had bought instead the house in Unteranger in which he himself lived above his old furniture shop. There was a certain satisfaction in going importantly to the Land Surveyor's office to register the transaction in black and white. But immediately afterwards he had suffered a second acute disappointment when he had made his round to inform his four tenants that he was their new landlord. They received the news indifferently and without any sign of respect. He had put on his long black frock-coat for the occasion. Yet they had been unwilling to admit that he was anything but the old Cajetan Lechner. Hautseneder, on the second floor, said that if he were the new landlord it was up to him to set the W. C. to rights; Lechner had retorted that he wasn't to be spoken to like that, and Hautseneder, the shameless scoundrel, had thrown him out of the flat. In his own house. He had gone fuming to a lawyer, but the lawyer told him it would be a long and doubtful wrangle if he took it to law, for in these wretched times when Socialist rats were undermining on all sides the sacred rights of property, landlords had scarcely a leg left to stand on, and Lechner should simply join the Landlords' Association. Cajetan Lechner worked off his rage on Beni. He and his fine comrades were to blame for a man being thrown out of his own house by a Hautseneder.

In the Landlords' Association, which he had joined, there was a general atmosphere of dejection. The up-keep and repairs of their property were costing the landlords more than the rents brought in, because the rents were kept down by law. It was a rotten age; everything was going to the dogs. It was no use even sitting tight on one's money; it simply vanished away. Cajetan Lechner, who was sly, got rid of his bank notes and invested in speculative hole-and-corner shares. But his casket was gone, and his money, measured by the dollar standard, was diminishing steadily. Although he was now a landlord it looked as though he wouldn't get to the top of the tree after all. He had hoped to be chosen president of his bowling club in the new election, but he had been done out of that too. Although he had presented a new banner to the club he was advanced only to the vice-presidency.

So when Beni came home the old man grumbled and scolded. The Reds were to blame for everything. He grumbled about Anni and her Bohemian fellow, Pröckl, and threatened to join the True Germans himself one fine day. Beni retorted with short, pithy, argumentative answers which usually roused the old man to fury, but on this occasion it had the effect of making him relatively amiable. Cajetan Lechner had a secret, and his secret filled him with glee. Struck by the way his money was disappearing he had bought for himself a return ticket to Holland, valid for sixty days, and had written to the Dutchman to say that he wanted for his own private pleasure to take another photograph of the casket.

The Dutchman had raised no objection, provided the photographs were not for publication. With this letter and his railway ticket in his pocket, not to mention the surveyor's certificate that he owned the house in Unteranger he was in a fair state of exaltation. After all he was a man of position who could take a journey to Holland merely to please himself. He contented himself therefore with a grumble of shorter duration than usual, and soon became affable. Father and son spent a peaceful evening over their biscuits, beer, and radishes.

XIX. THE MAN AT THE HELM

Dr. Hartl, now Attorney-General in the Government, was loudly explaining in the Club why he didn't agree with Klenk about granting a pardon to Dr. Krüger, and why in general he favoured a more severe attitude towards the rest of the Empire, an attitude more in accordance with the policy of the True Germans.

His elegant figure threw the plainer gentlemen around him in the shade, and he ran white, well-kept fingers over his bald head as he expounded his arguments. The others were well aware why he was so assiduously making his policy clear; he was aiming at supplanting Klenk. Most of them were in sympathy with him, and regarded his efforts with interest and good-will. He had a large audience, for the Club was crowded. The terrific heat had broken at last in a steady downpour of rain from the grey evening sky, and a cool air came in through the open windows; people were recovering from the stupor of the day, and were freely giving and listening to opinions.

Among Dr. Hartl's listeners were the Fifth Evangelist and Dr. Sonntag, the editor-in-chief of the *Daily Post*. Dr. Sonntag was playing nervously with the ribbon of his pince-nez as he struggled to read the expression on Reindl's face. But the Baron annoyingly kept his eyes fixed on Hartl, and Dr. Sonntag could diagnose neither agreement nor disagreement from his inscrutable features. Herr von Ditram was also among the listeners, quiet and elegant as usual. The new Prime Minister was doing not so badly; he was putting out roots that were tenuous but tough. Little was heard of him, and his friends were wont to remark that the best Prime Minister was the man who avoided comment. He too was discreetly studying the Fifth Evangelist's face while Hartl was expatiating so eloquently upon his policy. It was clear that Klenk was doomed; Hartl, who knew the situation thoroughly, was speaking already as if he were his successor.

When the Attorney-General made a slight pause in his flow of observations, the Fifth Evangelist got up and moved to another table. Here too the general topic was Klenk's illness. Rotten luck for Klenk, said people; strong as a horse, and yet laid on his back almost as soon as he got into power. Anecdotes at his expense were flying round, and covert sneers. The President of the Senate, Messerschmidt, who was a just man, resented all this malice even although he had no liking for Klenk. He was disgusted at the cheap way everybody was falling foul of the man once he had begun to topple, simply because he was too big for them. Messerschmidt was a slow majestic man, and for some time he listened in silence to the feeble carping, turning his bulging eyes and his red face with its old-fashioned flowing beard from one speaker to the next. Then he broke in with a panegyric on Klenk's great love of music. It was unexpected, but as a counter-argument it had its effect. He was listened to somewhat patronizingly, but his hearers were touched. Herr von Ditram, too, came over to the table, drawn by Reindl; he was hoping that Reindl would say something about the appointment of the new Minister of Justice.

When Messerschmidt began to speak, Reindl fixed his brown eyes on the old man. He was thinking: dear me, this Messerschmidt is an honest man. He was thinking: what a pity Pröckl isn't coming to Russia. He was thinking that perhaps now was the time to give Dr. Sonntag a hint to write on Krüger's behalf, and that it was most extraordinary that so many people, himself included, nursed an affection for Munich in spite of its inhabitants. Pröckl had set his heart on Munich, too, and Pfaundler, and

Matthäi, and Kläre Holz, all people quite different from each other, and none of them fools.

Messerchmidt had said his say and the others sat without speaking. They were beginning to feel uncomfortable under the strain of Reindl's continued silence. He was an uncomfortable kind of creature anyhow, even although he was of the purest Munich descent and could not open his mouth without betraying a local dialect as broad as any on either side of the Isar, and even although Munich pointed to him with pride whenever South Bavarian industry was called into question. In spite of all that, he remained a mystery; the Fifth Evangelist. His appearance, his thoughts, his actions were as unlike Munich as anything could be; Munich would have been glad to get rid of him.

And the Fifth Evangelist was still sitting with his mouth shut. All that could be heard was the genial clamour from the next room where several gentlemen were playing the old Frankish game of tarot, smacking their cards with gusto on the table and accompanying each card with some pithy maxim.

At Reindl's table the talk had begun again on the topic of the True Germans. Their movement was spreading like a gas attack, they were already mobilizing regular bodies of troops and drilling openly; they had a staff and organized headquarters. Rupert Kutzner of course was in command. He was becoming known rapidly as "The Leader." The faithful were looking to him from all sides; old and young, rich and poor, all were looking for a deliverer and gave him their loyalty and their money. Councillor Dingharder of the Kapuziner Brewery was relating how the women had all gone mad about Kutzner and were raving about his strong face and his faultless hair-parting and his microscopic moustache. The Councillor had been struck by what the old wife of General Spörer had said in her trembling voice, that the day she saw The Leader with her own eyes had been the best day of her life. Everybody was agreed that nobody in Bavaria had ever been so popular as Rupert Kutzner.

Herr von Reindl listened to the gossip which flowed on as monotonously and lazily as the rain. It was all very well for Dingharder, he thought. Kutzner's meetings were filling the Kapuziner Brewery's beer-halls, and the consumption of beer was mounting. Reindl had a bad taste in his mouth as after a night of drinking, and he decided to say something; he could well afford to say what he thought before those people; perhaps that would take the bad taste away.

It was clear enough, he pointed out, why the very young people were running after Kutzner. They wanted adventure, they wanted to play at being robbers and policemen. They were overjoyed to obtain their toys, to get a uniform and a pop-gun, and to receive mysterious post-cards referring to rubber truncheons and rifles as "india rubber and fire-works." When they were told in addition that their little games were patriotic deeds approved of by all good citizens, anyone could do with them whatever he liked.

But there weren't many infants among Kutzner's men, remarked Councillor Dingharder, not without dryness. Reindl placably admitted that in Munich there were a good many adults as well. Adult *petits bourgeois*, however. Your *petit bourgeois* at bottom was always hoping for somebody with authority over him, somebody to claim his allegiance. In his heart he had never been a democrat, and he was now losing the last vestiges of his democratic veneer together with his money. Amid the increasing distress of the times Kutzner stood out as the last refuge of the oppressed, the idol of the *petit bourgeois*; the hero, the brilliant leader whose magnificent oratory raised people up.

With his usual quiet caution Herr von Ditram inquired: "So when the inflation comes to an end, you think that will be the end of the True Germans?" The Fifth Evangelist turned his pale face towards the Prime Minister and said amiably: "Of course. But so long as the German heavy industries won't come to terms with the international trusts, no Government can stop the inflation." All present listened with mute attention to Reindl's courteous but arrogant words. "So you think Munich is a town of *petits bourgeois*, Herr Baron?" went on Herr von Ditram. "Of course," replied Reindl. "Munich with its half-rustic population is the natural centre for a *petit bourgeois* autocracy." "What do you really mean by *petit bourgeois*?" continued Herr von Ditram with the same politeness, while one could hear the rain dripping outside and one of the players in the next room crying: "Played is played." "*Petit bourgeois*?" Herr von Reindl repeated reflectively. Then he turned with polished insolence to the others round the table. "Let us imagine, if you please," he said, "a state of society in which everybody has a definite regular income of anything from 200 to 1000 gold marks a month. People who are naturally fitted for a society of that kind are *petits bourgeois*." He fixed first one man and then the other with his eye.

They listened with their ears pricked up, motionless, while the rain dripped, and in the next room one of the players whistled the song of Munich, the song of the mirth that would always hold sway in Munich. Even in normal times hardly one of those civil servants, doctors, and retired officers could boast of an income of more than 1000 gold marks a month. Was he trying to make fun of them, the stuck-up swindler? He used such big words that it wasn't easy to get at his meaning. "At any rate I pay money to Kutzner myself," they heard him conclude, and they were all delighted to think that there was no need to ruffle up. He smiled across at the smiling Ditram.

Ditram and Sonntag, the editor, drew a slight breath of relief. Reindl had said something definite at last. If he supported Kutzner he must be against Klenk, and would agree to the latter's fall. Somebody immediately put in: "But if Klenk is such a talented man, how is it he can't get a footing in Bavaria? He's a true Bavarian through and through." "Because he doesn't understand the rules of the game," said Reindl. "What rules?" "Why, to govern in Bavaria you must understand the rules," said Reindl. "In Bavaria, to stir up popular feeling and make it subside again, you have to employ simpler means than in the rest of the world. Elsewhere you must govern at a tangent, but in Bavaria you must govern direct." "I fancy," said Herr von Ditram suddenly, with unusual decision, "that Klenk understands these rules very well." "Then he'll have to pay for not *choosing* to follow them," returned Reindl pleasantly.

A thoughtful silence ensued. One could hear only the slapping down of cards at tarot and the jovial, triumphant voice of Hartl at the other table.

When Reindl took his leave shortly afterwards, a man at his table asked a neighbour why he was known as the Fifth Evangelist? "Because we have as little use for him as a fifth evangel," was the grim reply, eagerly applauded by all the rest.

At the door, meanwhile, in the company of the Prime Minister, Dr. Sonntag was hanging round Reindl in the hope of getting a few more pointers quickly out of him. "Did you read my last editorial on the True Germans, Herr Baron?" he asked obsequiously. "My dear Sonntag," said Reindl with a pleasant smile, "you can do as you like. But if you do the wrong thing, your number's up." The editor decided to consider this a joke and retreated smiling. Herr von Ditram, now left alone with Reindl asked confidentially: "And what do you think of Dr. Hartl, Baron? A charming fellow, isn't he?" "Yes," said Reindl coldly, "sometimes quite amusing." "Supposing that Dr. Klenk's illness continues, who is most likely to be his successor, do you think?" Reindl gazed into space thoughtfully almost with a bored expression, and said casually: "Oh—probably Messerschmidt."

Then he departed with an unmoved face. Behind him he heard the jovial, conceited voice of Dr. Hartl, who did not know that his aspirations were doomed even before they were made public. The Prime Minister thoughtfully and with his usual air of attentive courtesy watched the retreating man who was at the helm of affairs, the man who had just struck down that same Hartl, who was ready to reprieve Krüger although he himself had had him condemned because he was proving a nuisance.

XX. CONCERNING HUMILITY

Olga Insarova the dancer, slim and overdressed in a somewhat doll-like style, was sitting in the waiting-room of Dr. Moritz Bernays, turning over the tattered newspapers, medical journals, and luridly illustrated magazines. At one moment she was poring over a coloured diagram of the lungs, and at the next admiring the portrait of a lady in a bathing-costume accompanied by her dog. She had had an appointment for four o'clock, but she had been waiting for an hour already, and there were apparently two patients still to go in before her. The bleakness of the room and the intense boredom of the others who were waiting were getting on her nerves, and she was almost inclined to leave. But she resigned herself once more and turned over her journals for the fourth time. For some time her health had been far from good. But she preferred to let things drift, and shrank from a serious investigation. It had taken a great deal of urging from her friends to bring her finally into the waiting-room of the reliable Dr. Bernays.

Dr. Bernays had been chief physician in one of the State hospitals, a respected, feared, and beloved doctor, generally acknowledged to be at the top of his profession. But he had done some very queer things. He had put starving pauper patients on a diet of oysters, caviare, minced chicken, and early vegetables, forbidding them absolutely to be fed on margarine and other food substitutes. The first time he did this people laughed over it as a good joke, but when he went on doing it with unbroken calm, ten times, a hundred times over, somebody had to intervene. When he was called up for reprimand the doctor referred to his medical books which recommended such a diet for cases like those in question, and then produced similar prescriptions given by his colleagues to the wealthier patients. It was discreetly pointed out to him that there was an economic difference between the classes established by God, whereupon without any sign of guilt or rancour he replied that economic differences concerned economists, politicians, and perhaps theologians, but that it was a physician's duty to prescribe for his patients without reference to their clothing or their purses. Since he remained obdurate in his principles he was forced to resign from his position. Although that meant social ruin for him, and although he was naturally a rude kind of fellow, he had a great reputation among the upper classes, and his practice was extensive.

After a short examination he informed the dancer without gruffness, but with polite ruthlessness that her malady was in an advanced stage, and that she must go at once into a sanatorium for tuberculosis. Insarova dressed herself slowly, and drifted down the sunny street, hollow-cheeked and absent, with dragging steps. She was in a vague and pleasant stupor, almost content to know that she was probably dying and could at any rate let herself go completely.

At rehearsals and on the stage she was dejected and dreamy. She said to people: "If you only knew!" but she refused to explain herself further. Pfaundler adjured her not to make an exhibition of herself, and inquired if she were off her head. Since Klenk's impending downfall had become obvious, he had reverted to bullying her. Insarova maintained her still and resigned pose, and told nobody about her illness.

Klenk was the one man she decided to tell. But when she called at his house she was again refused admittance. This time she did not resent it, but took it meekly. Let Fate do its worst, she thought, the worse the better. She met everything with the same small smile of resignation, which became her admirably. She wrote Klenk a letter, telling him at great length about the baby orang-outang in the Zoo which had been suffocated by the too tender embraces of its foster-mother. She had always visited the Zoo in the evenings and had been greatly attached to the queer little creature, and now five of its ribs were broken. In a postscript she added that Dr. Bernays had diagnosed advanced tuberculosis in her joints.

This was now the fourth week of Klenk's illness; and he was still in the same weak condition, and in a slightly dazed state. He had refused to see Dr. Bernays again, since the man's monosyllabic curtness annoyed him, but Frau Klenk had exerted herself until the disagreeable medico was recalled. He laconically prescribed the same regimen. In the doctor's opinion, though he did not say so, Klenk's convalescence was being hindered chiefly by his own unruly passions. He was fretting terribly. Helpless as he was he saw clearly the plot being spun against him. Damned nuisance it was, to have to lie there with nerveless hands and alert eyes while incompetent fatheads ruined all his work and pushed him out of office with an easy smile. They all wanted to get rid of him. Old Bichler knew well enough what he could do, and that he was the best man for governing Bavaria, but Bichler wanted him out of the way because he wasn't pliable enough. Matthäi was jealous of him because of that creature Insarova—he could have her as a gift, if he liked, the dirty goat. And Hartl had his reasons, and Toni Riedler, and all the others. The Crown Prince Maximilian, for example, had no use for him because he was not a courtier. Of course he was a monarchist and had no grudge against the Crown Prince; but he was a practical politician and knew that for the present the restoration of the Wittelsbachs was out of the question. Besides, his Bavarian democratic independence and his love of ragging tempted him irresistibly every time he met the Crown Prince to let the fellow feel that he was down while Klenk was up. His fists were too heavy for the others, and his brains too wide awake. That was why they loathed him and were doing their best to knock him down.

A week before, he had realized that if he were not back in his Ministry within eight days he would never be able to make up for what he had lost, and would be done for. The eight days were now past. His heart, perhaps, still had some hope, his mind had none.

When his heart, too, finally gave up hope he became frenzied, lying there helpless in bed. He would see nobody, and for three whole days said not a word, but groaned, growled, and roared with such violent and ungoverned rage that his wife blanched to hear him.

On the fourth day Franz Flaucher called, and to the amazement of his wife, Klenk consented to receive him. The Minister of Fine Arts had brought his dachshund with him and was in a pious and solemn frame of mind that stung Klenk into assuming at once a brusque and business-like air. He informed his colleague that he was out of touch with affairs and wanted to know in confidence: Who was ruling the roost now in the Ministry of Justice?

Flaucher tried to look surprised and evaded the question. "Hartl, I suppose," said Klenk. Flaucher ran his finger between his neck and his collar. No, he said at last, he couldn't say that it was Hartl, he had rather the impression that it was Messerschmidt.

At that Klenk laughed, laughed uproariously, although laughing shook him to pieces and increased his pain. He went on laughing for a long time because Hartl had after all been done in the eye.

Flaucher, however, misunderstanding him, rumbled out piously that he should not laugh so sinfully. A visitation such as this illness was sent to make a man bethink himself of his errors; at least he had looked on it in that light when he had been twice struck down by a long and serious illness. Klenk let him go on talking for a while. But when Flaucher had used the word "resignation" for the third time, and boasted of his own resignation on a sick-bed, Klenk said quietly but unmistakably: "I tell you what, Flaucher, you'll be Prime Minister yet and lick my boots." With that he turned on his back and the Minister of Fine Arts had no course left but to depart with his dachshund, shaking his head over so much pride and ambition.

XXI. HERR HESSREITER DINES IN BERLIN

With great content Hessreiter inhaled the atmosphere of the Central Station at Munich. Even smoke and soot had a better flavour in Munich than anywhere else in the world. He checked his luggage, and strolled outside, tapping the pavement lustily with his ivory stick. He had on an overcoat and a second, crowded out of his bag, hung over his arm. He had ordered neither his chauffeur nor anyone to meet him at the station; he wanted to be original and go home by tram. So he climbed into one of the bright blue trams and sniffed with delight his native air. The bullet-headed men around him satisfied his eye, and the broad dialect of the conductor his ear. He jostled the passenger next to him only for the joy of saying: “Hoppla, Herr Neighbour.”

He wandered round his pleasant house crammed with furniture from the so-called Biedermeyer period of a hundred years before. Grotesque ornaments of every kind lay on the tables, grinning masks and figures, a fœtus preserved in spirit, model ships, a crocodile’s skull, dolls from an early marionette theatre, queer musical instruments, even instruments of torture. All over the walls hung unpretentious pictures, engravings in old-fashioned black and brown frames; the very water closet was adorned with those engravings, also with an Æolian harp that announced in sweet harmonies the entrance and departure of every visitor there. Innumerable Munich antiquities were in evidence, caps and hair-coverings wrought in the previous century, models of buildings, including a large model of the cathedral, that church capped by a dome which served as a symbol for the city. There was no pretence of taste in the house except in those rooms set apart for books and pictures.

So Herr Hessreiter wandered round his beloved house, caressing the doors and the various pieces of furniture, trying lighting effects on his pictures, and testing the luxurious comfort of his arm-chairs. He slipped into a comfortable violet dressing-gown and studied in the looking-glass his plump face, now free of its side whiskers, and his small, voluptuously childish mouth. His limbs relaxed and he stretched his arms above his head yawning loudly and happily. It was glorious to be in one’s own house again, with one’s own pictures and the closet with the Æolian harp. There was nothing in the world to equal the delight of home-coming, the delight of reviving one’s pleasant and happy past.

In the evening he betook himself to the Club. After such a long sojourn abroad he was looking forward to seeing his friends and cronies, and to retailing his comments on what he had observed, drawing comparisons between Munich and the rest of the world. It was only to be expected that a returned traveller should carp at his native city; but, especially after a long absence, carping of that kind was really only disguised praise from a full heart.

His first quarter of an hour in the Club was as enjoyable as he had expected until an unlooked-for difficulty cropped up. In the street he had chanced on a detachment of True Germans marching with drums and a blood-red banner bearing that Indian fertility emblem, the Swastika, which the Kutzner movement had chosen as its symbol. Being still under the influence of his foreign travels, Herr Hessreiter had been tickled at the comic spectacle of the Kutzner troops, and said so. To his amazement the man he was addressing, the jovial, cosmopolitan Hartl, sobered at once and said that that was an opinion he couldn't share. Herr Hessreiter's amazement went on increasing as the elegant Herr von Ditram quietly and firmly joined in repudiating his harmless witticisms, and the painter Balthasar von Osternacher declared that Rupert Kutzner and his movement were anything but funny. Baron Riedler said straight out that any man who disagreed with the True Germans would find Bavaria disagreeing with him, and his face was set unpleasantly hard as he said so. In embarrassment Herr Hessreiter inquired what attitude had Klenk adopted to the Patriots? He was amazed again to find that Klenk's attitude did not seem to matter at all, that Klenk, indeed, was a subject for spiteful mirth. He had apparently caught a Tartar. Was Klenk no longer the unquestioned dictator of South Germany? Was he in disgrace? Poor, confused Herr Hessreiter. He did not know where he stood in his own native city. "So long as the Isar runs green through the town," boasted the old folk-song, "you'll find jolly good fellows in Munich." Today, he felt, something had gone wrong with the jolly good fellowship. He went home early.

Part of the way he went on foot. When he came to the Field-Marshals' Hall he noticed, and it did not lessen his vexation, that a new horror was being put up, this time not in the Hall itself, but out on the street, a clumsy memorial of some kind. Neither its general effect nor its artistic detail could yet be clearly seen; the only certain thing about it was that it obstructed the traffic.

He had really intended to ring up Frau von Radolny that very evening, but now he was not in the mood. He switched on a great many lights in his rooms; but his pleasure at seeing again his model ships, his Æolian harp and his books was utterly spoilt.

He was in a bad humour when he got into bed, a broad low Biedermeyer of fine wood decorated with outlandish gilt figures. He did not sleep well that night. His bad humour turned into rage, his rage into a determination to be up and doing, and his head was bursting with energy and plans as he tossed about on his Biedermeyer bed. The stupid cackle in the Club. His French plans for enlarging his factory. That new horror in front of the Field-Marshals' Hall. The "Bull Fighting" series in porcelain, the beginning of real art in his ceramic productions. Kutzner and his flags and his fooleries. He would give them something to think about. He would make Munich sit up. All the same the thought of Riedler's brutal face made him sweat.

Next morning, when he was on the point of ringing up Frau von Radolny he put it off again. The events of the previous evening and his restless night had made him uncertain. Affairs in this town took such sudden turns that he couldn't tell how he might stand with Frau von Radolny, and before meeting her he thought it better to find out.

To this end he lunched with Herr Pfaundler. *He* always knew the way the wind was blowing; he was the right man to pump. The first information he got was that Klenk was finally done for. Pfaundler regretted it. For the sake of his revue and all his other projects he would have preferred to see a strong man at the helm in Bavaria, a man with some brains instead of the usual kind of dummy. But as a good business man he had of course, kept in with the new Government and had presented banners, badges, and other patriotic requisites to Kutzner's movement. Besides, Pfaundler thought it was partly Klenk's own fault. A minister in his position couldn't afford such goings-on with a woman, a certain Insarova, if Herr Hessreiter remembered.

Herr Hessreiter then put a discreet question about Frau von Radolny, and Herr Pfaundler informed him that she had gone down too. He said that with a calm certainty which was at once convincing. How had it happened that all the scandal raised round the Court of Munich by the proposal to expropriate the ruling princes had stuck to her, of all people? Herr Hessreiter did not understand his native city after so long an absence. Anyhow, Katharina's social prestige was ruined. She herself, said Herr Pfaundler appreciatively, was a clever woman and so had accepted her fate; she was even thinking of selling her estate of Luitpoldsbrunn and leaving the country. He could only encourage her in that, especially if she were to make a success of her appearance in the revue. Perhaps Herr Hessreiter might care to join him in the purchase of Luitpoldsbrunn, which could be turned into a hotel or a sanatorium or something of the kind?

Herr Hessreiter was bewildered. This abrupt change in his friend's circumstances touched his golden Munich heart. His first impulse was to run straight to Katharina, press her forgivingly to his bosom, and show her what a strong shield and defence Paul Hessreiter could be. But he had some experience, he had let himself go often enough already, and this time he did not want to be swept away by his feelings. When he took leave of Herr Pfaundler he found himself saying, to his own surprise, that urgent business reasons called him to Berlin the very next day, to stay for at least a week. In Berlin, although he barely admitted it to himself, he could reflect at his leisure on the position he was to take up regarding the new developments in Munich, and would be able to avoid a premature encounter with Frau von Radolny.

The huge city of Berlin, which he had not visited for a long time, made an enormous impression on him. He traversed the streets leading from the centre to the West End, Lennéstrasse, Hitzigstrasse, the Kurfürstendamm. He saw the never-ending stream of cars which rolled on with the matter-of-factness of a river, stopping temporarily, only to roll on again. He noted the perfect working of the apparatus designed to control the stream of traffic, the automatic stopping signals, the islands in the middle, the traffic policeman, the light signals, yellow, red, yellow, green. He took an aimless ride on the elevated and underground railway, and was taken over that space in the middle of the city where countless tracks meet, where trains go shooting over and under, cutting across and overtaking each other. He emerged from the shafts of the subway into some street or other, and saw houses and more houses, people and more people, endlessly going on. He walked through the long subterranean passage in the middle of the city which was filled with hurrying, busy people anxious to catch a connecting train at the other end. He noticed that the millions of inhabitants in this city did not stand gossiping at corners like his fellow-citizens at home, but went about their business hastily, coolly, and yet without self-importance. He observed the swarming working-class districts, the swaying motor buses, the rows of shops. The enormous, gorgeously lit-up places of entertainment, cafés, cinemas and theatres, by tens, by thirties, by hundreds and thousands, all filled with people. Processions of the Right wing radicals, under police escort, in sports jackets and caps, flourishing the Indian emblem of fertility on flags and placards, marching in fours, numerous enough. Processions of left-wing radicals, with the emblem of the united proletarian Socialist Republics, the six-pointed star, the sickle and the hammer, in endless numbers. He saw the roads leading out of the city towards the surrounding lakes, into the scanty woods filled with town houses, every road packed with people, cars, and motor buses. He was a man of facile enthusiasm, and he savoured appreciatively the manifold life of this populous city which was so sure of itself, enjoying its dimensions and the precise functioning of its organs.

In the evening he dined in one of the luxurious and somewhat vulgar-looking restaurants of the West End, together with about a thousand others. There was an enormous choice of dishes, efficiently though not lovingly concocted, and neither cheap nor dear, served up with pomp and ceremony. One did not waste time talking to the waiter; one ate and drank and paid the bill. A thousand people sat all round feeding purposefully and without much relish, chattering, doing business, reading newspapers, throwing food carelessly down their throats. Herr Hessreiter shared a table with another man, and tried to talk to him. His fellow-guest, surprised, gave him short, though not brusque answers, and Herr Hessreiter realized that in this place there was no chance of friendly table conversation. In a dreamy way he consumed his oysters, soup, and an eel-dish which he had heard was a Berlin specialty. Then an artichoke. An enormous chunk of juicy grilled steak. Then cheese, fruit with iced cream, and coffee. He saw people come and go. He thought of the four million inhabitants of the city who spent their days in skilled and purposeful industry, and their evenings in equally purposeful though less discriminating amusement. Sighing, he contrasted his own Munich with this city of Berlin where so many forceful currents streamed out into the present, and he recognized reluctantly that all the talk about Munich being a town of culture and Berlin a swollen bubble was merely envy and stupidity. His fleshy Bavarian head, stuffed with fantasy, carried a gaily coloured and romantic picture of this spot of earth, longitude 13° 23′, latitude 52° 30′, 240 feet above sea-level, originally a Slavonic settlement, known as Berlin, now fitted up with a million shafts, pipes, tunnels, and cables underground, with countless houses and people swarming above ground, with masts, wires, lights, wireless stations, and air-craft rising into the sky. So impressed was he by this picture of Berlin that as he drifted dreamily smoking down the street he ignored, in spite of his heavy dinner, the innumerable harlots whom his air of being a prosperous stranger attracted.

XXII. JOHANNA LAUGHS FOR NO REASON AT ALL

There was a headline on the front page of the newspaper announcing that Fancy de Lucca, the tennis champion, after being assured by her doctor that she would never recover the full use of the leg she had broken three days before, had shot herself. When Johanna read this at breakfast in her dressing-room she knitted her brows till the three furrows were strongly marked in her forehead. She did not read it a second time. Once and for all the words were imprinted on her brain in the thick type of the headlines; there was a defect in the printing of the letter *e*. She folded up the paper and laid it neatly on the table. Then the physical nearness of the death announcement in black and white troubled her, and she thrust it roughly on to the floor.

She and Fancy de Lucca had liked each other and had looked into each other's hearts. Others who knew of the restless activity surrounding the hawk-nosed tennis star, who knew what hard labour it had been for her to keep on generating the necessary vitality for the retention of the championship, might say if they liked that she had died at the right moment while still in possession of her title, before facing inevitable defeat, but Johanna knew better; she knew that Fancy de Lucca had been already disillusioned in the zenith of her triumph. She remembered how Fancy had announced her intention of quitting the game; she had said it quietly, without fuss or affectation, casually, as if she were discussing some important journey. Johanna had admired her greatly, but she had not understood her friend's decision.

She felt weary and empty, and she yearned for some friendly intercourse, for some verbal give and take. It was terrible how lonely one could be. If she only had Martin Krüger at hand. All at once her memory of him stood out again clear and warm. But a letter so direct and intimate as the one she had in mind she could not write to him, and his answer could not come for three weeks, and might be in any kind of dried-up mood. Jacques Tüverlin, however, was only ten minutes away or less. It was so silly and perverse not to let him know she was here. She was answered by Tüverlin's secretary, who said that Herr Tüverlin was only five minutes gone. The secretary asked who was speaking, and if she could take a message? But Johanna did not give her name.

The morning dragged on in hopeless boredom. She felt too empty to dress herself properly, too empty to think coherently. She tried to work, but without success.

An unexpected visitor arrived, a plump, vivacious woman, her mother, Frau Elisabeth Krain-Lederer. The elderly lady sniffed round the room, noting with scornful looks the untidiness of everything, the early-morning disorder and Bohemianism of her daughter's get-up. It was years since she had visited Johanna, and she had come with the most generous intentions. After seeing a certain film she had decided to be reconciled to her daughter. For three whole days, during one coffee drinking after another, she had expatiated on this decision to all her friends; and now she sat in her daughter's flat, conscious and imposing and unctuous, and double-chinned. She poured a resolute flood of talk upon her daughter, opening her round mouth and showing her tiny teeth. Drawing her dressing-gown more closely round her and fiddling with her hair to keep it from falling, Johanna wondered if she had inherited any of her mother's qualities. She knew that her mother's energy was a mask behind which sat a petty, complaining, self-centred woman who had been used all her life to let other people look after her. Without antipathy, almost scientifically, her grey eyes studied the woman in front of her. Was there a single bond or connexion between them? With cold curiosity she watched her plump and garrulous mother, and for the first time consciously observed that she set one hand lightly on her hip as she spoke and turned her whole head when she wanted to look somebody in the eye. Yes, she herself, Johanna, had the same tricks. Unquestionably they had many other things in common, too many. Unquestionably she might come to resemble her mother more and more as time went on. In another twenty or thirty years she would be sitting somewhere in the same way, with a watchful eye, a somewhat artificial air of decision, and a double chin.

Meanwhile her mother's words poured over her in an endless stream of complaint, scolding, pleading, and appeals to family feeling, public decency, and a mother's heart. What kind of a life was she leading? Living anyhow, without proper service. She should get a divorce and marry a decent man. Or, if she must get involved with a person like Hessreiter, she should at least make him provide properly for her. And what a frump she was, still running about with her hair long. It put ten years on to her age. It was high time somebody seriously thought of looking after her. Well, she herself was an old and experienced woman; she only wanted to help Johanna.

Johanna's uneasiness increased as the spate of talk went on. She was ashamed both for her mother and for herself. She could not bear the sight of the woman's broad, complacent face, and, hardly knowing what to do with her eyes, she dropped her lids a little. She had a sudden yearning for absolute quietness; she felt the same unmistakable feeling of antipathy which waterfalls always roused in her. She broke in with the curt remark: very well, she would pay her mother a visit now and then, if that was what she wanted. She hoped that this would get rid of her mother. But Frau Lederer was hurt by such an inadequate acknowledgment of her kindness. Like all Bavarians she had a taste for melodrama; it annoyed her to see the visit passing off so quietly, so unlike the film scene she had imagined. Johanna did not get rid of her for some time.

Her mother's departure left her too exhausted to be angry. There was not a single human being to whom one could talk with ordinary human feeling. Fancy de Lucca was gone. If Jacques Tüverlin really cared for her he ought to have divined how much she needed him now.

She was glad to hear the telephone ring; it brought her out of her vacant preoccupation. It was Erich Bornhaak speaking. He reminded her that in Paris she had promised to let him take a mask of her face. He was to be in Munich for several weeks. When would she like to come? Johanna had long made up her mind that when she met him she would give him the cold shoulder once for all. There was nothing in him; he was an empty cipher. She had simply deceived herself into thinking there was bound to be something in him. But as soon as she heard his voice over the telephone she knew that she had deceived herself also in coming to that decision. She kept him talking, enjoying the sound of his voice although the telephone distorted it. Her eyes were fixed unseeingly upon the newspaper that announced Fancy de Lucca's death, but her heart and all her senses were turned towards the voice in the telephone.

When Erich Bornhaak had said his say she told him quite simply that she would come to see him that afternoon.

So that was that; she was almost glad. She hummed a little tune and revived in her memory that faint scent of mingled hay and leather. Then without hesitation, as if she had long intended it, she went to the hairdresser. Her mother had certainly been right in thinking it peculiar of her to wear her hair long in defiance of the prevailing fashion. Erich had laughed at her, too, for her old-fashioned obstinacy. She sat in the bright hairdressing salon among nickel taps, instruments, and white wash-basins, surrounded by moving white overalls containing courteous men and girls. The cold metal of the clippers and shears played round her head, and a mirror was brought to let her examine the result from all sides. Dark brown hair fell on the white sheet she was wrapped in; she felt her head grow cooler and lighter.

She sat thinking of the countless discussions on sexual matters which she had heard and taken part in: for at that time there was a passion for verbosity in these matters. She thought also for a fleeting moment of an experience she had had many years before as a child, and which rarely emerged from its terrible obscurity, and then only vaguely. She thought next of a phrase of Tüverlin's; that the commonest vices of the time were to drink without being thirsty, to write without inspiration, and to have sexual intercourse without affection. She was so lost in her thoughts that she was startled by the inquiry: did she want to be manicured too? No, she didn't. The skin of her hands had grown coarse again, and her finger-nails were again cut square; that suited her best.

Greedily, without any sense of mystery or of happiness, without any embroidery of feeling at all, Johanna went to Erich Bornhaak. She passed through the Seestrasse, where Paul Hessreiter lived, without giving him even a second's thought.

Erich Bornhaak had a pretty studio in Schwabing. It was far from clear how he had managed to secure such a pleasant dwelling in the middle of a severe housing shortage. The dog-masks were hanging on the walls, along with one or two sensuous pictures, a signed photograph of General Vesemann impudently displayed between a greyhound and a bull-dog mask, and a portrait of Kutzner with a dedicatory inscription.

Erich did not dissemble his youthful sense of triumph that Johanna had come to him, and with all a boy's arrogance admired her head, which looked more intrepid than ever with the hair cut short. He himself looked smart and handsome in a gay smoking-jacket which was cut in military fashion like a soldier's tunic. He was doing well, he said. His troubles were forgotten, and the affair of the poisoned dogs was also being cleared up. His friend von Dellmaier had been let out the day before on ticket-of-leave, and was coming to help him to draw off her mask. The Nationalist movement in which he was so deeply implicated was progressing well. Good gay times these were, admirably suited for people like himself who could turn their hands to anything and had a sense of humour. He busied himself making her comfortable, switched on the electric tea-kettle, and showed his dazzling white teeth between his red lips.

Herr von Dellmaier arrived. Excited by his release from prison, they were both less blasé than usual, much more boyish and merry. Then they set about making Johanna's mask. It appeared that they had not yet procured the newest tools for this hobby, but Johanna had no objection to the ordinary method. She had to smear her face with vaseline and lie down on a sofa. They stuck paper tubes into her nostrils and told her to shut her eyes. Then quickly and skilfully they plastered the cold wet composition over her face. She lay there under the plaster, her face rigid, her eyes shut, her teeth clenched, in a dull stupefaction. Her thoughts raced in confusion. It felt like being in a grave, lying there under a wet earthy mass, secured from suffocation only by two tiny tubes of paper. She could hear them both moving about, speaking in whispers and laughing. She felt defenceless; she was sure they were making obscene jokes. But, no, she suddenly heard coherently what they were saying. Apparently to tease her, Dellmaier was relating a grotesquely horrible story of how he had once taken a mask from a dead actor. The cast could not be pried loose from the dead man's face, not at any price. The plaster had absolutely stuck to it. That was because Dellmaier had wished to have the throat in too, down to the Adam's apple. He had pulled and pulled, but the cast had stuck to the jaw like iron. A particularly hefty pull, however, had brought the cast away, but it had brought the dead man's lower jaw with it and the tongue had fallen out of the throat. From that gaping hole had issued a deep sigh. Herr von Dellmaier had survived some queer experiences in the War and the Revolution, but even he had felt that sigh rather uncanny. Yet it had been quite natural: the air confined in the wind-pipe had merely escaped through the glottis.

Buried under the plaster Johanna heard this story and the laughter of the two boys; she said to herself obstinately: Lie still, don't even move your head. She forced herself to stop listening, and suddenly was miles away. Her thoughts grew confused. The plaster on her face became hot, heavy, and oppressive. The boys' voices were remote. If she were to die, would anyone take up Krüger's cause? Somebody was leaning over her, feeling if the plaster were hard enough. The darkness around her grew multicoloured. Erich's voice, not loud, but yet resounding, said: "Only another minute or two." She could hear also von Dellmaier's high piping laugh, and once more, but now very remote, the other boy's voice. Through the rainbow darkness his face suddenly rose before her, as if on a cinema-screen, growing rapidly enormous, and remained before her shut eyes, mocking and strangely corrupt.

After ten minutes they freed her from the plaster. She drew a breath, sat up, and inhaled deeply. Both the boys were busy in their shirt-sleeves. Reviving, she realized that Erich's living face was quite different from the apparition in the darkness. It was a fresh, handsome, boyish face. While she washed herself she reflected how a little heaviness and darkness around one's head could alter the whole world. What stupid tricks her fancy had played her! Life was quite simple; it was her own fault if she made it complicated. She liked the boy Erich, and he liked her.

He was a pretty boy with a quick and active spirit, and the experience of war had made him a knowing boy. She now felt an overwhelming tenderness towards him.

Von Dellmaier insisted that they should all go to the Goat and Bells, where young Ludwig Ratzenberger would be waiting for them. The patriots in the Goat and Bells were good fun. Johanna ought to see them at close quarters; young Ratzenberger was a damned smart chap. But Johanna, yearning to be left alone with Erich, said she was too tired to go. She disliked von Dellmaier heartily, and just as in her childhood she had a craving for some cheap sweets made of sugar and gum, called jujubes, which had been forbidden her as bad for the digestion, so now she had a craving for the empty-headed Erich Bornhaak. He decided the matter by saying: all right, he would take Johanna home, and then go on to meet Dellmaier and Ratzenberger in the Goat and Bells.

They said very little as they walked to Johanna's flat, and no more than a word or two from Erich was needed to make her invite him upstairs.

She gave a groan of relief when he lay with her; she felt that this had been predetermined for a long time. She enjoyed him with appetite and without rapture. In his embrace she did not forget how empty of head and heart her lover was.

Satisfied and shameless she lay there beside him as he was falling asleep. His vicious, pretty face looked childlike in sleep; his breath came gently and smelt fragrant. She thought with what conviction most people in Munich, in the whole country, yes, how the great majority of all her contemporaries, would abuse her did they know that she was lying with this boy while Martin Krüger was languishing in prison. She thought of the death of her friend, Fancy de Lucca, announced in the morning paper headline with a defective *e*. She thought how queer it was that on this day in particular she should have lain with the boy. How queer that one should knowingly let oneself down into the mud! How queer altogether was that two-legged creature man, standing with its feet in the mud and its head in the clouds, capable only of the most elemental cravings whilst its belly was empty and its lust unsatisfied, but shooting its thoughts and feelings with fine and delicate sensibility into the very skies once its belly was fed and its appetite glutted. With her coarsened hand she stroked the sleeping boy's hair, feeling both tenderness and repulsion, and hummed an almost inaudible tune between her lips and her teeth. He woke up and smiled at her intimately and a little impishly.

As he was clever and sensitive he soon observed how little his embraces mattered to her. That annoyed him. He tried caresses on her; she remained cold. He tried sentimentality; she laughed. His vexation grew, and with the idea of provoking her he asked if she had had many men. As if she were a grown woman dealing with a rude child she looked at him with a friendly and comprehending irony which stung him. He told her about incidents in his life, all kinds of petty and gross exploits, dirty and horrible. She replied calmly that that was pretty much as she had imagined him. He fell upon her a second time; she returned his caresses and enjoyed him, but even in her surrender scarcely bothered to conceal her contempt.

He got up at last and asked with his usual affected politeness if he might smoke a cigarette. While she lay in bed he dressed himself and told her how he was working out a scheme in conjunction with von Dellmaier and Ludwig Ratzenberger, who was a clever chap, a scheme concerning the late King Ludwig the Second. Ludwig's name could do as much in Bavaria as that of old Fritz ever did in the north. And he was milking the necessary funds for the scheme from an unsuspecting old fool. He walked up and down the room smoking and putting on his clothes. The fashions of those times were cumbrous and absurd. The men fastened stiff linen collars round their necks, ugly, unnecessary and constricting affairs, and tied round them with painful elaboration, useless neck-bands, called "ties." While Erich Bornhaak was skilfully wrestling with all this apparatus and telling her about the profits to be made out of his scheme concerning the dead king, Johanna listened attentively and followed his movements with her eyes. Nearly all the conventions of the time, both external and mental, were as incomprehensible as this fashion of putting a collar round one's neck. Now, for instance, the boy was probably thinking that he had won a great triumph over her because he had slept with her. He had *had* her. To *have* anybody—what a silly expression! Still, he didn't seem too sure of his triumph; or else he wouldn't be trying to provoke her with those stupid stories about the dead king. The world was full of incomprehensible things, she thought. There was Krüger in his cell. There was the empty-headed Erich Bornhaak, who had murdered the deputy G., poisoned dogs, and slept with her, and who was now winding a complicated tie round a stiff linen collar. There was the tennis champion, Fancy de Lucca, who had broken her leg, and shot herself. The wealthy Hessreiter, who had loved her a whole night long with his heart and all his senses, and who was now consoling himself with a "Bull Fighting" series for all the china toad-stools, long-bearded gnomes, and other annoyances in the world. All these existed simultaneously in her room in Steinsdorfstrasse.

With vexation and amazement the young man suddenly heard Johanna Krain laughing. It was neither a loud nor a suppressed laugh, but it was not a pleasant laugh. He was too sure of himself to imagine that she was laughing at him, but he had a slight suspicion all the same, and so he asked what she was laughing at. He got no answer. She did not tell him that she was laughing at the many senseless and tormenting things done by the human race, which they apparently found both sensible and pleasant; their sexual morality for example, or their wars, or their idea of justice; and that, of course, she was laughing at herself as well and her now satiated craving for him.

As she remained obstinately silent the boy became displeased. After an embrace he was used to outbursts of tenderness, or even tears, demands and prayers, but this matter-of-factness bored and vexed him. He was disappointed. He had expected warmth and an outpouring of feeling. Instead of that this woman had nothing but a cold lustfulness; she had got more out of him than he had out of her; he felt that he had been done. He lit another cigarette and reddened his lips. Since there was obviously no means of rousing the woman from her insensibility he announced at last that he was off now to the Goat and Bells; he had just time to catch Ludwig Ratzenberger. She made no attempt to detain him. He whistled a tune from a current negro dance and casually bade her good-bye.

Then Johanna laughed a second time. This time it was a frank pleasant laugh. She opened the window to let out the smell of cigarettes and the faint scent of hay and leather. That was now past, out-lived, and she was glad of it. She took a cold shower-bath, tensing and stretching her body under the spray of water. Feeling more and more refreshed she noted with interest how pleasant it was to have the water running over her head, now shorn of its long hair. Then she went back to her bedroom, passing on the way the newspaper with the defective *e* in its headline, lay down on her bed, turned on her side, drew up her knees, and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

XXIII. PRE-WAR FATHER AND POST-WAR SON

Dr. Geyer's beer was flat; he had hardly tasted it. Out of politeness he had eaten some of the roast pork he had ordered, but he could not manage another mouthful of anything.

Once more overwhelmed with commissions and involved in practical politics, entangled in countless cases and snowed under with documents, so that he had barely six hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, the lawyer wasted many a precious evening in the Spotted Dog. A haggard figure, he sat there in a stiff and awkward attitude, his thin hands restless, among workmen, factory clerks, and the fanatical and unmannerly quill-drivers who crowded the unsavoury haunt and filled it with smoke and noisy debate. It was obvious that it cost him a lot of trouble to dissemble his discomfort.

Whenever the door swung open he looked up. It was a faint unacknowledged hope that brought him there. Strange threads bound the Communists of the Spotted Dog to the Patriots of the Goat and Bells. They flayed each other mercilessly in the papers, spied on each other's doings and threatened to exterminate each other, but in the last resort they were like-minded; there as here, force was considered the ultimate solution of everything, and both parties were waiting eagerly for any excuse to give battle. The better men among the True Germans were fighters to the marrow of their bones, men born for a rough-and-tumble life. The Communists, in so far as they too, were not born soldiers, had been roused to violence by the special circumstances in Munich. Only a few years before, the short Communist reign in Munich had been terminated in the most bloody manner. Troops called "Special Volunteers," temporarily put into uniform and responsible to nobody, had shot down at sight countless men, women, and children. The Government had pretended to ignore the fact, but the victims' relatives had not forgotten it, and men who were naturally peaceable were still burning for revenge and battle. The thirst for fighting and change, for revolution, for a *coup d'état,* united Communists and the Patriots. The leaders of the Patriots even toyed occasionally with the idea of an alliance with Soviet Russia. Since both parties were thus fundamentally at one, although they did not admit it, they used to go to each other's headquarters to look for somebody whom they could fight with in the usual violent fashion of their country. Patriots turned up in the Spotted Dog and Communists in the Goat and Bells, trailing their coats until a fine and cheerful row was set a-going. Aided by the popular boxer Alois Kutzner, who used his fists with gloomy satisfaction, Ludwig Ratzenberger took a prominent part in those demonstrations, and in their train came two young fellows who affected a Berlin style, one reputed to be Erich Bornhaak and the other known as von Dellmaier.

These facts were known to the lawyer, and so a faint hope drew him persistently to the Spotted Dog to sit uncomfortably in front of beer he did not like and food he could not swallow. Yet he was startled when he actually found his boy there once with Ludwig Ratzenberger. Strangely enough von Dellmaier, the insurance broker, was nowhere to be seen. Erich Bornhaak was sitting with dandified elegance at the rough wooden table on a decrepit clumsy chair. Insults and threats were being showered upon him, yet not without a certain rough good-humour. He was returning them with a provoking smile on his bright red lips; he was in a particularly quarrelsome mood. A streak of bad luck such as he had not had for a long time was bothering him. Johanna Krain had flicked him away as if he were a spot of dirt on her clothes, and he had not been able even to keep von Dellmaier out of trouble. In spite of all he had said to Rupert Kutzner about the prestige of the Party and the need for backing up von Dellmaier, the latter was again in danger although he was only newly out of jail. Kutzner had instigated Dr. Hartl to release him, but Klenk had made a terrible fuss and sent from his bed for the papers about the case, desirous, apparently, of having a parting shot at the Patriots before his own downfall. Any moment might see von Dellmaier in prison again. Erich was in a reckless mood as he sat there beside Ludwig Ratzenberger, egging him on. The lawyer stared at the boy with a dry mouth, undecided whether he should go over to him, certain that if he did so the boy would turn him down rudely.

Perceiving the lawyer, Erich suddenly altered his attitude. Instead of egging on Ratzenberger he now held him back just as the row was ready to break out. It was astonishing how docilely the quarrelsome young chauffeur followed his lead. The expected attack was staved off, and the two youngsters withdrew without coming to blows as they had intended, to the great disappointment of the many. Intentionally passing close by the lawyer's table, Erich gave him a little nod and said carelessly: "Tomorrow I'm coming to see you on business."

Next day Dr. Geyer did not go to his office, and sent word to the courts that he was ill. He refused to see anybody, refused even to answer the telephone, and his housekeeper sourly cut off all callers. Dr. Geyer simply waited, trailing up and down his room with a pronounced limp. For the first time in many months he fished out the bundle of manuscript entitled *Law, Politics, and History*. The morning slipped away and the most of the afternoon. He took out his bank-books and the bundles of foreign notes which he kept in the house. They came to a large sum, a very large sum for Germany at that time. The lawyer counted them, did some calculation and put them away again. Then he waited once more. The door-bell rang. He sat down in his chair.

But it was his chief clerk who, after an argument with the housekeeper, rushed in. His news was urgent; he barely apologized for his intrusion. Georg Rutz, the Social Democrat member of the Reichstag for the second ward in Munich, had been killed in a motor accident, and Dr. Geyer, the next man on the party list, was now a member of the Reichstag.

After his clerk's departure Dr. Geyer breathed deeply, blinked a little, swallowed, and felt his heart pounding. So his fate was decided. That meant leaving the stagnant backwaters of Munich for the open stream of Berlin. Since he had made no move to do it himself, Fate had done it for him. He was actually being pitched forcibly into his right place. For years he had pined for Berlin and a seat in the Reichstag, and had said to himself that Berlin was the only place for him. He walked to and fro, then threw himself on the sofa and lay there with his sensitive, inflamed eyes shut behind their thick glasses, his hands clasped behind his head, indulging in rapid fancies, picturing to himself the kindling force of his words as he exposed Bavaria before the most important tribunal in Germany. And yet this vision, so often and so passionately revived, did not warm his heart.

As he lay there on his back, it was not to the Reichstag, nor to his son, nor to Klenk that his thoughts flew all of a sudden. They hovered round a girl called Ellis Bornhaak, an Austrian lake, and a path in the woods where he had once climbed with her. He could see clearly the windings of the path, the point at which the view opened out, where a bay of the lake became visible first, and then a strange village. That village now, what was its name? While he was still ransacking his memory, the boy arrived.

Erich Bornhaak sat down and without any preamble plunged into business. "The project of the cat farm," he said, "is up the spout. You didn't give me enough money. One can't do business with such ridiculously small sums," he went on, disapprovingly; "even a Napoleon couldn't make war with only one company." The lawyer said quietly: "I'm sorry, but that was all I had at the time. I have more now." "Thanks," said the boy, "I'm not asking for money this time. I've got plenty of people to give me money, and lots of business on hand, much better than the cat farm." He said no more. His brazenness seemed somewhat forced this time. It moved the lawyer to see that this beloved youth was obviously ashamed of his proposal and hesitated to make it known. "So it's about von Dellmaier you've come?" he suggested, helping him out.

Yes, it was about Herr von Dellmaier. He was in danger again. Could the lawyer undertake his defence?

Dr. Geyer had expected something of the kind, and was prepared. Von Dellmaier was a criminal wastrel; it was a good thing to have him out of the way. He didn't want to take up the case. He had plenty of money now and would give the boy as much as he wanted; the boy had brains and could do lots of things with the money. Only he must give up von Dellmaier. It was the hand of fate that had put the other in danger and left him free. The boy couldn't very well deny that. He wanted to tell the boy this, to tell him so many things, and here was his chance.

Erich sat there with a stiff and indifferent air. Dr. Geyer was not very skilled at reading faces, but he knew enough to realize that this indifference was merely a mask, and that von Dellmaier's fate, apparently the one thing in the world for which the boy cared, was troubling Erich. The lawyer studied the boy's trousers, shoes, and spats. Spats were the latest fashion. It was noteworthy that, although Erich protested he was doing well, there was a button missing from his right spat. The lawyer noted this while he was trying to assemble his arguments for separating Erich from von Dellmaier. Yet he could not produce them; he could not find the words. Instead he told the boy that he would have been glad to take up the case, and might have done so only yesterday, but that Rutz, the member of the Reichstag, had suddenly died, and it was his turn now to go up to the Reichstag, and so he couldn't do it. His excuses sounded false and unworthy of belief; he himself could hear how hollow they sounded.

He was not in a position to know that his answer came as a particularly shrewd blow to the youngster. Since Erich had come to believe that bad luck was pursuing him as never before, he had lost his former impudent conviction that he could charm whom he would; and he was feeling downcast and incapable. Johanna Krain had turned him down. He couldn't save von Dellmaier. Now he couldn't even prevail over this miserable man, who had seemed to be in his power.

The lawyer saw the boy's face twist awry with a cold, contemptuous grimace as he got up and went to the door. Now, in a moment, he would be gone, probably for ever. Dr. Geyer wanted to say something, anything to keep him, but his mind was numb. Like a man in a dream hunting for something that always eludes him, he hunted for a phrase, a single word to keep the boy from going away. But before he could think of it Erich's face hardened, his eyes grew bright with scorn, and he said in a boyish voice full of hate and without a trace of pertness: "I might have known you would say No, when it was something really important I asked you to do." He was already opening the door when the lawyer said hoarsely: "I'm not saying no; let me think it over. Give me three days to think it over." "Three days?" sneered the boy. "Why not a whole year?" "Four and twenty hours, then," implored the lawyer in a low voice.

Next day while it was still early he sent the boy a courteous, almost an abject letter, saying he was sorry to have hesitated, and that he would undertake Herr von Dellmaier's defence. But on the very same day he heard from Erich Bornhaak that his services were no longer necessary, and that Herr von Dellmaier could dispense with them. What had happened was that Otto Klenk had found himself no longer in a position to intervene in the Dellmaier case. He had had to send in his resignation, and now Hartl would probably take over the Ministry and settle the affair in the Patriots' favour. Erich's black days were over; he was once more on top, and could afford to drop the old man.

On this day also Dr. Geyer absented himself from his office. Urgent cases lay waiting, clients were furious. The chief clerk did his best; he insisted on Dr. Geyer's signature to papers which simply *had* to be completed. He informed the lawyer that the party had been ringing up the office, since Dr. Geyer was not to be got at in his flat, wanting to know if he accepted the vacancy; and that he must make an official statement on the subject within a few days. "You do it," said Dr. Geyer, hardly seeming to listen. "I can do nothing without your signature," said the other in gentle reproof. The lawyer took a clean sheet of paper, and mechanically, yet slowly, wrote his signature. "So I can let them know that you'll be in Berlin by the end of the week?" said the clerk. Dr. Geyer made no answer. The clerk, carefully folding up the sheet, went away, shaking his head despairingly.

XXIV. JOHANNA KRAIN BATHES IN THE RIVER ISAR

Johanna was travelling towards the prison of Odelsberg. As she looked out at the flat and wearisome landscape her grey eyes were warm and contented; the cumbrous delays of the journey did not irritate her. Herr Hessreiter and the empty-headed Erich, although so recently in her life, were years away; she did not regret them, she had simply forgotten them. Erich Bornhaak had rung her up once since that evening, but she had not answered; she had hardly thought of him, and had not even the faintest wish to see him again. As if he were an unpleasant duty finally performed and laid aside.

Before that evening with Erich she had felt uneasy at the thought of a meeting with Martin Krüger again, and had put it off. It was long since she had seen him, not since her journey to France. She was now eager to see him; she was filled with hatred for his enemies and with warm friendship for him.

Martin Krüger's mobile features had always reflected his moods as directly as a child's. Today, when he saw Johanna, his grey and somewhat puffy face shone with such sudden radiance that she was amazed and shocked to think that she had stayed so long away from him. There was no more affectation in him, no sentimentality. The earlier Martin Krüger had vanished, and so had the later Martin who had been so dull and preoccupied. This was a new Martin, a frank, amiable, natural, vivacious man.

Yet his position in Odelsberg was as bad as ever. The rabbit-faced Governor was getting nervous. He couldn't find out which way the wind was blowing. There were so many quick changes in the Ministry, and his time was nearly up; he might easily be forgotten. It would be dreadful to end up in the twelfth class of pensions. Hartl was powerful enough, but Messerschmidt was in charge of the Ministry. Everything was obscure. The True Germans had set up a strong parallel government—but who knew how that would end? The political symptoms changed, and the rabbit-faced Governor with them.

Every variation in those symptoms, every new alignment in the Ministry suspected by the Governor, affected the welfare of Martin Krüger. But this continuous oscillation in the struggle only stimulated instead of stupefying him. They could take away his books and his handwork, but not his thoughts and his ideas. They could not take away his vision of the rebel painter Goya, which grew ever larger and more embracing. He felt alive, much more intensely and subtly alive than he had done formerly outside the prison walls.

Now on seeing Johanna he was radiant. He observed her sunburnt face alive with energy and more striking than ever with the short-cropped hair, her figure supple with exercise. Martin Krüger saw that she was beautiful and told her so. That made her blush.

With smiling friendliness he told her of his quarrel with Kaspar Pröckl. With deliberate irony he told her of the weeks when he lived only for the letters he got. He certainly had no intention of hurting her, but she burned with shame to think that she had not put more into her letters. Good-humouredly, with keen observation and wit, he told her about his fellow-prisoners, Leonhard Renkmaier, for instance. He told her simply and earnestly about Francisco Goya.

His health was not too bad. His face was still grey, but no longer flabby. He admitted that his heart gave him some trouble, and described the horrible feeling of annihilation which came over him. Everything turned grey, he said, and pressed down on you, choking and stifling you, as if there were machines crushing you between them, as if you were turning into stone from inside. You could breathe out but not in. You staggered about with your arms above your head, gasping for air. That seemed to last for ever. If there was somebody at hand when you came to yourself again, you clutched at him and clung to him, and found it incredible when the doctor said that the whole attack had lasted for only a second or two. All that the doctor saw was your face growing white, and a reeling step or two, perhaps a fall. But it was worse still to find nobody there when you recovered. When you had tasted death and came back again you needed something living beside you. Once, he said, it had caught him during the night, and the mere step of the warder outside had been like a deliverance. He related it so vividly that Johanna felt it herself. Four times in all he had had those attacks, but he did not lament, or pity himself; he was full of confidence.

Later he confessed that he had quite lost the memory of the picture "Joseph and His Brethren." That worried him. Neither photographs nor his own writing about the picture could bring it back to him. Still, he had his Goya.

Shortly before the end of the interview, Johanna noted that her body was exciting Martin. His eyes took on a veiled look. He began a sentence but could not finish it, and with a gulp seized hold of her. She did not evade him, she submitted, but she twisted her free right arm and her fingers convulsively in the effort to disguise her repulsion. The warder sat there stolidly. Even when she went Martin had not recovered himself; he stammered irrelevant nonsense.

On the return journey Johanna felt deeply shaken. The last few minutes she simply expunged from her mind. She did not want to remember Krüger as he had appeared then, with a face hardly to be distinguished from Erich Bornhaak's. But the change perceptible in him during the rest of the interview had moved her more profoundly.

The release of Martin Krüger had been a cause to which she had unshakenly pledged herself. But she had never pretended that it had not sometimes bored her. Krüger had ceased for her to be a man, and had become a task, an idea. Now all at once he had become a man again, standing bodily in her world, new and unforgettable.

Unforgettable? Where was the enthusiastic and inventive young man of former days? Where the quiet, grey figure which had supervened? This new Martin roused in her a good, lasting feeling of friendship, and a strong desire to be at one with him. Unforgettable? Suddenly against her will his greedy expression during those last moments rose in front of her, confusing her, and stirring up her own desire. Would it ever happen again that she would travel with him, sleep with him? She drove away the image, heard through the rattling of the train the quiet, confident words in which he had uttered his certainty of being under the open sky again in a short time. As ever, she felt that she should have spoken to him far more warmly and sincerely. She was vexed at her lukewarmness, her slowness. She had not been able to say enough to him, the time had been short, she was slow of speech and had not been able to find the right words. She resolved to write Martin fully so that her words might not dry up before they reached him. She sketched out the letter during her journey, so sunk in herself that her neighbours in the carriage looked at her with interest.

During the night, towards morning, Johanna started up out of a dreamless sleep; it was as if someone had touched her. It was quite dark in the room, she did not know at first where she was. She lay in an absolute vacancy, in an empty universe. She was suddenly there, in a great, dark, empty place, alone, without name, without connexion with herself, without thoughts, without a past, without responsibilities, cast out, new, in an unknown world. She knew that there existed elaborate philosophies concerning time and space. But they were of no use to her now. She was completely established upon herself, completely free. She shivered at her freedom. With terror she felt the course of her life broken; it was as if all at once a stream were to stand still in its flowing and leave its bed. She fell out of a great astonishment into a monstrous fear. All at once she, she alone, must take her existence on her own shoulders. Herself decide on everything, and alone.

She flung open the window. Beneath her the embankment lay empty in the artificial light, she heard the murmuring of the river. Greedily she drew into her lungs the cool air which already smelt of morning.

Her chrysalis stage was over, life was given new into her hand. The past was gone; it held her no longer to anything, gave her no rights, gave no one a claim upon her. It had been her affair whether she should fight for Martin or not. She had had the choice; had chosen; and would fight.

Very early in the morning she dressed, went out into the empty streets, strange in the morning, and walked far past the town. She happened upon a ramshackle bathing station. An old man appeared and opened the doors. As if she had come such a long way for the purpose, she went in, drew on gravely a shabby, much-used bathing costume, and swam out into the rapid, cold stream. She had never in her life done anything that had seemed symbolical. Now without giving a thought to the why or the wherefore, she washed the old Johanna completely away into the Isar. It was a cool, rainy morning and she was quite alone. The old bath attendant was incapable of being surprised at anything. She returned to the town, fresh and clear-minded, with an unshakably certain knowledge of what she had to do, and that everything from now on would be self-evident and good. She would go to Tüverlin now, and after that a good stretch of his way along with him. She arrived at her flat, a mature and experienced woman of her age, not willing more than she could perform, not demanding more than she could get, cheerful and serious.

XXV. THE PAINTINGS OF THE INVENTOR BRENDEL-LANDHOLZER

Kaspar Pröckl was on the way to Niedertannhausen, excited and tense as he had seldom been before in his life. For his coming meeting with the painter, Franz Landholzer, he had dressed himself carefully, had even shaved. Ever since he had discovered that this Landholzer, the painter of "Joseph and His Brethren," was identical with the railway engineer Fritz Eugen Brendel, now confined in a mental asylum, he had been burning to pay this visit.

When he was writing at his ballads, at the cycle in which his single individual became only the nucleus of a larger formation, then all became clear, image and thought were one. But real knowledge must be put in hard phrases. One must be able to argue about it. When he sang them, his ballads carried away his hearers; but when he stopped the effect was gone. One could not debate on them fundamentally; they did not change anybody's life. His doubt whether in that age art was a vocation for any serious and gifted man went on increasing.

His only firm ground amid those doubts was the painting "Joseph and His Brethren." The rage expressed in that picture, the humour, its inner form, its greatness of conception combined with its unsentimental and effective presentation, had stirred him to the foundations of his being. He could not admit that such a painting as this was nothing more than coloured canvas. When he learned that the creator of this work (which was hanging now somewhere in Eastern Russia) was in an asylum in the Niedertannhausen, his hopes and fears fused into a single emotion. He must see the man. It was important that he should see him, that he should talk to him. Wherever one went was sand and rubble. Here was a clear, firm way.

The landscape through which he drove was monotonous, the roads bad and neglected. There had been weeks of correspondence before he had managed to secure permission to visit Niedertannhausen. His progress was far too slow for his impatience.

When at last he reached the asylum he had a long wait. Instead of being confronted by the painter Landholzer, he was laid hold of by Dr. Dietzenbrunn, the chief assistant doctor, a long, loosely built man of some forty years, fair, with a carefully tended beard, small nose, weak chin, and small, watery-blue eyes under a pimply forehead. Dr. Dietzenbrunn buttonholed him, told him a long story, jabbered psychiatric theory, spoke of the frontier line between genius and madness, and of Dr. Prinzhorn, who at that time was accounted the greatest expert on that subject. At any other time questions like those would have interested Kaspar Pröckl; but today he had come to see the painter Landholzer, a great man, one of the few in whom he believed. The psychiatrist went on talking volubly, cheaply, sarcastically. He rummaged with his long, reddish hands among a large pile of papers which contained reports on the inmates, diagnoses by the doctors, instructions by the authorities, various papers, a few sketches by the patients.

Dr. Dietzenbrunn did not seem to think highly of the paintings which his inmate Fritz Eugen Brendel had executed under the name of Landholzer. In all his talk he never mentioned "Joseph and His Brethren."

But at any rate Kaspar Pröckl learned certain things from the doctor's talk about the obscure life-history of Landholzer. Now forty-seven, Landholzer had come of a moderately well-to-do Baden family. He had been lecturer at a technical high school, but had been chiefly concerned with the problem of constructing valid maps from photographs taken from the air. He had put money into this enterprise, finally all that he had, had given up his lectureship, and to make a living contented himself with a subordinate post as draughtsman in the State railways offices. During the War he had succeeded in obtaining a series of patents for an invention calculated, in his opinion, to revolutionize the methods for measuring the earth's size. But the patents had been locked away by the military authorities in the interests of the German army, and Brendel-Landholzer's instruments confiscated. After the armistice he had.taken courage again and had hoped to put his invention to practical use. But before his patents were set free, technical instruments had been brought out by other people, instruments founded on the principles he had discovered. Many people, officers, army officials, had had access to his confiscated patents. He had taken legal action, and had kept it up for years; then he got into the hands of financiers with a suspicious reputation, and had involved himself finally in shady practices. He had attracted the notice of colleagues, acquaintances, and superiors by strange utterances and eccentric little idiosyncracies, and alarmed them by sudden outbreaks of violent and apparently groundless rage. He was given a year's leave, which he had spent in strict solitude in a remote hut and in a quite primitive fashion. It was then, but the doctor did not make mention of this, that "Joseph and His Brethren" had come to birth. Back at his work again, Brendel-Landholzer had circulated an extraordinary caricature, a sort of "Last Judgment." His chief and his colleagues in the department were easily recognizable in the drawing; they were shown carrying out undignified and obscene functions. To shield him the offended parties had paid no attention. He had sent them letters in which in a strange farrago of official phraseology and coarse popular verse, he invited them to the Last Judgment. When finally he had pinned up on the blackboard of the office a manifesto challenging the Minister of Trade and the Minister of Justice to a public debate in which they should explain original sin, the patent business, and the railway table, there could be no further doubt that his mind was deranged.

Since he had come to know of the confinement of Landholzer, Kaspar Pröckl's thoughts had involuntarily turned now and then to a widespread panicky rumour that all sorts of people were kept in madhouses by interested parties. In particular he had not been able to escape in Munich from a stubbornly disseminated rumour that the anti-clerical writer Panizza, an extremely talented poet who had not been liked by official Bavaria, and who had died in a madhouse, had been confined there unjustly. Now, when Dr. Dietzenbrunn handed him Landholzer's manifesto which bore the signature "Fritz Eugen Brendel, Viceroy of God and the Railways on Land and Sea," he could no longer doubt that the confinement of this man had had some justification.

The doctor told how since then the symptoms of persecution mania in Fritz Eugen Brendel had grown. He had believed, for instance, that they were shooting at him through the window, that they wanted to poison him and by electricity induce acidity in his stomach. Today his condition could be described as placid schizophrenia in an early stage, which was developing further with satisfactory slowness. Dr. Dietzenbrunn had got up, and was stalking from end to end of the white room, talking continuously with a great use of psychiatric terms.

At last he conducted Kaspar Pröckl to the patient. The engineer's mouth was dry, his knees felt weak, he was cold in every pore with apprehension now that he was to see the man.

Landholzer was sitting in a corner, and with bent head stared gloomily and suspiciously at the visitors. When they approached nearer he shrank still further into the wall and lowered still further his head with the tangled hair. The doctor talked to him quietly and circumspectly, but the man gave only short and evasive answers in a harsh, rather shrill voice. At the inquiry whether he had had any pains that morning, he unexpectedly burst out. Dr. Dietzenbrunn knew well enough that they took the indefensible liberty of making all sorts of experiments on him, that they tickled his feet and made his teeth shoot with electrical currents, that by action at a distance they made him breathe the stench of corpses, of vomit, and of spirits. They had artfully corroded his skin and flesh, as good as flayed him. When he laid his hand on the table it was as if he touched the wood with his bare bones. Kaspar Pröckl could hardly make out the substance of what he was saying: he simply kept staring at him, drinking in the appearance of this man, the thin face with the black, unkempt beard, the fleshy nose, the deep-set, burning, strangely troubled eyes.

As suddenly as he had begun Landholzer stopped speaking, and now in his turn mustered Kaspar Pröckl. He gazed at him eagerly, persistently, suspiciously from where he was sitting, with his wild, deep-set, lost eyes. Suddenly he got up, went up to Kaspar Pröckl, went up quite close to him. Kaspar Pröckl was not a coward; all the same he felt a great desire to step back. But he controlled himself and stood his ground. "You might have introduced yourself at least, young man," said Landholzer in a sharp voice. It was seen now that he was considerably taller than Pröckl, a long, loose-limbed man. "That wouldn't have done you any harm," he added, and Pröckl noted that he spoke the Baden dialect. "My name is Kaspar Pröckl," replied the young man. "I'm an engineer." Landholzer remained standing for a little longer, face to face with Pröckl, so that Pröckl felt the strong smell that came out from him and was troubled by his noisy breathing. Then suddenly Landholzer turned away from him and said almost pleasantly: "So, so, you're an engineer," and began to walk up and down.

The doctor said that the presence of Pröckl did not appear to excite any particular agitation in the patient. He thought he could leave them alone. In an hour or so the warder would take Brendel for a walk. If he liked, Pröckl could accompany him. Then the doctor went.

Landholzer ran to the door, peered after the doctor through the key-hole, then went to the window and pursued the receding man with magically compelling gestures of his hands to drive him away. Then after he had made certain that the doctor was finally gone, he gave Pröckl a knowing and satisfied smile, and invited him to take a seat. Suddenly he said in his harsh shrill voice: "You're surprised, young man, to find me in a madhouse?" Broken words of shame would have excited Pröckl's pity, bitter complaints would have carried him away on a wave of sympathetic indignation; but this matter-of-factness made him turn cold with fear. "Please tell me about it, Herr Landholzer," he said. "My name isn't Landholzer," the man replied sharply. "I'm Fritz Eugen Brendel, engineer in the State railways, inventor of the aerial cartography apparatus, creator of "The Humble Animal," Lazarus of Nazareth, Viceroy of God and the Railways on Land and Sea, as well as of all the military forces of the air. On seven occasions iniquitously betrayed by human justice in the matter of my invention." He got up, walked up and down with uneven steps, and smiled cunningly: "But now I've made myself safe in the madhouse. It wasn't easy, it took a lot of doing. It's unpleasant enough too, of course, to be bombarded by the stench of diseases and corpses and excrement and stale alcohol, and all through electricity. But now I can wait in peace for the decision of the Last Judgment. Then they'll measure the air with my instruments, and the lamb will lie down beside the chief surveyor." He stepped back a little, regarded Kaspar Pröckl from the right, then from the left, his head tilted as one looks at a picture, and said: "You seem not a bad sort of a fellow. I should think you're normal. Wouldn't you like to come into Niedertannhausen? This is a sort of haven. You should try it. Of course, it isn't easy to malinger. The doctors are suspicious people. You need a lot of resolution to pretend to have placid schizophrenia for several years. Dissociation, affective ambivalence. But you get used to it. Only one must take care one doesn't contract an inferiority complex! Tell me, don't you yourself think I'm a little mad? You see! And yourself?"

Kaspar Pröckl felt exhausted, his mind was confused. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he were the victim of a macabre joke. Was it imaginable that anybody would let himself be locked in a madhouse for years just for a joke?

He brought out a reproduction of "Joseph and His Brethren." "Please tell me something about this," he began somewhat hoarsely. The man glanced at him sharply and suspiciously. "That isn't a good picture," he said at last with distaste. "It dates from my abnormal period. Take the picture away, will you!" he screamed suddenly.

"Won't you show me some of the work you've done since?" Pröckl begged with unusual humility. He sat there as if cut off from the free air, beyond time and space. He had never yet met anybody to whom he had not felt secretly superior. It oppressed him that he could not help feeling that this man, whether sound or not, was greater than himself.

The man got up and planted himself again uncomfortably close to Pröckl sitting on his chair. "So you want to see my pictures," he said. "I warn you that there might be some danger in that. I've thrown open the secret chambers of men's hearts for seven thousand years. I may as well tell you that I've shot men down the closet before this. It's quite possible that I'll put you down the W.C. if you've come from mere curiosity. Then there won't be much prospect for you at the Last Judgment." Kaspar Pröckl replied: "I would like to fill my pipe before I look at your pictures." This response obviously pleased Landholzer. While Kaspar Pröckl was lighting his pipe, he went to work on the pictures, which were standing with their faces to the wall. From cupboards and chests he pulled out packages tied up with string. He lowered down packages from the ceiling as well, which were suspended there by a cumbrous contrivance. At last, raising one finger slyly he knelt down, and it appeared that under a board in the floor another roll of drawings was concealed. It was as if the whole room were bursting with the visions of the painter Landholzer. After he had arranged all the bundles side by side he sat down, making no move to untie them. "Won't you show me the pictures?" asked Pröckl after a pause. Landholzer gave him a surreptitious sign to be quiet, tried the doors to see whether they were locked, then the windows, and fiddled with the packages. At last he untied the first roll.

What Kaspar Pröckl saw now remained in his memory all his life. Amid a confusion of technical and geometrical sketches and tiny models, there were drawings of all kinds executed in pencil, in ink, in charcoal, as well as oil-paintings and aquarelles. There were sculptures too, hewn out of good wood, or of pieces of furniture, kneaded out of masticated bread. There were drawings which the most suspicious would have declared to be the work of a sound mind, and drawings of a wild eccentricity. There were tiny sketches, and large paintings completely finished.

The Last Judgment. There was for instance, a portfolio entitled "The Last Judgment." Engines of course were shown; the same figure was now the torturer, now the tortured; persecutors stood around, their faces obviously portraits, many of them stiff as masks. Sadistic instruments were reproduced with amazing precision; the formulæ for them, exactly calculated, were neatly set down on the margin or in a corner, along with directions for use. Judges sat enthroned in their bright robes. In some of them the heart-chamber lay exposed, containing rolls of statutes, instruments of torture, and geometrical formulæ. "One grows older," said Landholzer, quietly and sadly, while Kaspar Pröckl looked at the drawings, "I don't like to scourge people now. But everything falls to pieces of itself anyway."

The Creation. Next he opened complacently a portfolio called "The Creation." On each of the pages was shown a man who was relieving himself. Out of his excrement there gradually formed a host of things; cities and clouds, men and machines, aeroplanes, the Emperor Napoleon, the pyramids, a factory, animals and plants, a throne and a crown, Buddha seated on the lotus. The man was regarding seriously and with interest the shapes which formed themselves out of his excrement. When the abashed Pröckl glanced up at Landholzer the latter replied, employing the somewhat silly technical phraseology of painting, "Yes, that's not at all bad. I should have used a little more ultramarine perhaps. But the space is well utilized."

Militarism. Then he showed a wooden statue bristling with weapons, the uniform a précis of the uniforms of all the different armies; a statue which even to the simplest spectator clearly represented Militarism. It had four faces, two of which belonged to generals famous in the great War, by name Ludendorf and Hindenburg, men universally known at that time. The four heads had their mouths wide open; their whiskers curled; their eyes were starting from their sockets, their tongues were stuck out. Hate had guided the sculptor's knife.

The Last Supper. Then with a smile he pointed to one of the large paintings which had been leaning with its face to the wall.

It was a sort of Last Supper, and at the first glance one could tell that it was by the painter of "Joseph and His Brethren." But there was much that was abstruse in the picture; the beasts of the apostles —the lion of Mark, the ox of Luke, the eagle of John—were taking part in the meal. Judas was shown twice in it, once to the left and once to the right, once with his heart and skull laid open so that the folds and convolutions of his brain could be seen. "You see," said the painter, "that's the right picture. Not the ones that you have out here. But when you tell the truth you arrive in the madhouse. It's only in the madhouse that you can tell the truth. That's why every intelligent man wants to get into the madhouse."

Kaspar Pröckl did not reply. He sat as if in a stupor, his pipe had gone out. Landholzer suddenly turned the face of the picture to the wall again and hastily and expertly began to tie up the packages. "There, that's enough now," he said. "Somebody might come. Now I want a shave."

THE HUMBLE ANIMAL. Kaspar Pröckl made no protest, said nothing, did not stir. It turned out that this was the right thing to do, for after a while the man said: "I'll show you one more thing." He brought out a little wooden figure, a smooth piece of light mahogany. A very simple bas relief was cut on it, an animal of ambiguous shape, with a great, flat, broad head on which were set two enormous eyes turned to the spectator; its ears curiously leaf-like, its horns two short stumps. Its front legs were bent, so that the animal seemed to be kneeling. "That is 'The Humble Animal,'" said Landholzer, "the deer, the Catholic deer." Kaspar Pröckl took up the wooden figure. He peered through his deep-set eyes at the relief, his mouth slightly open. He gazed at the kneeling animal in the wood, and from the wood the kneeling animal gazed at him with its great eyes, pathetic, gruesome, strangely touching, as if emerging from the void, humble, terribly real. "That time I was really an artist," said Landholzer.

He stared at Kaspar Pröckl for several minutes, smiling cunningly. "You shouldn't look at it too long," he said at last. As Pröckl with great reluctance was about to give him back the wooden figure he said casually: "You can keep it." And when

Pröckl's face lighted up, and he asked: "You'll make me a present of it? You really want to?" the painter replied with a large, casual gesture "Yes, you just take it."

The figure of "The Humble Animal" was now lying on the table between Pröckl and Landholzer. Pröckl's pipe was lying beside it. "You see," said Landholzer, "I'm the anvil of my destiny. You could call 'The Humble Animal' 'The Anvil of His Destiny,' just as well, or 'Indignity.' It was cut out of a sofa panel." He said this in his harsh, shrill voice not in the least complainingly. Young Pröckl had seen men going completely to pieces during the War and the Revolution, he by no means held that this was the best of all possible worlds or that mankind was good, he had come to terms with himself, he had had his experiences and was not to be taken in by sentimentality; but the matter-of-fact way in which the schizophrenic railway engineer Fritz Eugen Brendel explained "The Humble Animal" affected him extremely uncomfortably. He made to stick the wooden figure into his pocket. But instead he gripped his pipe, long since gone out, uttered a queer noise, a sort of stifled sob, and slowly and clumsily lit his pipe again. Only then did he stick the wooden figure into his pocket.

SELF-PORTRAIT. Landholzer followed all his movements attentively. When "The Humble Animal" had vanished into Pröckl's pocket he smiled slyly and complacently and brought out a medium-sized crayon drawing. "That's how I look now," he said holding up the drawing before Pröckl a little coquettishly, almost like a seller who shows his wares to the best advantage. It was a self-portrait in which blue predominated, the face was a dull clear brown. Over the tangled beard and the fleshy nose the deep-set eyes, violent, savage, fiery, cunning, with a strange squint, glowered at the looker. Kaspar Pröckl was aware that he had looked at the man carefully enough; now he recognized with embarrassment that he had not really seen much of what was in him.

While Landholzer was holding up the drawing the warder came to take them for a walk. The painter hastily stuffed the drawing out of sight, tied up the bundle, and put the packages back again in their places. With rough, professional friendliness the warder hurried him up; it was time to go. But Landholzer refused, he changed his tune, grew excited and swore. He had no intention of going for a walk in this state. To go out in this state with his colleague, his friend, wasn't decent. He demanded a decent shave. They acceded to his request.

Kaspar Pröckl felt sincerely proud that Landholzer had called him his colleague and friend. He was allowed to stay in the room with the warder when the barber came. While he was being shaved Landholzer sat with a sly smile on his face, complacently enjoying the procedure, and talking magniloquently. Yes, he had decided to shave off his beard. Change was necessary and did you good. Change kept you young. Every seven years the body renewed all its cells.

The matted hair fell on the floor, beneath the tangled covering the man's naked face appeared. The barber and the warder gazed with growing amazement from the mad man to his somewhat constrained visitor and exchanged glances. Landholzer asked for a mirror, gazed at himself, gazed at Kaspar Pröckl, nodded and smiled slyly and complacently. Kaspar Pröckl sat by in stupid incomprehension. There was an understanding between the warder, the barber, and the madman from which he was closed out. Only when Landholzer's face lay quite bare and exposed under the razor of the barber did he recognize that it was his own face. A shudder ran over him. Yes, the madman and he—even the dull eyes of the barber and warder had seen it—were as alike as twins.

Landholzer and Pröckl went for a walk in the woods of Niedertannhausen. It was a spacious, beautiful wood, the ground was thickly covered with moss, and they walked between the old trees without keeping to any path. "Take care, Engineer," said the schizophrenic inventor Fritz Eugen Brendel once, taking Pröckl by the arm when he stumbled over a root.

At length they sat down on a tree stump and Landholzer began to draw. He drew two men exactly alike squatting on the same tree stump, staring at each other with the same violent, wild, curiously squinting eyes. These men were the engineer Kaspar Pröckl and the engineer, Franz Landholzer. He remained silent while he was drawing; Kaspar Pröckl too remained silent. The warder was lying near by on the ground; he read the paper, then went to sleep. When Landholzer had finished he said complacently: "If you tell the truth once, nobody will believe you afterwards, no matter how much you lie."

Kaspar Pröckl drove back to Munich in the deep confusion of mind which one experiences during a fever or a flight. He drove mechanically, mechanically passed the road signs, and did not notice whether the roads were good or bad. He did not know either whether Landholzer's paintings were good or bad. He did not know whether they might not be a sort of revenge. But he knew one thing, that all those figures and objects which Landholzer had fashioned would go on living exactly as he had fashioned them. It was quite immaterial, for instance, whether in actual life those judges were good men or not, whether they finished up in honour as ministers, or as scoundrels and beggars; their real life was seized and set down once and for all on those pages in the packages in the asylum of Niedertannhausen.

The Western-Eastern Affinities. Next day to everyone's astonishment the painter Landholzer demanded that he should be shaved again. He looked at himself for a long time in the mirror, smiling. Under the drawing which he had made in the woods he wrote the inscription: "The Western-Eastern Affinities." Not without difficulty he succeeded in obtaining a stout piece of cardboard and an envelope, asked Dr. Dietzenbrunn for Pröckl's address, wrapped up the drawing carefully and conscientiously, and sent it to his visitor. Then, during the afternoon he scrupulously copied out the following:

(1) Prize competition. The Empire is the source of justice. A prize of 333,333 reich marks, in other words, 33 paper marks, will be given for a solution showing how this Empire can be explained and rendered relative. Those who maintain the opposite will be punished by 27 to 9 years' imprisonment, those who refuse to enter, with 33 days' freedom.

(2) Government regulation. In future all statements demonstrably true must be written on yellow paper, all false statements on white.

Given in Niedertannhausen.

The Viceroy of God and the Railways on Sea and Land.

FRITZ EUGEN BRENDEL.

He pinned up this manifesto solemnly in the hall of the asylum. It was written on white paper.

XXVI. CONCERNING THE PLEASURES OF IMPERSONALITY

Half an hour before the beginning of the first performance, while on the stage and in the box-office ruled a state of nerves, despair, suspense, dry-mouthed apprehension and hysterically forced gaiety, while superfluous instructions were being repeated for the hundredth time, and for some absurd reason a superstitious panic was always breaking out, Herr Pfaundler remained cheerful and unperturbed. Up to the last rehearsal, which had lasted all night until morning, he had been of a violent irritability, had cursed and sworn and brutally dismissed those who showed inefficiency. Now that nervousness could only produce bad results he inflated himself with a fatalistic optimism and breathed round him a stubborn confidence. A benevolent uncle emanating comfort and strength, he was everywhere, on the stage, in the office, smoothing difficulties, reassuring everyone, laughing indulgently at the diffident, pretending to show honest admiration at the fine appearance of his ageing first lady, Kläre Holz, clapping the pale-faced composers on the shoulder, slapping a chorus-girl here and there on the buttocks, full of praise for certain alterations proposed by the electrician Benno Lechner, whom he disliked, testing for the hundredth time with the artistes the efficiency of their apparatus. All this fuss of his had a prodigiously honest and convincing air, and was in fact honest. For Herr Pfaundler had dismissed his scruples, had forgotten that to the best of his powers he had pushed art into the background and given prominence to naked limbs and spangle. He did not feel so much a business man as a benefactor. Was he not serving art and the people? The need for the entertainment industry, in spite of the inflation and continual political crises, was not less acute than the need for bread. Herr Pfaundler was convinced that he was as indispensable to the community as the baker or the butcher.

Yet while he radiated faith and hope all round, he knew deep within that he was deceiving himself and everybody. He saw that with the secession of Balthasar Hierl, all the substance had been drained from his revue. He could as well have tapped art instead of tripe, indeed probably with a better chance of success and certainly with more personal satisfaction. He saw this clearly, because he had a nose for things; the revue was doomed before it began.

Meanwhile the theatre was filling. The round-skulled men of Munich were arriving with their sober, somewhat fleshy wives; the theatre resounded with uncouth, comfortable voices. The painter Greiderer arrived with a "Haserl" and the elegant Herr von Osternacher. Then arrived the pug-nosed be-spectacled Dr. Matthäi, a few dignified actors from the National Theatre, a number of big-wigs from the Club. Even the antediluvian Professor von Kahlenegger was there, stretching out his long neck with the bird-like head perched on top of it; for the revue was announced as the reply of the art centre of Munich to the materialistic barbarism of Berlin. The fact that the ex-Minister Otto Klenk, who shortly before had resigned for health reasons, was there, aroused a great deal of comment. He was seated prominently in one of the boxes, his face pale, the signs of his late illness clearly visible. Erich Bornhaak, on the contrary, was sitting rather unobtrusively in an end seat in the stalls. He felt that he was in for a run of luck for the time being; whatever he touched succeeded. With a slight feeling of curiosity he was waiting to see who should take the empty seat beside him; he would certainly have luck there too. But up to the very beginning of the revue, the seat beside him remained empty. One saw Kaspar Pröckl, badly shaven, with Anni Lechner in a pretty dress sitting happily beside him. There were many lower- and middle-class people in their Sunday clothes, expectantly waiting, mothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and sweethearts of the naked girls.

Before the eyes of those people now began *Well, That's the Limit,* once *Kasperl and the Class War,* that revue to which the author, Jacques Tüverlin, had given a good portion of his best years and his not inconsiderable gifts.

That gentleman did not arrive till after the revue had begun, and in truth then only because it would have appeared like desertion if he had remained away. He came in a dull, discouraged mood, convinced of failure. Long ago he had reckoned up the chances clearly and pitilessly. Pröckl could not have done it more incisively for him. What was art? What was a work of art? All artistic creation arose from a need for expression which was innate in mankind as much as the urge towards food and propagation. Probably nature had so ordered it that man should conserve his individual experiences and intuitions for the species in as pure and immediate a form as possible. He, Jacques Tüverlin, had utilized his need for expression badly and stupidly. He had let himself be duped by the illusion that he had not merely some paper and a typewriter at his disposal, but this huge hall as well and several hundred human beings who would represent what he desired to express. He had renounced the glorious sovereignty of his desk, and, no better than a Rupert Kutzner, had allowed himself to be carried away by the idiotic pleasure of being able to use those few hundred people to satisfy his whims.

He did not sit down among the audience, but skulked about the wings. The cast was nervous, he got in everybody's way. At last Bianchini I asked him to come into his dressing-room. Tüverlin remained for a long time in peaceful conversation in the dressing-room with Bianchini I and the musical-instrument imitator, Bob Richards, forgetting that a few yards away a stupid, botched piece was being produced, about which at its inception, he had been enthusiastic.

Meanwhile, *Well, That's the Limit* was going on pertinaciously, outwardly with success and applause. The "Still Life" and Tutankhamen scenes had run their course without producing any great effect, and connoisseurs were already whispering that the revue was a failure. But the public was in a good temper and waited indulgently. When there was even the slightest reason for it on the stage, they forgot their former vacancy and boredom and seemed immediately ready to applaud. Consequently the "Naked Truth" scene made a palpable hit. The audience received Frau von Radolny with tempestuous acclamation; the tall, well-covered lady was obviously to their taste. The very fact that she exhibited her voluptuous charms so insouciantly, pleased and impressed them.

Nevertheless the first hour of the revue would have been an open fiasco without the inventor Druckseis's noise-making instruments. But when all those instruments were let loose, when they reproduced the lowing of herds of cows and the squeaking of droves of pigs; when they added the noises of dogs barking, motor horns, locomotive whistles, thunder, and marching troops, when Bob Richards from Czernowitz appeared and imitated all these and in imitating some went deliberately falsetto; when next the whole hellish hubbub was blared out in symphonic unison, and when finally out of it arose the Munich popular ditty hymning the green Isar and the never-failing heartiness, when this ditty was crowned by the former royal anthem, recapitulated by the whole barbarous total of all the abominable instruments, when naked girls advanced swaying with white-and-blue sashes round bosom and loins, waving white-and-blue Bavarian banners; when, colossally magnified, guarded by the towers with the uncompleted cupolas, and surrounded by liver sausages, beer jugs, and the symbolic figure of the Munich "Baby" clad in monk's robes, "The Bavarian Lion" appeared on the stage, then all the disappointment of the first hour was wiped clean away. Tremendous and honest applause burst out. The audience rose and clapped their hands rapturously, joining in the hymn.

Kaspar Pröckl grinned sourly, up on his platform Benno Lechner smiled. Nobody knew whether the sardonic witticism was the work of Tüverlin or of Pfaundler, or even if it were intentional. Tüverlin himself smiled. Here after all was something of the revue that he had originally planned. This audience enthusiastically joining in their hymn led by the squeaking of pigs, the lowing of oxen, and the imitator with the disfigured nose, those people in whose hearts and voices the intentional clowning of the music awakened so quickly and tropically a well-drilled enthusiasm, belonged in very truth to Aristophanes.

When the apparatus of Druckseis got under way, Otto Klenk's face began to brighten sardonically. He had sat there somewhat bored until now, still very white among the healthy, full-blooded men around him, and his dinner jacket hung on his great shoulders a little loosely. But when the row on the stage was let loose, when "The Bavarian Lion" appeared amid mighty acclamation, the former Minister revived again.

Yes, this is what he had imagined as the spiritual plane of his people, and on this foundation he would build the jest he intended to play on them. That one could no longer distinguish between the noise on the stage and the noise among the audience, that one could no longer tell whether the Lion was serious or a parody; all this marvellous Kasperliade and the devoutness with which it was being celebrated was as it should be, was all of a piece with the rest. So long as he had been in office he had looked on with a certain apprehension, perhaps even with a little sorrow, while he saw his Munich sinking into its vulgar and godforsaken fatuity. Now it pleased him. Good, let it continue. Let them keep it up. He would do his part. He would *show* some people. Some German classic had said, "If a man is falling give him a push," or something like that.

Meanwhile the unoccupied seat next to Erich Bornhaak had been taken. A lady sat down in it. The lady was Johanna.

Erich Bornhaak had not seen her since that night. Once he had vainly rung her up. Now that the box-office had given her to him as a neighbour, he greeted her casually, could not find his usual brazenness, did not quite know how to comport himself, and now and then uttered brief, ironical remarks to her over what was happening on the stage. As Johanna replied shortly and coolly he became more silent and at last held his tongue altogether. What did she think she was? He had had her, there was no getting away from that: what did she want? There were women with better looks than hers. More intelligent, dashing, smart. They did not put any difficulties in his way either, he had his choice. Especially now when he was in the lucky vein. His reputation with the True Germans was growing every day. Besides, the old man had sent him a fat foreign cheque. Obviously as a sort of propitiatory gift because he had drawn back and refused to defend von Dellmaier. A queer spud, the old man. The ignominious humility with which he accepted every kick. An absurd business, life. The business with the boxer Alois was absurd too, apart from the fact that it brought in the cash. A bit risky perhaps, seeing that the brother of Rupert Kutzner was concerned. But amusing. Besides it was so absurdly easy. He made again to say something to Johanna. But she paid no attention; there was a great deal of noise on the stage. He regarded her profile. For a while he had been fond of her. Why really? Actually she wasn't so much. Broad-faced. A snub nose. She might play the untouched virgin as hysterically as she liked, yet she had cut her hair short for his sake. And he knew what she was like in bed too. So what was she after? Others swore and raged at you. Her technique was a genteel wounded indifference. All right then. He wouldn't allow himself to be annoyed.

He was very much annoyed.

For her part Johanna had actually forgotten him as soon as he had ceased to draw attention to himself. All her feelings reached out to Jacques Tüverlin. She saw what was going on on the stage and fury rose up in her, fury such as she had felt only once before, when during the Krüger trial she had seen in the newspapers the report of the public reading of the dead girl Haider's letters. Jacques Tüverlin had spoken to her enthusiastically about Aristophanes; she had not, however, grasped what he had actually intended to do. But that it couldn't be this, that it had been reputable, artistically respectable, she knew. Jacques Tüverlin loved to express himself cynically; but in his profession he held to the most scrupulous honesty, his artistic conscience was the kernel of his nature. How much he must have had to swallow before his good work was transformed into this insipid and ridiculous mishmash! He hadn't had by any means a good time while she was away. It had been a piece of silly stupidity for her to knock about with Hessreiter and the others while he was here eating his head off. An affectionate, secure feeling rose in her for this man with the seamed face and the falsetto voice, who was probably standing now cracking jokes at the back of one of the boxes or in one of the wings, though he certainly was feeling in no mood for jokes. And while the nauseous nonsense ran its course on the stage, while Katharina languidly celebrated her ludicrous triumph, while Druckseis's instruments were being stormily acclaimed, Johanna suddenly saw her predetermined way before her, clear and distinct. She would stay with Tüverlin after this, and would prevent him from letting himself in a second time for anything like this revue.

It rolled on meanwhile, stubbornly, amid general applause. The undeniable cordiality with which the audience had received "The Bavarian Lion" had stimulated the actors anew. They summoned up the last resources of their art and, exerting themselves to the utmost, held the audience until they came to the last safe scene before the interval, until the impudent little march tune truck up, catching the seductiveness of the bull-fight, a meretricious mixture of elegant poses and delight in killing. The enchantment of this tune coming from the stage galvanized the bored audience to life, flew through their veins and was tossed back to the stage again. Kläre Holz immediately felt new powers awakening in her. Insarova the dancer revived. Even Benno Lechner up on his dusty platform, wearing his smoked spectacles, absorbed in his work of directing the spot-light, which needed the utmost precision and care, even he hummed the tune along with the others. The spectacle which to the audience seemed so glittering and magnificent was to him up there on his platform, a laborious construction made up of wood, ropes, and cardboard; the naked girls were coated with an unpleasant layer of powder and paint; the whole seductive revel was to him a cloud of dust, fat, sweat, and disagreeable odours. But even he enjoyed now the impudent, catchy tune. So long as it went on his thoughts were diverted from his difficult and essentially useless work. He thought of the Revolution which would break out sometime here, and how he would sweep the spot-light over the wide square while hundreds of thousands sang the Internationale.

The audience was carried away by the bull-fight scene almost as much as it had been by the noisy instruments. Amid deafening applause the official composers appeared on the enormous stage; on either side of them the bull-fighter girls advanced and retired hand in hand, their bosoms naked beneath their short, open, embroidered jackets, advanced and retired like waves, in three lines. The curtain rose and fell, ten times, twenty times, thirty times, the two composers stood in the midst of the girls, fat, sweating, happy, only remembering faintly and with discomfort their third colleague.

The scene before the interval secured an illusion of success for the first half. The people stood about, growled a little hesitatingly their appreciation. A huge man standing among the crowd made an immense impression: he was dressed in an aged, patriarchal frock-coat, and had an enormous silvery beard and small, deep-set, glittering blue eyes. He at once greeted Osternacher and Greiderer with a cordial air. Munich was a fine place, the revue was splendid, perfect; he was enthusiastic. Yes, the Apostle Peter had come from Oberfernbach to Munich, and intended to stay for some time. Herr von Osternacher knew this, for the Apostle had been to see him already. But Rochus Daisenberger was a sly dog. He noticed that Osternacher did not want Greiderer to know anything about the visit. He wisely held his tongue and contented himself, while enjoying the crowd's admiration, with announcing in many words his enthusiasm for the revue.

Torn between malicious enjoyment of the fatuity of the play and personal timidity, Klenk made for the stage, exchanging casual greetings on the way. The march tune had exhilarated him. He dreamt of the savage and trenchant ways in which he would teach his stupid and thankless city a lesson. He had tried to bring into prominence the patriotic movement among his countrymen: thereupon they had hounded him from office by the most petty, common, despicable means. Now he would give them the about-face. He was free now, nobody would get on his soft side again. He would call any tune he pleased. It would be a powerful tune, a hell of a tune, a big noise in which many people would be deafened and lose their senses. "To hell with them"; he remembered the old maxim of his countrymen, and he thought of Flaucher and Hartl and Toni Riedler and of many of the people whose hands he had just pressed in passing.

Behind the stage he looked about for Insarova's dressing-room. Naked under her kimono, sweet and corrupt, the dancer looked as fragile as if a child's breath might blow her over. Glowing with the excitement of the first night, she gazed sadly and mockingly out of her slanting eyes at the huge man, waiting for what he had to say. An odour of powder, perfume, and feminine flesh was in the room. She sat sunk in herself, quite tiny: he almost filled the little room. He talked down to her in his deep voice, stared at her with his shameless brown eyes, and exerted himself to be pleasant. He told her how exquisite she had been on the stage, far too good for those dolts who could only be moved by a cudgel. As she remained quite silent he began anew. He was so glad to have at last some time for the things which really lay near his heart. Wouldn't she like to come with him to his estate at Berchtoldszell? They would go mountain-climbing, hunting, sailing, walking. He drew a very pleasant picture for her; a little country life would certainly do her good. He spoke for quite a long time.

Insarova let him talk and went on with her make-up, gazing at his reflection in the mirror. He was on the point of becoming impatient, but controlled himself. The tip of her tongue in the mirror coquettishly flicked the corner of her mouth with affected melancholy, her eyes slanted towards him, she shook her head. No. As she had already told him by letter, she was ill. Also she was unlucky, her passions never coincided with the passions of others.

When she wanted some man, he didn't want her. People treated her like a silly little girl. And she wasn't. Dr. Bernays had named an English sanatorium to her, where her life could still be saved by human skill. In a sick-room which was open on all sides one lay as good as dead, strapped down, amid grassy meadows, trees, and sunlight. Not for weeks or months, but for years. That took some decision. And she had decided. She would lie bound in leather and iron, only her arms would be free, and she would be able to move her head on the pillow a little. They had described to her, and she could imagine it quite well, how the patients stretch up their arms despairingly to the sky, begging the doctors and nurses either to set them free or allow them to die. Knowing all this she had decided to go to England.

She told all this almost maliciously, as if to spite him. He listened in silence. She sat with her back to him, still absorbed in her make-up, and looked at his face in the mirror. She saw that he was very much pulled down by his illness, pale, and now still paler with rage.

It was all a dirty trick, he was thinking. First this filthy whore had brought on his illness, and then, when he was well again, she would have nothing to do with him. He didn't believe a word that she had said, but he knew it was all over. Good, all the better, he thought. He had all the more time to complete his plans against certain people. This vulgar chit wasn't his last resource. Hadn't he intended for a long time to have a look at his son Simon, the brat, to see what he had grown into?

He sucked at his pipe, which visibly annoyed her. His only wish, he said after a pause, was that this cure would really help her. But in honour he must inform her that he couldn't guarantee that his feelings would remain the same for such a long time. She only smiled. He felt that he had been taken in, kept on a string, and was very angry when the bell rang for the recommencement of the performance and he had to go. She was glad. Later she remembered how pale and reduced he had looked and was sorry that she had not annoyed him more. She remembered an ancient curse which she had heard a long time before, when she was a child: "May the earth lie light upon you, so that the dogs may scratch you up more easily."

Almost immediately, amazingly soon after the interval, the fate of the revue was finally decided. Balthasar Hierl having been struck off there remained no meaning or substance in the whole; it fell to pieces. The audience sat in bored disappointment; many left. On the stage, amid the mounting noise and splendour and din, the actors felt a paralysing discouragement. Even Benno Lechner felt it, solitary on his lofty platform, cut off from the audience. He had counted on having a safe job for half a year at least. The failure of the business down there meant for him that his next few months would be uncertain, and that he would probably be under the necessity of drawing on Zenzi's help. No, it wasn't justly organized, the capitalistic world, it was a dirty, stupid business. "It's under my spot-light, the bourgeois world," he thought up on his platform in a stinking fume of dust and sweat, and he turned his light, several thousand candle power, on the actors below who were disposing themselves for the final curtain: the girls whose only ornaments were the little, artistically fashioned drums which they carried, the Lilliputians fantastically jewelled, the acrobats, the actress Kläre Holz, the baboon now recovered from his colic. And while all these advanced, forming a resplendent final tableau, Benno Lechner whistled with contemptuous scorn into the monstrous din of the orchestra the air of the Internationale. The people shall hear the signal, he whistled to himself, and arm for the final battle.

Herr Alois Pfaundler stood by himself in solitary gloom. Clearly as he had seen that a real triumph was impossible, he had nevertheless reckoned on it with obstinate optimism. Now in the space of a few minutes he saw many projects crumbling: splendid hotels on the lakes; the transplantation of the Munich carnival to Berlin; his favourite and most daring plan too, of which he did not speak even to his most intimate friends, but to which he had clung tenaciously until now, his plan for a motor road through the mountains. All these had depended on the success of the revue, and all these now vanished for good. He stood sunk in gloom; his malignantly glittering rat's-eyes made everybody give him a wide berth. He knew, of course, that he alone was to blame; but he buoyed himself up with the conviction that every single actor on the stage was more to blame than he. He strode as manfully as he could manage over to Tüverlin, who was standing by himself, and said in a high, smooth voice filled with hatred: "This is what you do with your 'art.' I should have relied on my own flair." He glared at Tüverlin from head to foot, full of abysmal contempt, and turned away.

Strangely enough, indeed, everybody now, even those who had believed in him, looked at Tüverlin with hostility. He was the original cause of their ill-luck, and all round him he felt hatred, anger, and contempt. Bob Williams alone, just as he was to go on for the final curtain, came up to him, surveyed him, his face twisted with scepticism, superiority, and sympathy, and fluted through his disfigured nose sweetly and sapiently: "Really this isn't your line, you know."

Jacques Tüverlin did not quite take in what was said to him. His thoughts were elsewhere. He listened intently to his own feelings, and, behold, he was not really annoyed. As far as he was concerned this business had been settled two months before: the only annoying thing was that such a long time had had to pass before it was settled before the whole world. He was not annoyed, and he was not pleased: even Pfaundler's unburdening of himself had neither annoyed nor amused him. When he searched within himself he recognized that he was waiting for something.

All at once Johanna was standing beside him, and he was not even surprised. The only surprise he felt was at her hair being bobbed. She looked at him. He had grown thinner and more wrinkled. It was clear that things had not been going very well with him since she had seen him last. And Jacques Tüverlin looked at her, and he liked her enormously, and he knew that it had been idiotic of him not to write to her for such a long time. Each of them saw that the other had lived through a period which had not been as good as it might have been, and was cheered by the thought of beginning a better one.

The revue was not yet ended. Really it was not the thing; Johanna's coming without more ado behind the stage before the show was over. But he asked no questions. Instead he wrinkled his seamed face still more and said, half in annoyance, half in jest: "Here you are at last. You might have come sooner anyway." And Johanna replied repentantly: "You're right, Tüverlin." With that, the revue not having yet finished, they left without regret, but amid general disapproval, despised by everybody, even by the firemen and the doorman.

In the street it was pleasantly fresh, and they walked on happily. "You don't look at all in good health and spirits, Tüverlin," said Johanna. "You must take a rest in the country for a while." "Of course I shall," replied Tüverlin, "or did you think I was going to attend all the performances of this masterpiece?" "But where are we going?" asked Johanna. "To my flat, of course," answered Tüverlin. "But I'm dying of hunger," said Johanna. "Perhaps something eatable can be found even in the rooms of a down-at-heels author," replied Tüverlin, adding: "After all that's happened, you'll have to prepare the supper, too." "One wouldn't need to rack one's brains very long to analyse you, Tüverlin," said Johanna. "A blind man could see what you are." "And what am I?" asked Tüverlin. "A naughty little boy, of course," answered Johanna.

While they were walking towards Tüverlin's flat in conversation, the last scene of *Well, That's the Limit* came to a finish. There was noisy applause. But everyone knew that the shouts and the handclapping did not come from the heart, and meant nothing. One man alone did not know it; he stood shouting and stamping, found everything wonderful, and was honestly delighted. A striking man with a long two-pointed beard and little, deep-set glittering, sly blue eyes: Rochus Daisenberger, the Apostle Peter from Oberfernbach.

BOOK IV

POLITICS AND TRADE

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I. THE BATTLE CRUISER ORLOV

It is so early in the afternoon that all the other cinemas in Berlin are either closed or nearly empty, but in front of this one there is a block of cars, policemen, and onlookers. *The Battle Cruiser Orlov* is a film which has been shown already thirty-six times, four times daily, and thirty-six thousand people have seen it. Yet the crowd is as excited as if this were to be the first performance of a spectacle longed for by the whole world.

Dr. Klenk, over-topping all the people round him, declines to be affected by their excitement. The papers say that it is a film which has no construction, no love-interest, no plot, and that it is mere propaganda instead of drama. The kind of thing he may as well see, since he is in Berlin, but he is not going to let the film Jews take him in with their artfully concocted sensations.

A few bars of strident music, chaotic, fortissimo. An excerpt from a secret Admiralty document: on such and such a date the crew of the battle cruiser *Orlov* then stationed before Odessa mutinied because of insufficient rations. A mutiny, what? That's nothing new. When he was a boy he revelled in things like that. The very stuff for big boys. Dr. Klenk grins.

The crew's sleeping-quarters. Hammocks slung close together. A petty officer nosing about among the restlessly tossing sailors. Not badly done. The foulness of the air is well conveyed. And the music is muffled and oppressive.

Next morning. Sailors gathering round a bit of meat hanging on a hook. They examine it with disgust. More and more come up to look at it. It doesn't take long to perceive that the meat is stinking. A close-up of the meat: it is crawling with maggots. Apparently this isn't the first time they've had meat in that condition. They rage about it. Well, that's comprehensible. The ship's doctor is brought along, a somewhat perky gentleman. He puts on his pince-nez, does his duty, inspects the meat, and announces that it is not unfit for consumption. The meat is cooked. The crew refuse to eat it and grumble again. Trivial occurrences, simply portrayed, without emphasis. A bit of stinking meat, sailors, officers. Not particularly gifted officers, apparently, but not particularly bad ones, either. A good average. Officers in Bavaria aren't much better. It is strange that these simple events should so move Dr. Klenk.

The resentment on board swells; one cannot rightly tell how. But there is no doubt that an outburst is bound to come: everybody in the audience feels it. The officers on the screen are taking it too lightly; they ought to intervene decisively, to crush it. Are they blind? Yet in the last year of the War, we felt the same kind of thing coming, and we didn't intervene until it was too late. Of course we hadn't this hammering music to work us up: it's simply infernal, this music, but one can't escape its effect. Of course this film should be censored. It's nothing but a subtle swindle, playing on people's emotions. A bit of maggotty meat is no real reason for throwing discipline overboard. In the War we had to put up with worse than that. . . . And yet Klenk is not entirely on the officers' side; he cannot help sympathizing with the men.

The threatening, insistent music continues, the tension increases. The captain parades the crew on deck and asks: who has any complaints to make about the rations? A few men step forward. Suddenly, one can hardly tell how, these malcontents, the best of the crew and the leading spirits on board, are isolated; a broad and dangerous space yawns between them and the others. Damned clever fellows, these officers; now they've got the mutineers where they want them. The main body of the crew stands in a frightened mass. The little group of leaders is roped off, penned up in a corner. Once they spoke loudly enough, but now they are a wretched, trembling huddle of bodies. A piece of sail-cloth is already spread over them: one or two pathetic grotesque movements are visible through the canvas. Rifles are trained upon them. Commands ring out, cold and precise. One of the men in the main body of the crew opens his mouth and screams in horror. The order to fire is given. But no shot follows it. The rifles do not go off.

A frenzy seizes the people, both those on the screen and those in front of it. Why did the men wait so long? But now the issue is joined, now they are rebelling, now at last the time has come. And the people in front of the screen cheer and applaud those on the screen. They overwhelm the relentless, triumphant, insistent, horrible music with their clapping while on the screen a wild orgy begins as the sailors hunt the officers out of their ridiculous hiding-holes and pitch them overboard into the merrily plashing waves, one after the other, the perky ship's doctor among them and his pince-nez after him.

Klenk sits very still, his breathing is troubled, the huge man sits still as a mouse. It is stupid to censor this sort of thing. It's there, it's in the air one breathes, it exists in the world, it exists in a world of its own; it is madness to close one's eyes to it. One simply must look at it, must listen to this music; one can't simply prohibit it.

The flags are pulled down. A new flag flutters up the mast, amid tremendous enthusiasm, a red flag. Sailors take over the officers' duties: the machinery doesn't function any the worse for that. Flying the red flag, the ship sails into Odessa harbour.

Odessa regards the red flag shyly at first, then the people open their mouths and cheer. They breathe more freely, they break out in rejoicing, they cheer loudly and clearly. At first one by one, then in crowds, the whole city comes in pilgrimage to the ship with the red flag, and to the single sailor who was shot and whose body has been set ashore; they swarm in rowboats round the ship with the red flag, and bring some of their own meagre provisions to give to the sailors.

Klenk is growing restive. Are the others going to give no sign of life? Are they simply going to allow this to go on? He isn't in the least on the other side, he is far too full-blooded not to be carried away by the impetuousness of the mutiny. Only he is annoyed because the lack of reprisals is beginning to give a touch of falsity to the whole affair, which has been so genuine up to now. He is annoyed because it doesn't ring true.

But, see, it's all right after all. There they come, the others. They haven't been idle meanwhile, and there they are.

A flight of steps is shown. An enormous, broad flight of steps which goes on for ever. The populace in an endless train are climbing up to bring their sympathy to the mutineers. But not for long; for the others are on these steps. A line of Cossacks advance down the steps slowly, menacingly, invincibly, their rifles under their arms, barring the whole breadth of the stair. The people waver. The wavering movement quickens, they hasten, they run, they take to their heels, they fly. A few have not noticed anything or do not understand; they still climb on slowly in stupid amazement. The soldiers' boots are shown descending the stairs slowly, step after step; the boots are gigantic, and a little smoke issues from the barrels of the rifles. But now the crowd no longer climbs up the stairs; it flings itself down them, as fast as its wind and its legs will permit. But a few are rolling down, and it is no longer their will that propels them, or their limbs or lungs, but simply the law of gravity: for they are dead. And the boots of the Cossacks go tramping on with the same regularity and more and more people roll down the steps. A woman who has been pushing a perambulator is no longer doing so: no one knows what has become of her, she has simply disappeared: but the perambulator goes on alone of its own impetus, down one step, and then another, and a sixth and a tenth, until finally it comes to a stop. And behind it, slow and enormous, the boots of the Cossacks.

On the sea too they haven't been idle meanwhile. Other ships have been summoned, gigantic, powerful ships. They surround the *Orlov*. On the ship with the red flag everything is clear for action. Her huge smooth glittering guns are being trained, and rise up and down like threatening fabulous monsters; the needles on the dials fly backwards and forwards wildly. All around they come on, the great steel vessels of destruction, powerful and perfect to the last detail. The *Orlov* advances towards them. The ships which are surrounding her, hunting her down, are of the same class as herself, six, eight, ten of them. There is no chance for the *Orlov* to get through, for her guns carry no farther than theirs. She cannot win, she can only in dying drag the others to the same destruction. On the screen and in front of it reigns a wild, agonized suspense as slowly the gigantic ships close in a circle round the *Orlov*.

Then the condemned ship begins to send out signals. Tiny coloured flags rise and fall. The *Orlov* signals: "Don't fire, brothers." She steams slowly towards her enemies, signalling: "Don't fire." One can hear the laboured breathing of the audience; the suspense is almost unendurable. "Don't fire!" is what these eight hundred people in the Berlin cinema are wishing and praying with all their might. Is the Minister Klenk a mild and peaceful man? He is hardly that, he would laugh heartily if anyone thought he was that; he is a rough, wild, aggressive man, there's nothing soft about him. Yet, while the mutineers' battleship is steaming towards the loaded guns, what is he thinking? He too with all the wild ardour of his heart is praying: "Don't fire!"

A boundless joy fills everybody's heart when the circle of enemy ships lets the *Orlov* pass, and she sails unscathed into the neutral harbour.

When, his frieze cloak over his shoulders, his felt hat on his great head, the Minister Klenk stepped out of the darkness of the cinema into the bright street, he was filled with a hitherto unknown embarrassment. What had taken him? Was it likely that he would refuse to fire on mutineers? How was it possible that a man like him had actually wished them not to fire? Well, there it was, one could forbid it, but there it was; there was no sense in closing one's eyes to it.

He caught sight of his face reflected in a shop window, and saw in it an expression of helplessness which he had never observed before. Yes, he looked just like an animal in a trap. What could have taken him? His face didn't look like his own face at all. He smiled a little wryly, waved for a taxi, tapped his pipe and stuck it in his mouth. And already his features had recaptured the old, energetic, satisfied, complacent expression.

II. THE IBEX

Leaning at the buffet in solitude, Klenk, the former Bavarian Minister of Justice, gazed round at the bustling crowd which had come to the reception given by the President of the Reichstag. Since relinquishing office he had begun to see everything with clearer eyes, men and things, Berlin and Munich. When Berlin had declared that the rest of Germany felt Bavaria a burden and a drag on the Reich, he had looked upon it as a silly slander designed to damage the credit of her southern rival. Now, somewhat shaken, he recognized with absolute clarity that for Berlin Bavaria was in truth a backward, refractory child whom one had to drag along on a difficult and perilous journey.

He leaned at the buffet and mechanically devoured one sandwich after another. Was it a good thing for him to be intriguing with the True Germans the moment he was out of office? Everybody was astonished that a man like him should degrade himself so far as to become an agent of the Patriots. Of course he knew as well as the swollen-headed Berliners what was wrong with them. Rupert Kutzner was no Joan of Arc. A talented organizer, a splendid performer on the big drum, but a born blockhead. The other pillar of the Patriots, General Vesemann, had become a bit crazy since his failure in the War. In the great European tragedy, which had started eight years ago with the outbreak of the War, the True Germans were for the time being the comic relief. That was all as clear as daylight. All the same, even when he was opposing it, the patriotic movement had attracted him, and he had often found that it was politically better to follow one's instincts than one's reason.

At any rate it was splendid not to have any responsibilities. He had never been so absolutely a dictator as he was now. Kutzner was flattered to be seen in his company. Domineering as he was, General Vesemann submitted to every one of his proposals after a short, formal protest. The loathsome Toni Riedler had been completely squashed, and had become a miserable nonentity. That warmed Klenk's heart. But what he relished most sweetly of all was the mortal fear inspired in his former colleagues by his sudden appearance among the Patriots. The blackguards, the cunning blackguards who had driven him out. To hell with them, he thought, recalling an old catchword of his country, and in his mind he heard again a few bars of an overture which long ago a great German composer had written to a great English tragedy: it was strangely disturbing, the subdued drum-beats coming with fateful pauses between, worthy of the English tragedy which they preluded, and which for its theme had the fate of a mighty lord of ancient Rome, greatly gifted but still more greatly aspiring, who, flung from his seat by the populace, withdrew menacingly, threatening disaster upon his Fatherland.

He pushed the fifth sandwich into his mouth, and stared round the crowded room. All these people considered him a disappointed climber, a sort of Bavarian Catiline, who had gone over to the riff-raff, the fools and incendiaries, because the others would have nothing to do with him. Perhaps it wouldn't turn out very well for his land, which he loved, that he had been driven to join the riff-raff. On the other hand perhaps if he threw in his whole weight the riff-raff might come off best after all, and he might turn their folly into a blessing.

All the same it was a piece of idiocy, his being drawn into this business. Here he was cadging for Kutzner among the North German capitalists. Was that a job for a man like him, to lick the boots of these blockheads? It would be much wiser to dig himself in for three months at Berchtoldszell, settle down to hunting, and study a few real books. There would be no harm either in keeping a close eye on his son Simon, the brat.

Suddenly Otto Klenk stiffened and crossed the room with a purposive stride, as if he had something of supreme importance to say to someone. Yes, in the corner over there a solitary figure was sitting, uncomfortable and distrait, in a slovenly suit. When the gigantic Klenk approached him he started, stiffened in his turn, and gazed at Klenk with sharp, watchful, critical eyes hidden behind thick glasses.

The mighty Klenk sat down beside the shrinking Dr. Geyer, who scarcely tried to conceal his nervous excitement, for his hands fluttered and his eyes blinked. Klenk began cordially. How did Dr. Geyer like Berlin? Was it coming up to his expectations? He, Klenk, had expected that in Berlin Herr Dr. Geyer would attack Bavarian justice with new fire.

Here Klenk put his finger on a sore spot. In Berlin Dr. Geyer found himself strangely powerless. His speeches in the House and in the committee rooms sounded flat. The celebrated lawyer seemed a fraud. Since he left Munich a kind of paralysis had come over him; his speeches sounded as if they had been learned by rote, like recitations, without life.

The lawyer regarded his enemy. In spite of his affected vivacity Klenk was not looking well. His jacket hung loosely, the bones stuck out on his great, lean skull. The lawyer carefully noted every smallest mark of weakness in his enemy, with mixed feelings. He had been much struck when he had learned that Klenk had gone over to the Patriots; for Klenk wasn't stupid, and loved his native land. The man's illness and the loss of his position must have knocked him badly off the rails if he was now ready to sacrifice the interests of his country for the sake of leading a threepenny party. Dr. Geyer was distressed that the enemy whom he was confronting had fallen so far.

It was not so with Klenk. All day he had been unable to rid himself of a disagreeable feeling of embarrassment. He was accustomed to self-complacency, and this damnably reasonable Berlin had made him taste bitterly and fundamentally the wretched ambiguousness of his confused political policy. It was unpleasant to go about among these assured and clever Berliners as the village idiot from Bavaria. To keep up his superior and jovial air cost the most painful efforts. But here in the presence of this particular individual he soon found himself again. There sat his enemy. Temporarily the stronger of the two, but in reality without a leg to stand on. Of course one must be in the right if one was an opponent of this fellow.

"Do you know, Dr. Geyer," he began, "that everybody is regretting that you left Munich? There's no fun in having a go at small people like your Herr Gruner and your Herr Wieninger. They're bowled over at the first shot. It's a pity that we haven't you with us any longer."

The lawyer himself thought it was a pity. He was missing the cursed town. Not only because he had had to leave his son there, and Klenk, his enemy: he had missed many other things since coming to Berlin. Often of a Sunday morning—so quickly does one acclimatize oneself even to what one dislikes—he would have loved to go to the Tyrolean Café, and sit among his nauseating friends and foes.

He had sighed for an encounter with Klenk and had excogitated brilliant arguments which could not fail to pierce the other's hide. But now looking in the face of the stricken man, he could not summon them. He replied evasively. There were lots of people in Munich who could take his place, he said. Since Herr Kutzner had popped up there were crowds of people flocking to Munich. All the fools whom there was no room for in the Reich had fled to Munich, relying on the Bavarians' lack of discrimination. All the riff-raff that couldn't make their way elsewhere were digging themselves in by the Isar. With good reason, for Bavaria was an excellent hot-bed for such growths.

Klenk thought of General Vesemann, and found that his companion was not so far wrong. But he found too that he had expressed himself lukewarmly, and wasn't in his best form. He did not pursue the subject further. But his sure instinct succeeded in hitting upon the one vulnerable point in his opponent's armour. Here they were sitting comfortably together, he began. It was an admirable thing that people should be able to represent sharply opposed political views and yet get on so well together. Now that he was a mere private spectator of politics he sometimes encountered among the Patriots a young fellow, who, so he had been told, was related to Dr. Geyer. And so the circle always returned to its starting-point.

Dr. Geyer's heart leapt into his mouth when he heard what Klenk said. So it had come at last, from an unexpected side. So they would be allied against him, his enemy and his son. And while he was thinking this he felt a foolish longing to ask Klenk how the boy was getting on. But he restrained this desire, and restrained too the desire to make his enemy feel how powerless he was. He asked nothing and he answered nothing. He simply kept on looking at Klenk, and saw that Klenk was still speaking. And when he began to listen again, he grew aware that Klenk was not really talking to him, but to himself. Klenk was talking of children, of sons. In the question of heredity you lost yourself in the unknown, and science gave you very little to take hold on. Yet as far as feeling went the matter was quite simple. You wanted to propagate yourself; after all, you couldn't bear the thought that some day you wouldn't exist any longer. So you sought yourself again in your children, and consequently desired your children to be like yourself. And he pushed his great, hard skull nearer to the fragile, nervous skull of the lawyer, subdued his deep voice and said confidentially that it was remarkable, but young Erich Bornhaak was easily the best man among the Patriots. But he did not say this maliciously, and immediately went on to speak of his own son Simon, the brat, who was also a good-for-nothing. Yet it was good all the same to have a son.

Very soon afterwards Klenk got up and made ready to go. Before leaving he said: "Apropos. Do you know that if I had only had eight more days in office I would have reprieved your precious Dr. Krüger?" Still sitting, the lawyer gazed up at the man towering above him. He saw that he was not lying. He had indeed no reason to lie. Geyer was sorry that his enemy had risen from his table, sorry that he hadn't said to him something of the many things he should have said. He was sorry that he couldn't make him aware of the devastating effect of this last piece of information. But Klenk said good-night and departed; the unhoped-for encounter was over.

During the next few days Klenk had interviews with the financiers and capitalists from whom the True Germans looked for support. These hours were not exactly agreeable. The gentlemen talked largely about the Fatherland, the German spirit, moral regeneration. But Klenk knew well enough that they only gave the Patriots money because they wanted to do the Reds in the eye, and to raise White organizations against them. When it came to hard cash they relied no longer on sentiment, but demanded guarantees that in exchange for their money the True Germans would provide them with a dependable weapon against the demands of the workers. Klenk liked neither the moral sentiments nor the wrangling over the expense of the various organizations and military bands. He noticed with vexation too how diligently and particularly all these men inquired regarding Reindl's attitude to the Patriotic movement. Klenk could not stand the Fifth Evangelist. He sometimes had the feeling that he, that the whole movement, merely served to amuse Reindl. He noted with discomfort how far-spread was the man's influence.

Nevertheless, Klenk could not complain of lack of success. His hearty, jovial style impressed the commercial magnates. Yet sometimes, when he saw how they confounded profit and patriotism into one indissoluble moral sentiment, in which they honestly believed, a horrible feeling of utter aloneness came over him. He remembered once standing over an ibex which he had shot, a rare animal which an opulent friend of his had allowed him to pot. These ibexes were strange, old-fashioned beasts who refused to adapt themselves, destined to extinction or to survival merely in zoological gardens. They led a haughty, hermit-like existence. They clambered up rough mountainsides, strangely sure-footed, unaffected by the severest cold. They sought the highest peaks and stationed themselves there like statues, solitary and immobile. When their ears were frost-bitten they never noticed it. They were tremendously pugnacious. They could only be tamed when they were quite young: when full-grown they acquired a gloomy, malicious humour, and grew so obstinate that nobody could do anything with them. While he negotiated with the captains of industry, who were all of one mind, all simply out for profit, and for the good of the country, and knew exactly what they wanted, the former Minister Klenk thought of one of those ibexes which he had shot in the Italian Alps.

Klenk flew back to Munich by airplane. Seen from above, the human settlements took up but a tiny fraction of the whole landscape. What one saw were fields, woods, and rivers as they had been for thousands of years. The cities that were so much cracked up were a mere nothing in comparison. If anyone had looked down from the air a thousand years ago he would have seen pretty much the same country in spite of all the song made about great cities, industry, progress, and social changes.

While he was flying over the Danube he thought that probably certain forms of life were really doomed in the course of time to become tame and civilized. Could one declare that a wolf was "less advanced" than a dog? He, at any rate, born once and for all as an ibex, had no intention of becoming a kindly, playful domestic goat. He would take the risk of having his ears frozen off. He would remain an ibex. And he would bring up Simon the brat, as an ibex too.

III. COUNTRY LIFE

They were lying on brown and red leaves in the woods which climbed up the slope, beneath them the lake, above them, shining through the branches, the cloudless sky. This autumn on the Bavarian plateau had been glorious, day after day dawning clear and bright. They swam in the pale waters of the great lake, then after the somewhat cold immersion slapped their arms and legs to warm themselves, and let the hot sun run over their limbs. They sat in the spacious orchard at the simply laid-out table; on the opposite bank of the lake the quiet village, to the south, thin and sharp, the jagged line of the mountains. To the north-east, scarce an hour's drive away, lay the city with its seven hundred thousand inhabitants, all striving feverishly to snatch a little food and clothing out of the money which ran more and more quickly through their fingers from morning to evening. For already one had to give 1665 marks for a dollar, 1100 marks for a hundredweight of potatoes, and the shoddiest winter coat was not to be had under 1270 marks. And, besides, the prices fluctuated so wildly that it made one's head go round. One could get rooms very cheaply, one could travel the long distance from Munich to Berlin for a ridiculously small sum: but for eight pounds of apples one had to pay as much as for that journey, and for fifteen pounds of apples the month's rent of a three-roomed flat. As Johanna and Tüverlin lazed by the great lake it was scarcely believable that less than an hour's journey away people were snatching the newspapers from one another to see in a hasty glance how much more they could charge for their goods than yesterday.

Johanna and Jacques Tüverlin gave it scarcely a thought. Immediately after the appearance of the revue Tüverlin had proposed to Johanna that she should pass the autumn with him somewhere in the country, and Johanna had agreed without further ado. Without asking where they were bound for she had got into Tüverlin's car, and they had driven out to the pale, smooth Ammersee. It looked as if with the unfortunate revue Jacques Tüverlin's run of bad luck was over. One of his books had had an unexpected success in a foreign country and brought him in foreign money, sufficient to live on comfortably for many months in the Germany of the inflation.

While the cities grew delirious they relaxed and lived quietly. They had rented the Villa Seewinkel, a modest but roomy house: Tüverlin was good-humouredly sardonic over the cosy name it had been given. They had their strip of beach, their bathing boxes, a rowboat, and the big orchard. After his distasteful collaboration in Pfaundler's revue Tüverlin threw himself with zeal and enjoyment into his radio play, *The Last Judgment.* He needed material, and he gathered it, piled it up, harnessing Johanna for his work, sparing neither her nor himself. With pedantic thoroughness he he sifted collections of letters, newspapers, biographical and cultural documents. He had to master all that passed for *reality,* the testimony of eye-witnesses, and every scrap of information that could be got at. To obtain a tiny grain of radium didn't one need a huge pile of raw material? So to distil a drop of higher reality he needed endless quantities of raw, unsifted actuality.

Johanna saw with astonishment that he scarcely used his material, and sometimes even transformed it into its opposite. That annoyed her. Why on earth, she asked, did he alter details which were common property, so that his alterations had an appearance of pure perversity? Why did he make his characters listen to the radio at a time when the radio wasn't invented? Why, when he knew well enough what Klenk the Minister of Justice looked like, did he set an imaginary Minister Prenninger in his place? Tüverlin gazed contentedly across at the distant line of the mountains. "Do you see the Braune Wand?" he asked. "Of course I do," replied Johanna. "Do you see the Nine Zacken in front of it?" "But you can't see them from here," she answered in surprise. "Yet if you were to go on twenty-five miles further," he said, "you could photograph them. But then you couldn't photograph the Braune Wand, for it would be hidden. Well, I don't want to photograph this or that detail of the years 2 or 3 in this decade, but to paint a picture of the whole decade. I alter details which have a documentary reality today because at a distance of fifty or perhaps even of twenty years they will have become untrue. There's a big difference between official documentary reality, and historical truth. Perhaps in twenty years the radio will appear significant and essential for an historian of this decade, although it still hadn't been discovered in the third year of it. Now do you understand why I've substituted my imaginary Minister Prenninger for the actual Minister Klenk?" "No," said Johanna.

On the whole it was a good time for Johanna. Regarding the persistent, serious, and cheerful work of this man, one never thought of asking the question: "Is there any meaning in what he's doing? Has it any use? And to whom?" Here everything was shaped with the sureness with which an animal builds its house. Once she asked what "higher reality" he thought he could squeeze out of her actuality. They were lying in the sun on the pathway which fell down towards the lake. He blinked at her; his bare face was now a reddish brown and its stubble of fair hair showed up more clearly. He was too lazy to answer her, he murmured. As she insisted on an answer he went on: of course he knew quite well how he could give her and her life "higher reality." He would show, for instance, how a fight, even for a probably good cause, could make a human being degenerate. He gave her another glance, a sidelong one. She did not reply, but examined her nails, which were no longer gleaming and moon-shaped, but rough and square.

That had been caused partly by Tüverlin's teaching Johanna to drive the car. She took up this new game energetically, purposefully, amid much laughter. In their other free hours they rowed, climbed the woody slopes, and made excursions into the mountains. Swimming in the lake, which was already very cold, Johanna was hardly to be outdone by Tüverlin. Twice, three times, she beat him in power of endurance.

Suddenly one day Tüverlin threw up his work on *The Last Judgment* and began something new. For nearly a week he laboured at it furiously, with concentration. She did not ask him what it was, and he, usually so communicative, did not tell her. Sometimes, even while they were sitting at table, his face took on a strangely gloomy and secret look. Johanna became almost apprehensive of his work, though she was devoted to him.

Then on the sixth day, while they were out in their boat on the lake just as in that first excursion of theirs sixteen months ago, he read out to her what he had written. It was an essay on the Krüger case, which today still remains, by virtue of its clear presentation of the whole law suit and its preliminaries, the coolest and most incisive indictment of the terribly primitive state of justice in that age. When Tüverlin had finished reading this essay, to which he had prefixed the axiom of the philosopher Kant, "Justice and morality stand above all circumstances," he and Johanna talked about Krüger and his lot. Tüverlin was not less severe in his judgment of Krüger than he had been before. Krüger's books annoyed him, the man himself annoyed him. There were worse and more significant victims to be found everywhere. But he thought it self-evident that he should help Krüger all the same. He didn't like big words, he croaked: he didn't like to use terms like morality and social sympathy. But for himself he needed a certain intellectual cleanliness if he were to live at peace with himself. His socialism began at home. Johanna began to row again; she was confused, and did not know what to reply. She did not understand this man whom she loved. Why, unasked, had he assured her that he would help to get this man, his natural rival, out of prison? "With a little practice," he added, "any scoundrel can make a show of being moral. To himself and to the world. For myself I prefer to be fair rather than moral."

When really had Johanna thought last of Martin Krüger? Yesterday? The day before? At all events after her talk with Tüverlin she wrote a series of letters. To the lawyer Löwenmaul, who had been conducting the Krüger case since Geyer's departure for Berlin; to Geyer himself, to Pfisterer, and finally to the Crown Prince Maximilian. In his reply Löwenmaul reckoned up circumstantially all that had been done on Krüger's behalf, all that counted for and against the reopening of the case. There were eleven typewritten pages, from which all that she could make out was that the affair was not going forward. Geyer explained how imbedded the Krüger case was in general political problems. His letter was a brilliant one, polished, ironical, optimistic, keenly logical. But from the handwriting Johanna could see, without having to delve very far into her knowledge, that it was the letter of a broken man. A polite, non-committal, dilatory note reached her from the Crown Prince's secretary. But Dr. Pfisterer, though it must have been a strain for a sick man, wrote her in his own hand, at great length, ramblingly and comfortingly, clinging stubbornly to the hope that after all humanity was noble, helpful, and good.

Tüverlin's success abroad increased. His fame grew, and also his income. He presented Johanna with a car for herself.

Often Johanna thought that it would be fine to have a child by Tüverlin. She wanted to speak to him about it, and tried to hint at it. He did not notice, and she gave it up.

They lived rather primitively. Tüverlin had sent his housekeeper away for a holiday; a sleepy, taciturn peasant girl from the neighbourhood looked after the house for them. One day the girl opened her mouth at last and said she was going to have a child. The fellow who was the father wanted to slide out of it, he would certainly swear it wasn't his. But there was a doctor in town to whom all the girls round went in such cases, and who relieved them of their burdens for a small sum and without fuss. For at that time there were severe penalties for abortion. To the captains of industry and the supporters of the ideal of a great Reich it seemed profitable to raise the birth-rate as far as possible; and without paying regard to the warnings of the clear-sighted they took all the measures they could against birth control. The women who, to preserve their health or to escape poverty, tried to avoid bringing children into the world, required secrecy and above all money to get round the law. The maid asked Johanna whether she couldn't lend her a little money.

Johanna spoke to Tüverlin about it urgently and with passion, in one of their free hours. He might have noticed that she wanted to talk about other things too, about her own affairs. He did not notice, however. He merely said that it was annoying to have to get accustomed to the stupid face of another maid, now that they had only just got used to this one. He hoped a few days in Munich would be enough to settle the matter. With that he gave Johanna a few dark-green dollar notes for the girl. Then they started on *The Last Judgment* again.

IV. OLD BAVARIA

Old Bavaria was not a rich land. It contained the ruins of four mountain systems. These had caused many disturbances in their time; now the surface was quiet at last, and subject to no more tremors. But the land's treasures, the coal and metals, had sunk so far down that they could not be utilized.

The old Bavarian province was a hard, angular fragment of the planet. Even before the Neolithic period it had lain on the frontier between two worlds, a no man's land separated from the northern system and not quite connected with the southern.

The country possessed height and spaciousness, had mountains, lakes, and rivers. Its skies were brilliant, its air gave a glow to all colours. It was a part of the world that was good to look upon, as it sloped from the Alps to the Danube.

The inhabitants of the country from time immemorial had been peasants, hostile to the towns. They loved their fields. They were stubborn and strong, with keen perceptions but weak judgments. Their needs were small; but what they had they held on to with tooth and nail. Slow and stubborn-minded they were unwilling to labour for future benefits and clung to their existing rude comforts and pleasures. They loved the past, were content with the present, and hated the future. They gave to their settlements good, homely names, they built houses on which the eye could dwell with pleasure, and embellished them with solid ornamentation. They loved arts and crafts of all kinds, and had a feeling for gay costumes, festivals, comic shows, church decorations, processions, for abundant meat and drink, for orgies of fighting. They loved, too, mountain climbing and hunting. For the rest they liked to be left in peace, they were content with their life as it was, they were suspicious of everything new.

The centre of this country, Munich, was a huge village with but little industry. It contained a thin, liberal stratum of feudal lords and leading citizens, a small number of the proletariat, and a large lower middle class, still very closely connected with the peasantry. The town was beautiful; its princes had embellished it with rich collections and fine architecture; it possessed palaces of grace and good dimensions, churches of an intimate and moving charm. It had many green places, great beer-gardens with pleasant views of river and mountain. In fine shops were exposed for sale the charming patriarchal furniture of an earlier period, and entertaining knick-knacks of all sorts. The city was based economically on brewing, arts and crafts, banking, timber, and the corn and fruit trade. It produced good applied art, and the best beer in the world. Otherwise it offered little material for industrial development. The more active intellects always left the town; they were recruited from among late-born sons of peasants, who, following the old tradition, had no claim to a patrimony. Since the fall of the dynasty the feudal aristocracy too had withdrawn more and more, the Arco-Valleys, the Öttingen-Wallersteins, the Castell-Castells, the Poschingers and Törrings. Few rich people remained. Only one man in ten thousand was taxed on a capital of one million marks or over. For the rest the city lived a noisy, careless life of good-natured sensuality. It was content with itself. Its watch-words were: Build, brew, be merry.

Three centuries before this the chronicler Johann Turmaier, better known as Aventinus, had said of his countrymen that they were plain and honest, listened to their priests, stayed preferably at home, and travelled little. They were hard drinkers and had big families. Were more devoted to their crops and farm-stock than to war. They were surly, self-willed, and obstinate. They looked down on the merchants, and did little trading. The average Bavarian did as he liked, drank beer day and night, shouted, sang, danced, and played at cards. He liked long knives and other instruments of offence. He considered he had a right to prolonged and noisy wedding feasts, funerals, and church festivals, and nobody grudged him these. In the twentieth century the native historian Doeberl noted that in the Bavarian could be found not a single refined, graceful, or lovable quality. Under a quiet habit of speech, a quiet exterior, the Bavarian had an inclination towards incivility, violence, and gross pleasures, as well as a general taciturnity combined with a hatred of foreigners.

What the Bavarians had wanted above all from the beginning was peace and quiet. In the twentieth century they were no longer left in peace. Hitherto they had been able to buy with the surplus of their products an ample sufficiency for a comfortably unpretending existence. All at once people began to tell them that they were using obsolete methods. With machinery and more rational organization they could get more out of their fields, and one man could do the work of two. Trade had begun to flourish, freights had become cheap. They were told that better and cheaper agricultural produce could be imported from other countries that had a better system. Of a sudden they found that the people outside were no longer dependent on them; they, on the contrary, were dependent on the people outside.

The Bavarians raged; what on earth was up? Things had gone on well enough for such a long time; why should they suddenly refuse to go on well now? The peasants would not admit it, yet things were different. Their fields bore crops as before, yet they didn't bring in enough. Money was incomprehensibly short; and time and again one had to dispense with some commodity which other people enjoyed, which one missed oneself, and which one had been able to allow oneself hitherto out of the surplus of one's crops. One simply had to have those things, one needed them, so with a curse one was forced to conform to the ways of the rest of the Reich. It was no longer possible for everyone to stick to the farm, the village, the country town as before; somehow it didn't work. Many had to move into the big towns, to work in factories, if they were not to starve. The more clear-sighted declared indeed that even that condition would not last. In an industrialized Central Europe an obstinately agrarian Bavarian was of very little consequence. A rationalized world trade in grain would make Bavarian agriculture obsolete, as the motor car had ousted the horse cab. It was only the necessity for a self-sufficient food supply in case of war that made the Reich nurse the expensive farming industry with high grain tariffs and other subsidies. But war was an obsolete method; it was dying out. Already, on this supposition, people were doing their best to abolish tariffs, to conduct industry more rationally, to build up a more sensible Europe. If that were achieved, if Germany threw down its tariffs walls, then it was all up with Bavarian agriculture. The Bavarian would have to lose his peasant qualities, his characteristic traits, and transform himself into a normal human being.

The Bavarians grumbled; they did not want to look into the future, and what was a more sensible Europe to them? They wanted to go on living as before in their beautiful land, with a little art, a little music, with their meat and beer and women and every now and then a holiday and a burst on Sundays. They were quite content as they were. The aliens should leave them in peace, these Bohemians, these Prussian swine, these baboons.

But they were not left in peace. From distant seas great supplies of fish were imported, as well as frozen fish from beyond the seas, as if their own means of life were not sufficient. Motor cars arrived, factories rose, airplanes whirred through the bright air. Already the first railway was winding up one of their highest mountains, and since they themselves hesitated, a railway arrived from the Austrian side and crept up their very highest peak, the Zugspitze. The waters of their rivers were turned into electricity, the slender masts of the overland electric service arose, grey and gleaming, delicate as filigree, in the clear air. Their gloomy and beautiful lake, the Walchensee, was polluted by a great power station which lit arc lamps and drove trains. The face of the land was changed.

Then came a great breath of relief: the inflation. The property of the peasants did not melt away beneath them like the wealth of the townspeople; they were able to pay off the mortgages on their land with depreciated money. The cost of the means of life rose as in the worst years of hunger during the War, and the peasants exploited the crazy situation. They had money to play ducks and drakes with, and they flung it about. Many of them spent more nobly than any peasant had ever been able to do before. The farmer Greindlberger drove in an elegant limousine with a liveried chauffeur from the filthy village of Englschalking into Munich. He himself sat within it in a brown velvet vest, and a green hat with a chamois brush. The dairy farmer Irlbeck in Weilheim ran a racing stable. He owned "Lyra," "The Limit," "Village Idiot," "Banco," the bloodmare "Quelques Fleurs," and two foals, "Titania," and "Happy End." Many farmers did not consider that they were complete without their car and their racing stable.

But amid all the opulence of the inflation the Old Bavarians saw that things were no longer right. Many it is true would not admit it; they shut their eyes, as if by doing so they could exclude the daylight. Yet there were many who felt that their ancient ways were doomed. Their private State was too expensive, they would have to conform to the Reich, they could no longer afford their extra follies. From instinct they became Nationalists, for they felt that the only thing that supported the German farmer was the necessity for food supplies in case of war. So from instinct these peasants, a mixture of Slavonic and Latin blood, became the champions of a pure racial Germany, because in this way they thought they could best defend themselves against a future, alien, more enterprising nomad type.

They were not strong in metaphysics; but they knew that in spite of everything they were the last race to whom it would be granted to live on this fragment of the earth as people had lived for more than a thousand years. This gloomy knowledge prevented them from getting complete satisfaction even out of the inflation. Often, belching after a good meal, rising from the bed of a paid woman, cracking their joints after a satisfying row, one of them would say thoughtfully, without visible cause: "The damned tricksters, the swine."

V. THE SEVEN DEGREES OF HUMAN HAPPINESS

As Jacques Tüverlin was sticking stubbornly to a difficulty in his work which would not yield, Johanna went for a solitary drive through the countryside. She did not take any particular direction. She saw forests, lakes, rivers, always against the background of the mountains. Houses, farms, villages lay strewn about, clean, bright, pleasant. It was a beautiful country.

The manageable little car which Tüverlin had given her had now become almost a part of her. She turned the wheel with the same thoughtless certainty with which she moved her limbs. It was a beautiful country, but it was a somewhat difficult country, which never flowed on evenly for any distance, but always went up and down; it had a long winter and a short summer, and a strong keen air. The lungs and muscles of this young woman were shaped for this country; its fresh winds with the hint of snow from the mountains, its perpetual irregularity of contour suited her.

Tüverlin too suited her. Life with him wasn't a simple matter. He was no man of the world, he was in fact terribly unpractical, he never noticed anything and made many mistakes. But he didn't defend himself for long if he had made a mistake. He would say: "Thirty-five, and yet such an ass!" Other people were different. They often wanted to prove that they were right when they weren't. He didn't understand that. At such times he had an exasperating way of chaffing one good-naturedly but pitilessly. One wasn't always in the mood for his sharp witticisms, though they were certainly not ill-meant. One knocked up against sharp corners in him frequently.

If she were to talk to him about the child that she wanted his face would crinkle up more than ever, and he would wrinkle his nose comically. It would certainly be very difficult to get out of him whether he wanted a child or not. Probably even if she had the courage to talk to him about it, the conversation would end in a theoretical discussion of the population question or something like that.

It would have been easier to talk to Martin Krüger about such things. He was good at entering into one's mood. With him one wouldn't have the feeling that one was sentimental in expecting a clear yes or no, or an explicit Do this or that.

She had been intimate with Martin Krüger, had travelled with him, and shared good and bad times with him. She had travelled with Paul Hessreiter too. But never before had she lived together with a man, sharing work, bed, table, and roof with him, as she was doing now with Jacques Tüverlin. This Jacques of hers, one never knew where one was with him. He had allowed himself to be swindled by his brother like a simpleton. And for days he had never noticed that she wanted to talk to him. He was so stupid. Yet she laid more importance on the opinion of this man than on that of any other human being.

On her way back she came to the crest of a little hill. An unexpected view lay before her. She knew this view, she had often been up here; but every time she was surprised anew to see how suddenly near the mountains were. Dark blue, and farther up glittering white, they lay in strong light and sharp shadow. She saw many peaks, she gazed at one after another; the last of them stretched away deep into the Tyrol, and over the Italian frontier.

Johanna stopped her car on the little summit, leant back in her seat, and gazed at the splendid chain of peaks which lay in front of her. No, it wasn't thinkable that she should live alone again, without Jacques Tüverlin. It was impossible that this should ever come to an end. "Love" was a stupid word. Jacques Tüverlin's face would certainly take on a very sardonic expression if she were to tell him that she "loved" him. All the same it was so; she could only say simply and boldly that she loved him.

She remembered how funny he looked lying in bed with one leg drawn up like a stork, a face like a boy's, a face from which one simply couldn't tell all that he had experienced and thought. She compared him with the other men she had slept with. His strong, hairy chest, his thin loins, his bare, ugly, comical face, which crinkled up sometimes even when he was asleep. A funny man, a stupid man, an ugly man; but the most beautiful, the cleverest, the most beloved man that there was in the whole world. God help him, he ought to have guessed himself what she wanted.

It was beautifully lonely up here. The season for motor tours in the mountains was past; it was beginning to grow cold. The road too was a side road, not particularly good, and used only by those who loved this countryside.

Johanna got out and stamped about for a little to warm her feet. Once everything had seemed so simple; that was when she had gone to swim in the green Isar at the bathing station outside Munich. Now things were going very well, but they were no longer simple. What would happen when Krüger came out of Odelsberg? Suddenly the three furrows appeared on her brow. It would have been lovely if Bornhaak had never crossed her path, it would have been lovely if Martin Krüger had never——

Was it mean to think such things? In that clear atmosphere one could not carry about such heavy thoughts. Conscience was a relative thing. One disinfected one's desires best by dragging them out of the darkness into the light and calling them by their names. Had she any prejudices? It was lovely to live with the man she loved. The fact that once there had been someone else had nothing to do with it. The fact that Martin was sitting in Odelsberg had nothing to do with it. Every moment had its own laws. What had formerly been bad was good, now that she was doing it. She had always learned slowly, but once she had learned the lesson stuck. There were people who came late to maturity. Even to fight for a good cause can demoralize one, Jacques had said. Was she really fighting for Krüger? Or for Tüverlin? Never would she leave this man Tüverlin and his absurdly conscientious work.

The other had once told her about the seven degrees of human happiness. He had sat on a wooden animal in a park in the rain and had explained them. On the third degree he had set women, for her therefore, men. Another step higher was success. Above that was Martin's friend, Kaspar Pröckl and herself. For her, Martin, perhaps? No, not him: obviously Tüverlin. But quite at the top was his work. For Tüverlin too most certainly, far more certainly than for Martin. She had no work. There wasn't any work which she had been born to do. For her there was Tüverlin and nothing beyond him.

Memories were distasteful. What was finished was finished. She wouldn't plague herself any more. She would do for Martin all that could be done. She would do more. She would be fair. It was horrible to think of the six trees. And when Martin came out of Odelsberg, how would he live then? There was no use in brooding over it. She would have to rely on the impulse of the moment; even in her work that had been the only thing that had given her real results. It would be lovely if all this had never been, and she could start everything anew.

Tüverlin would never understand her scruples. Everything he did was so self-evident. Hitherto when things were going badly with her, she had never regretted anything; should she regret anything now that things were going so well?

So this young Bavarian woman stood in the midst of her scenery. She had taken off her cap, the light wind caressed her hair. She had a husband in prison, was living with another man whom she loved, expected a child by him, and did not trust herself to say anything about it. Her situation was far from simple.

Suddenly she felt uncommonly hungry. Twenty minutes' drive further on she knew of an inn with a pleasant terrace. She got in and drove on.

In the inn peasants and drivers of vehicles were sitting. They were playing at cards, and emptying dust-covered bottles, shouting and laughing. Johanna ordered a good strong soup, roast veal, potato salad, and a large jug of beer, and ate heartily.

12. THE AMERICAN DOLLAR LOOKS AT THE COUNTRY

There were silver dollars and paper dollars. On the silver dollars was stamped the head of Liberty. Above it appeared in English: "In God We Trust." On the other side there was an eagle. Above it appeared in Latin: "One Out of Many," and below, "One Dollar." Sometimes too under the Goddess of Liberty appeared "One Out of Many," and above the eagle "In God We Trust." The paper dollars were oblong, black on one side, green on the other. Upon them appeared representations of President Washington, or President Lincoln, or President Grant. On the paper dollars too appeared sometimes the eagle, and at other times the picture of a man in antique costume on a ship, who with his companions was looking devoutly towards the heavens: obviously Columbus, who had just discovered America. The dollar was the most reliable means of exchange at that epoch. Its value stood firm as if designed for eternity.

Mr. Daniel Washington Potter possessed a great number of these dollars. In the United States he was known as "The Far-sighted Dan," because in his business enterprises he took the long view. In Europe he was known as "The Californian Colossus." But he did not behave in the least like a colossus; he was a man who made no display about his doings. He liked to meet all sorts of people.

and was no kill-joy; only he avoided reporters. He was an inquisitive man, interested in people and countries, and in the games of art and politics. But above all he was interested in the alteration of the earth's surface by machinery.

For about this time the surface of the planet began to become unreliable in many places. Grain was brought forth as before, but it no longer brought content and plenty to its cultivators. Far fewer people were needed for cultivation; machinery superseded man and horse power. If the farmers in any locality produced nothing or asked too high a price, one could transport food from outside by various routes and with little trouble. The circle of the individual life was enlarged, people travelled more and more quickly over the earth, saw more clearly the faults of their countrymen and the merits of distant nations, and strove to bend to their own uses whatever appeared profitable in foreign institutions and ways of life. A racial migration began, less violent, less brutal, but more continuous and powerful than the racial migration which had taken place fifteen hundred years before. While earlier the long-settled peasant had looked with contempt on the nomad, the wanderer, the vagabond; now the destiny of the planet was becoming more and more determined by this more plastic type, adapted as it was to the age of speed. The settled type, the peasant, lost in importance; his labour, his significance, his kind were valued less highly.

This interested Far-Sighted Dan. He nosed out the places where these changes were particularly salient. His first great deal had been a deal in wheat, and he had been interested not merely in the deal, but also in the wheat. He travelled about and talked with hosts of people, in offices, in factories, on the fields. Sometimes he pulled out a book and noted something down. Sometimes too he pulled out the book, totted up a sum in silence, and then made an offer, bringing a fraction of his dollars into play. He was a tall man, near-sighted, with thick spectacles; he had a strong, fleshy nose, and thin lips which opened to display prominent teeth. He slouched about in shabby clothes, pipe in mouth, keeping his eyes and his ears wide open. He was ready to enter into a joke, and liked to crack a joke himself. Also he uttered frankly and without affectation his generally well-grounded opinions.

Now Far-Sighted Dan had appeared out of the east. He had had a look at Russia, the last great reservoir of the peasantry in the white world. The experiment that certain men were attempting there in accordance with the sociological theories of K. Marx and N. Lenin interested him. He saw that in Russia there was oil under the ground, that there were bread, fruit, wine, and cattle on its surface, metals in the mountains, people in huts and houses, fish in the rivers and lakes; all hardly exploited yet. The California Colossus appeared in the Kremlin, and gave the men there his views. He was ready to put dollars into their undertaking. The men in the Kremlin listened; they did not like him, and he did not like them. They proposed conditions, he proposed conditions; he drew out his book and made a reckoning. The men in the Kremlin were cautious people, Mr. Daniel Washington Potter was a cautious man; and not much business was done.

Now on his journey back he had time on his hands, and he took a look at Bavaria. There was an acquaintance of his youth living there, a Herr von Reindl. He wired his old friend, and Mr. Reindl declared himself delighted to show him round the country.

When Herr von Reindl received the American's telegram he became thoughtful. Daniel W. Potter was a modest man; one rarely read about him or saw his portrait in the papers; nevertheless Herr von Reindl was convinced that this man in the background was one of the three hundred who were in a position to decide whether there should be war or peace, and how far the Russian, the Indian, and the Chinese experiments were to be allowed to go without interference.

So, after receiving the telegram, Herr von Reindl rang up Herr von Grueber. Privy Councillor Sebastian von Grueber was the man who was transforming the water power of the Bavarian mountains into electricity. Stubbornly, quietly, with success. Just as stubbornly he was building up his Munich Technical Museum. Herr von Reindl produced motor cars, newspapers, ships, and hotels, was interested in iron and coal, purchased pictures and women, and savoured human beings, rare foods, and art; he was often talked about and discussed. Herr von Grueber concerned himself exclusively with his museum and his electricity, and was never heard of. The two men had little in common. This, however, they did have in common, that both possessed power, both loved Bavaria, and both knew that this German province of Bavaria with its population and its cattle, its villages and its capital, its forests and fields and all therein, was destined to be radically transformed, and at short notice. The economy of the Reich, the economy of the European continent demanded it. What both Reindl and Grueber loved in their country was its peasant character; but were they to look on while men from outside came to urge the necessary industrialization of the country. Rather than let an alien in, they themselves furthered its unavoidable development. So they were both working to industrialize Bavaria from within; Reindl with his motor cars, Grueber with his electricity.

When he received the American's telegram therefore, Reindl rang up Herr von Grueber. He was too clever not to admit to himself that Grueber had achieved at least as much as himself. For the electrification of the country was more important than its development in motor transport; it made Bavaria independent of German coal, and raised it among the ranks of far more highly developed provinces. Herr von Grueber had accomplished much. To a superficial glance Bavaria seemed to have remained stuck among the second-rate economies. But the American, with his passion for experimenting, was the very man to recognize how many possibilities still remained in this portion of Central Europe. He would certainly have to be shown their partial failures; that would tickle him. Reindl was too good a Bavarian to imperil the great opportunity—which the American's visit presented—by going behind Grueber's back.

Reindl had lunch with Far-Sighted Dan. They had a table in Pfaundler's restaurant, the carelessly clad gentleman with the prominent teeth, and the pallid, fleshy Bavarian. They were pleased to see each other, ate heartily, drank, and laughed. In Munich the people knew very little about business matters. A man here and there perhaps recognized an American in the man with the prominent teeth. But if anyone had expressed the opinion that the insignificant man who was sitting with the Fifth Evangelist had a bigger say in the fate of Munich than Rupert Kutzner, for instance, the whole town would have roared with laughter over such a crazy crank.

The two men refreshed old memories. Long ago they had travelled about together a great deal. Once they had spent a delightful month together on the sea; for a whole week they had shared the same roof in Seville, during some festival. Now they had not seen each other for a long time. Far-Sighted Dan was thinking that Reindl had grown damned fat, and that he was no longer the handsome figure he had once been. Reindl was thinking that in his time this Potter had been a man with some points to him and a gorgeous boon-companion. Now he had become the typical dollar-hunter.

But when presently Reindl drove through the country with Grueber and the American, when they showed him the fields and the pleasant houses and the slow-moving people and the beauty of the mountains and the power of the rivers, it appeared that Far-Sighted Dan had his points after all. He took notes quietly. He had the car stopped at places where the two Bavarians could discover nothing in the least worth noting. He talked a good deal and was free with his opinions. He saw quite clearly whatever they showed him, and still more clearly what they wanted to conceal from him. He talked too with the people of the country, and if he did not understand at first, then he asked a second and a third time. He was an acute man; Reindl and Grueber would have liked to read his notes and still better his thoughts. The evil was that they could make no headway against his transparent openness. When one asked him anything, he gave a ready and straight answer. What he said was certainly what he thought; but as certainly he kept back a great deal of what he thought. Finally Reindl gave up all attempt at diplomacy, and confined himself to enjoying the countryside. It was towards midday and he was hungry. He stopped the car in front of a modest village inn.

Herr von Grueber was astonished. The Fifth Evangelist insisted that they should dine there. For he had seen a teamster sitting inside with a concoction of flour and liver in front of him which people called "Leberknödel." Suddenly he felt a great desire for it. So there the four men now sat, the three gentlemen and the teamster, and devoured Leberknödel.

Two evenings later the Fifth Evangelist gave a small party for Mr. Potter. He had racked his brains for a long time trying to choose whom he should present to this inquisitive American who had seen so many people and countries. At length he gathered together Grueber, Pfaundler, and Kaspar Pröckl. It had not been easy to bring in the last. Reindl had been playing recently with the plan of setting up a motor-car factory in Nijni Novgorod, and the negotiations had not been unpropitious. But in the end he had cajoled Pröckl not with the pretext of this factory, but through the intervention of his friend, Kläre Holz, the actress. After listening to her descriptions Pröckl had not been able to resist the temptation of seeing the Colossus of California at close quarters.

The party at first was by no means a success. To conceal his uncertainty Pröckl turned on his most ungracious manners. Pfaundler, who had been flattered by Reindl's invitation, soon noticed, for he had a nose, that he had only been paraded before the dollar king as a menagerie exhibit. The Fifth Evangelist himself was not so much at his ease as usual. With one uncertain factor it would not have been so difficult to deal, but here were two of them: the uncertain Pröckl and the uncertain Danny.

The only one who enjoyed himself was Privy Councillor von Grueber. The dollar king was a reasonable man; there were good grounds for thinking that he would invest money in the promising land of Bavaria. He had seen Grueber's technical museum, had understood the plan of it, had recognized the difficulties, and seen how they had been conquered.

The American was inclined to like this Sebastian von Grueber. He was a Bavarian and a man of the world as well, a type up to which one might educate the whole race in this country, if one could only wean them from their overvaluation of their silly local patriotism. They were sly, powerful fellows; their perseverance, today mere mulish obstinacy, could be turned into a profitable proposition if it were properly guided. Their healthy egoism, their slowness, their calmness; out of all these one could make some profit if one didn't waste them exclusively on farming and cattle-breeding. People had underestimated the Zulus and other African tribes; today it had been shown that they were very useful people. The example of this man Grueber showed how far one might educate a Bavarian if one only brought him to his senses.

The room in which they sat was richly furnished; indeed the whole house in the Karolinenplatz was richly furnished. A portrait of Reindl's father hung on the wall, painted in the manner of the Munich artists of yesterday. Many of his countrymen, the American opined, would like that sort of thing enormously; but he himself wouldn't like to have his father rigged up like that in his room. What he liked was a harder kind of art, more palpable, more real. It appeared that he had heard of Martin Krüger; and had actually read one of Jacques Tüverlin's books.

Mr. Potter slouched comfortably in his slovenly clothes, laughed a great deal, felt at ease, and whenever he did not understand a Bavarian expression had it explained to him. Once he asked Kaspar Pröckl why really his good friend Reindl was called the Fifth Evangelist in Bavaria. Pröckl replied bitingly that it was presumably because Reindl possessed the Fifth Evangel which taught one how to grab one's neighbour's wife, ass, and motor car. Mr. Potter said: "Thanks, now I know." Herr von Grueber laughed mightily.

Herr Pfaundler related how, at a great sacrifice, he had tried to set a revue going, by this same Tüverlin of whom he thought as highly as Mr. Potter. He was just as convinced as Mr. Potter that Munich had a future only as a cosmopolitan city, an art centre. He had a nose for these things. For years he had been trying to provide entertainment which at the same time would be good art. That was why he had asked Tüverlin to collaborate with him in this revue. Unfortunately it wasn't going well, Munich wasn't advanced enough for it after all. That evening he had arranged for the revue to be given over the radio, so as to encourage the people round about to come. Mr. Potter was interested. The loud-speaker was turned on.

Now from the loud-speaker came dialogue and songs from *Well, That's the Limit.* It was the second act; shorn of the glitter of the stage, the text and the music seemed to everyone richly fatuous. They felt almost ashamed before the American. But he seemed interested, listened attentively, asked certain words to be explained, and pieced the play together. It turned out that he, a foreigner thrown among this race of mountain peasants, had been able by the sole use of an unembarrassed and ordinary mind to get somewhere near to Tüverlin's original intention by listening to the emasculated, bowdlerized, mangled text. For him a breath of Aristophanes came from the play after all. It changed the title back again from *Well, That's the Limit* to *Kasperl and the Class War.*

Pfaundler did not know whether to be pleased or annoyed. The thought that had he followed Tüverlin's ideas he might have been able to make the revue a success gnawed at him. Pröckl listened with gloomy and strained attention to the American's attempts to interpret the revue, and though he rejected them with fury, at moments he recognized in them clearly and immediately Jacques Tüverlin's passionately human yet reasonable faith.

But then the bull-fight scene came on; the march, the impudent little air, began. As in ten thousand homes in the Upper Bavarian plateau, so in this richly furnished room in Reindl's villa it carried everybody away, ran through their veins. As it made the Communist more communistic, the True German more patriotic, the criminal more criminal, the pious more pious, the lecherous more lecherous; so now too it made Pröckl believe more frantically than ever in Moscow, and Herr Pfaundler swear a sacred and silent oath that he would once more make Munich the art centre it had once been. Far-Sighted Dan, however, took his pipe out of his mouth for the first time since he had finished eating, got up and moved closer to the loud-speaker; he looked slightly comic, and reminded one of a well-known advertisement representing a dog listening to his master's voice coming out of a gramophone. Then the American laughed from ear to ear. "I listened to that during my most important interview in the Kremlin. So that's by Jacques Tüverlin?"

Kaspar Pröckl was shocked. He knew of course that in Moscow people did not concern themselves exclusively with the pure word and its dissemination, but that occasionally people ate, drank, whored, and listened to cheap music much like this. All the same it seemed criminal to him that a conference between a Russian leader and a great American financier which was of vital importance for the land of Marxism should be accompanied by this cheap and vulgar air. He asked sharply: "Who was it you had dealings with in the Kremlin?" The American put his pipe between his teeth again, and stared with languid interest at the lean face of the young engineer, at the prominent cheek-bones and the deep-set, savage eyes. "I don't understand," he said. "Who dealt with you?" Kaspar Pröckl repeated roughly, underlining every word. The American chewed out five or six names, the highest, the most reverenced by Kaspar Pröckl. Then, apparently without reserve, he began to speak about Russia. To his astonishment the young engineer had to recognize that the American knew all about the economic relations and lands and peoples of the Soviet Republic, and that he was also well acquainted with the Marxian theory. This horrified Pröckl. Could it be that anyone could understand the theory and yet not maintain it? The dollar king was obviously powerful enough to eliminate himself from all compulsion; yet all the same he rejected the theory on grounds of pure reason. Kaspar Pröckl argued passionately with him; he kept repeating rudely again and again: "Do you understand?" Sometimes the American did not understand, but only because of Pröckl's broken dialect. The others listened, and magical as Pröckl's fanaticism could sometimes be, the dry sentences which the American spat out were too much for him.

Later, after the performance of the revue was over, Kläre Holz arrived. Pfaundler proposed that she should sing the bull-fighter's march, but she declined, saying that it was nothing without the chorus and accompaniment. She was told of the dispute between Kaspar Pröckl and the American. She gently took possession of the young engineer. She was eager that he should sing his ballads. He had never done so since his visit to the painter Landholzer. He hesitated. He had a burning desire to sing and at the same time a violent disinclination. At last she screwed him to the point. He passionately wished to convince the American; perhaps what the actual sight of Russia hadn't succeeded in doing his poetry might; that is, in making the dollar king, even if it were only for a few minutes, believe in Marx and Lenin. The Fifth Evangelist had not heard the ballads since that time in Garmisch; he was very eager to hear them again. Kaspar Pröckl recited his poems as he had done then, clearly, challengingly, devoutly; those biting and malicious verses about the daily round of the working-man, fashioned out of the popular speech of the great city, brazen, juicy, free. There were new verses too; they were still better and sharper than the earlier ones; and Kaspar Pröckl did not sing them any worse than that other time; on the contrary he threw all his heart into them. Yet curiously enough they did not seize hold of the listeners this time; and apparently this was caused by the presence of Far-Sighted Dan, who, pipe in mouth, listened curiously, sympathetically, and impassively. When Kaspar Pröckl put the banjo away there was a short, painful silence. Then the American clapped his hands softly and said: "Very nice. Thank you."

Later he said, seeing that Frau Holz wouldn't sing, perhaps they could find a gramophone record with the march of the bullfighters. And, behold, the record was found. Mr. Daniel W. Potter, one of the three hundred men who on this planet were in a position to decide such things as war and peace, disease and health, plenty and hunger, danced with the actress Kläre Holz to the strains of that melody.

The four others looked on in silence. Herr von Grueber wondered whether the American would invest some of his dollars in this beautiful country and its power works. He hoped that Mr. Potter would put further questions to him. But Mr. Potter merely asked whether Tüverlin the writer was still in Munich. He wanted to meet him and talk to him. "Just as I talk to you, old chap," he said to Reindl, "heart to heart." And the Fifth Evangelist could not tell whether he was having a joke at his expense or not.

VII. "GOOD EVENING, RAT"

Martin Krüger's worst nine months began when the disappointed Prison Governor learned who Klenk's successor was to be. Under Hartl, Förtsch would have been certain of promotion; but with Messerschmidt's appointment his long and anxious efforts and calculations were once more brought to nothing. For the first time after so many years of humble patience and of trying to catch the tone of his superiors, he lost his temper. He rose in arms, went over to the opposition Government, to the real Government, and joined the True Germans.

The man Krüger was made aware of Förtsch's new political attitude by having his writing forbidden again without any grounds being given. A sharp conflict began between Convict 2478 and the Prison Governor, and Martin knew that this conflict would not end until Förtsch had attained the thirteenth grade of the Civil Service. The Krüger of earlier days would soon have been defeated. He would not have been able to restrain himself, his heart and his tongue would have betrayed him. Now, absorbed in the study of Goya's pictures, he had found a better way of relieving his feelings, he had become more astute. Oh, he was an astute rebel, firmly resolved not to be carried away. With sixteen months of prison life behind him, he had learned to submit, to be pliant and tough.

While Martin Krüger had been sitting in his cell, a new summer and a new autumn had passed, and winter was coming on. The German Foreign Minister had been murdered during that time, Benito Mussolini had made himself master of Italy, the Turks had defeated Greece decisively, the Irish Free State had achieved recognition. France, as its business men could not come to an agreement with the German magnates, was threatening to occupy the Ruhr. Meanwhile a great many Germans had become millionaires, but by no means rich millionaires: for if you had a million marks you possessed no more than 125 dollars.

The bare quarters where Martin Krüger sat had remained unchanged during those events; but he himself was changed. At the beginning he had been violent; then he had become subdued, slack, sunk within himself; then radiantly happy in his work; now he was hard and tough. He still had heart attacks, but otherwise his health was not bad. He had become used to the monotonous taste of the food, mostly dried vegetables: peas, beans, lentils, barley groats, potatoes; always the same, badly cooked, the disgusting soda flavour in them all. Once so fastidious, he was used now to his own dirt and the dirt of his surroundings, the stench from the white bucket, the foul evil atmosphere of the prison. Yet all that couldn't break him down; he had taken care of that. He had thought out a cunning system of gymnastic exercises to keep him fit. He would not succumb.

Quickly Förtsch withdrew his earlier privileges one after the other. Once more Krüger was only allowed to receive letters once every three months. Visitors were forbidden. During his walks between the six trees he had nobody to speak to now; Leonhard Renkmaier vanished from his ken, and there was nobody to call him "Doctor." Instead of occupying his days with Goya, he gummed paper bags, and picked oakum, and sewed sacks which gave out a disgusting and stifling smell. He was kept in strict isolation; even when the prison barber, a convict, shaved him, two warders stood by to see that he did not talk. But he had grown cunning and knew how to keep in contact with the other prisoners by rapping and all kinds of methods.

He did not allow himself to be ruffled in spite of Förtsch's utmost efforts. In spite of provocation he gave no opening which could lead to further punishment. He suppressed his resentment and kept it for the solitude of the cell.

Now and then when Martin was taking his walk inquisitive faces would peer from the corridor windows. Förtsch had no longer any compunction in exhibiting his celebrated convict to the ladies of the district. He pointed out the peculiarities of his prisoner like an attendant in the zoological gardens speaking of some rare animal. Martin Krüger did not rebel. He had long since ceased thinking of his dignity. He peeped up at the creatures at the window. They had breasts and thighs: they were women. For months he had not seen any women.

He suffered most of all from the deprivation of sex. From all the cells he heard of the same hunger, which the soda mingled with the food did not alleviate. Every second message that was rapped through to him was about sex. To get rid of their lustful desires the prisoners invented cunning contrivances. The more ingenious even did a trade in them. In the endless nights Martin Krüger saw the same lecherous faces thousands of times over. He pictured to himself the form of the dead girl Anna Elisabeth Haider as it had appeared in her portrait. What an ass he had been not to take her. He thought of Goya, of the naked and the clothed Maya. Once when vague strains of music came from Odelsberg village, from a great distance, a gramophone perhaps or the radio, he thought he recognized a scrap of the old-fashioned air which Johanna had used to hum between her teeth. Then an unendurable, a savage hunger for Johanna came over him. He compared Johanna's body with the Haider girl's portrait. The Spanish painter's Maya got confused with Johanna's image. He bit his arms and his legs, and longed wildly to have her there in the flesh.

When he lay at night on his plank bed he could see the sharp shadows of the window bars thrown on the ceiling by the electric lamp outside. He had got into the habit of writing words and short sentences in the air in the handwriting of Francisco Goya. Now on the barred shadows on the ceiling he wrote phantom letters which appeared and dissolved as on a cinema screen: Johanna's name, his own, Förtsch's name, also tiny obscene outlines and sketches. With his phantom pencil he wrote there wise and forgiving things, but the most of what he wrote was obscene, evil, bitter.

He followed carefully the various phases of the process for securing a re-trial. When he learned of Messerschmidt's appointment, he founded new hopes on this unknown name which he had never heard before. Messerschmidt,* a curious name. For whom was he fashioning knives? For him, Krüger? Or for those who were oppressing him? He weighed the matter, calculated, spun fantasies. He insisted on knowing of every tiniest fluctuation in his prospects. He was always terrified lest they should forget something. He believed in Kaspar Pröckl; he trusted Johanna. Nevertheless he was afraid lest they might overlook some opportunity. He overlooked nothing himself. It was he, he only, who was sitting here in the prison of Odelsberg. His friends might be ever so solicitous or love him ever so ardently; but vicarious imprisonment and vicarious suffering were lesser spurs than one's own pain.

He awaited Johanna's visit in agitation. They would restrict this visit to the minimum, at the best to the prescribed half-hour; but perhaps even, under the pretext that there were not sufficient warders available, to twenty minutes or even to ten. He counted the hours which would pass before Johanna came. He pictured to himself her last visit, arranged the questions in order which he should ask her, and weeded them out, so that the warders might have nothing to object to. Three months were two thousand two hundred and eight hours, and the time allowed for a visit was only half an hour, perhaps even less. A precious half-hour; for its effect must last for the other two thousand two hundred and eight hours. Every second must be filled, must be employed to the best advantage; one must consider carefully how one should treat it, and not spoil it by becoming excited.

Then Johanna really came; she sat there in the flesh, in blooming health, and talked in her actual, vigorous voice. He had carefully considered what he should say to her, and had imagined her answers. Now he was listening to them; good, cordial answers. Her voice was in the cell, her readiness to help him, her strong, broad face. But everything remained lifeless and grew more unreal the longer she was there. It had been far more real before she had come. His heart had been filled with agitated joy; now it had collapsed like an empty sack.

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* Messerschmidt in German means cutler, literally "knife-smith."

Johanna could not establish any contact with him. No, no, she wouldn't regard Martin's misery with Tüverlin's watered-down sobriety. Tüverlin was right, no doubt; everything was being done for Martin that could be done. But she wanted to give Martin more than his due. She had come with warmth in her heart. But now that she was sitting opposite him she spoke without ardour, filled only with a lukewarm friendliness. She reproached herself for not thinking wholly and exclusively of Martin during those brief minutes. But she was remembering how Tüverlin had said to her that he would prove from her case how even fighting for something good could demoralize a human being. She had to put a curb on herself to keep from asking Martin fatuously whether one grew nobler through suffering.

Suddenly—she had only mechanically been listening to Krüger's last words—he said, and it was as if a stone had struck her: "They all say that striving and suffering makes people better. Perhaps it may, if you're free to go where you like." The quietness with which he said this, the colourless voice in which he said "free to go where you like," smote her to the heart. All at once Tüverlin was gone, everything else was gone, and only Martin was there. All at once she had an endless number of important things to say to him. But now the prescribed time was over; she was thrown into despair: she had wasted the time on her own silly thoughts. Martin Krüger sat there in empty disappointment. He had carefully prepared for the visit; now he had exhausted his resources before it was over.

That night he raged against himself for not having employed Johanna's visit better. Oh, that wretched night, its rage, its impotence, its lust, its regret.

More of those nights came. Martin Krüger began to be afraid of them. "How long?" he asked in a strangely loud voice in the solitude of his cell. "How long?" He translated it into all the languages he knew. "How long?" he wrote at night in Goya's handwriting on the shadow bars on the ceiling.

On one of those nights a rat visited him. He recalled old stories of a court fool who had been imprisoned by the Pompadour because she had considered herself insulted by him. This man had told how he had tamed the rats in his dungeon, which had certainly been more wretched than Martin's cell. During the next few nights Krüger waited anxiously, with excitement, for the rat's visit. He had strewn the remains of his supper on the floor. And, behold, the rat came. He said: "Good evening, rat," and, lo, it did not run away. From that time it came every now and then, and the man Krüger carried on conversations with it. He told it of his former grandeur and of his combat with Governor Förtsch, of his despair and his hope, and he asked it: "How long?" It was a great solace and comfort to him. But then the hole was discovered and plugged up, and the man Krüger was once more alone.

VIII. BEFORE THE TREES ARE IN BLOSSOM

A mere century before this the German archæologist Schliemann had made excavations on the site of the ancient city of Troy, and brought many lost treasures to light. Among other things hundreds of spindles. The German discoverer was struck by the fact that every one of these was inscribed with the same symbol: a cross with hooked bars. It was a symbol which had spread all over the world: to the yellow races it served as a lucky charm, to the Hindus as a sexual emblem. But Heinrich Schliemann did not know this. He asked a French archæologist, a certain Emile Burnouf, regarding the significance of the wonderful cross. Monsieur Burnouf, who liked fanciful jests, persuaded the credulous German that the ancient Aryans, who kindled their sacred fires by boring with a stick, had employed wooden objects shaped like this as the feminine complement to their bore-sticks. The trustful Herr Schliemann believed the facetious Monsieur Burnouf, and wrote a commentary on the hooked-cross, the Swastika, as a typcial Aryan phenomenon. The German Patriots made this pronouncement the cornerstone of their racial theory, and chose the Hindu emblem of fruitfulness as their sacred symbol. A Leipzig business man manufactured stamps on which the Swastika flaunted itself, surrounded by the motto: "Aryan blood, Always good."

He had a success. Schoolboys stuck the stamps in their albums, small business people gummed them on the backs of their envelopes. Patriotic jewellers, incited by this, gave currency to the Swastika as a tie-pin. Patriotic ethnologists constructed theories on it, ethical and æsthetic hypotheses. With the growth of the True Germans the symbol, until then chiefly to be seen in Japanese and Chinese gambling dens and in the temples of many-armed Hindu deities, became along with the coif-shaped cupolas of the unfinished cathedral and the Munich "Baby" masquerading as a monk, the most popular feature of that city.

The great, blood-red banner of the True German bore this symbol. The dwellers in the Bavarian plateau painted it on their walls, especially on the walls of their public lavatories. It was worn as a brooch and as a ring; many had it even tattooed on their bodies. Under this symbol the Munich people repaired to the meetings of Rupert Kutzner. For every Monday, at first in the Kapuziner Brewery, later in the huge beer-halls of three or four other breweries, the Leader addressed the people.

Ever more confident grew the cry that the Patriots would soon show their strength. From one Monday to the next it was expected that Kutzner would at last name the exact day. Ever greater crowds streamed to his meetings; and officials and public servants insisted on earlier closing of their offices so as to obtain seats. No one wanted to miss the announcement of the day of freedom.

In one of the blue trams which carried people to the Kapuziner beer cellar, stood now, squeezed among others, the antique merchant, Cajetan Lechner. He had been in Holland; he had seen his casket again. The Dutchman had invited him to supper. The food had been good and abundant; but embarrassed by the presence of the servants and the unfamiliar table trappings Lechner had not taken proper advantage of it. Afterwards he had cursed the Dutchman, the greedy swine, the mean dog, who had let his guest starve.

All the same he had taken photographs of the casket, good photographs; he often stood before them, his heart full of tenderness, indignant over the Government which had first compelled him to part with the casket, and then had suffered a Galician Jew to snatch the yellow house from under his nose. He was going to hear Kutzner, convinced that the Leader would avenge him and make it certain that he would yet come to the top of the tree.

As he was getting off the tram someone jostled him roughly and said in apology: "Hoppla, Herr Neighbour." It was Hautseneder. Lechner hated this tenant of his in Unteranger; for the case against Hautseneder for throwing his landlord out of the flat was still dragging on. Now they were pressed close together in the crowd, pushed forward side by side in the crush. They growled a little, and snapped at each other, but finally they were deposited together in the beer-hall and at the same table. They had no choice but to exchange a surly word or two.

It was a good half-hour before the beginning of the meeting, but already the hall was packed. Through the low-hanging clouds of tobacco smoke swam tomato-red round faces with moustaches, and grey earthenware jugs. Newsboys cried: "The banned number of the *Fatherland Record*," for the authorities banned newspapers now and then, but took no measures to carry out the ban. The crowd waited patiently, cursing meanwhile over the injustice of the Government. Frau Therese Hautseneder for example had had a personal experience of the iniquity of the new regime. A travelling salesman had sold her an Apollo Vacuum Cleaner on the instalment plan. Then another salesman had arrived who had offered her a Triumph Vacuum Cleaner, also on the instalment plan; and somewhat cheaper. He had told her that he would square the matter with the other salesman. But he had done nothing of the kind, and now she was having to pay for both vacuum cleaners. Busy all day in the Sendlinger Linoleum Factory, Herr Hautseneder announced that he had no intention of sacrificing four months' wages for her silly fancies, she had always been a fool, and he was going to get a divorce. For her part Frau Hautseneder decided to fling herself into the Isar. A long-drawn-out law suit began. The lawyers talked of selling goods under false pretences and such-like things. The whole thing ended in a tame compromise which satisfied nobody; and thereupon Herr and Frau Hautseneder, no less than the salesmen for the Triumph and the Apollo, who were equally irritated by the existing organization of society, went over to the True Germans.

While they were waiting for the entry of the Leader many related stories of similar iniquities. They all raged about the daily and stupid depreciation of the mark; they all held the Jews and the Government responsible for it; and they all looked for deliverance to Kutzner. The retired Sanitary Inspector Ersinger was a gentleman who laid great insistence on cleanliness. To keep soul and body, house and clothing, clean during these wretched times was not an easy matter. He was a docile man inclined to obey his superiors even when the origin of their power was questionable. But when his wife hung up newspapers in the water closet instead of the customary hygienic roll of toilet paper, his patience gave way and he went over to Kutzner. Bruckner, the foreman bricklayer, had had three sons killed in the War, one on the Somme, one on the Aisne, and one on the Isonzo; his fourth son had found a grave in the Carpathians. The Church had no comfort for the cursing old man, except that God chastened those whom He loved. The foreman bricklayer found better comfort with Kutzner. Frau Beradt, the Councillor's widow, had got rid, it was true, of her distasteful tenant Anna Elisabeth Haider through the latter's decease. But her succeeding tenants also behaved in a most disorderly way, making noises, receiving questionable visits, and in spite of her commands cooking in their rooms with electrical contrivances. Had a respectable widow lady to put up with that? She had. She could not get rid of the rabble, because of those godless regulations protecting tenants. But the Leader, she hoped, would put that right. Herr Josef Feichtinger, classical teacher at the Luitpold Secondary School, had changed his tram at the Isartorplatz, where he had a small purchase to make, instead of at Stachus. He had not taken the shortest route prescribed for those who used a transfer, and he was fined. He had lived for forty-two years without a blot on his honour; under this Government, apparently, a man was fined because he bought two exercise books in the Isartorplatz. He went over to Kutzner. In Berlin the disgruntled went over to the Communists; in Munich they flew to the Swastika.

The smoke became denser, the sweat and heat stronger, the grey beer jugs vaguer, the round faces redder. The antique dealer Lechner drew his checked handkerchief oftener and oftener from his pocket. At last, escorted by banners, marching to the blaring brass music, amid immense cheering, Rupert Kutzner made his entrance, his head with the carefully groomed parting held erect.

He spoke of the shameful peace of Versailles, of the brazen legal trickeries of Poincaré, of the international plots of the Freemasons and the Jews. What he said was not new, but it was given a novel effect by the juiciness of his dialect, the force of his presentation. Then, his voice full of admiration and reverence, he spoke of the Italian leader Mussolini, who by his daring had made himself master of Rome and the Apennine peninsula. Mussolini's energy, he shouted, must be Bavaria's splendid example too, and he jeered at the German Government and prophesied the march to Berlin. He described how that decadent city would fall without a blow into the hands of the True Germans. The hall was quite still while he was speaking of the march to Berlin. Everybody was waiting for him to announce the fated day; Cajetan Lechner paused in the middle of a sternutation, so as not to disturb the silence. But the Leader did not express himself clearly and bluntly like the daily announcements of the dollar exchange; he became poetical. "Before the trees blossom," he shouted, pointing to the flags with the exotic symbol, "these flags will wave in victory."

Before the trees blossom. That was a prophecy which fixed itself in those men's hearts. They listened in happy silence. Rupert Kutzner's magnificent and empty boast and vigorous gesture carried them off their feet. They forgot that their little heaps of paper money were worthless, that their provision for old age was endangered. How well this man knew how to put their dreams into words! How largely his arms waved in the air, how mightily his fists buffeted the table, how vigorously were they flung out in disdain, and how well he could parody ironically those gestures by which the more trenchant comic papers of that time characterized the Jewish race! They hung rapturously on his every movement and, when they set down their jugs on the table, forced their clumsy hands to particular delicacy of balance, so that not a sound might drown his precious words. Sometimes the Leader raised his voice so that his listeners might know that the time had come to applaud. He employed the intervals of deafening applause to wipe the sweat from his brow, and then—this too with a large gesture—to seize his beer jug, and drink deeply.

Then he spoke of that melancholy Berlin Government which had no better weapon against the righteous anger of the people than a state of martial law. "We True Germans," he shouted, "would have no need of martial law if we were in power." "Then what would you do?" interjected a deep and sonorous voice. Rupert Kutzner paused for a moment. Then amid the tense silence he said softly, with a dreamy smile: "We would give our opponents a legal hanging."

Now the True Germans made up four per cent of the population; thirty-four per cent were neutral; sixty-two per cent were opposed to the True Germans.

Everybody in the hall was smiling now, with the same reflective smile as the Leader. They saw their opponents hanging with blue protruding tongues from gallows or trees. Lechner saw the Galician Jew hanging, the purchaser of the yellow house. Frau Hautseneder saw the two vacuum-cleaner salesmen hanging; they saw Frau Hautseneder hanging; and everybody drank deeply and contentedly out of the great grey beer jugs.

Rochus Daisenberger, too, saw certain parties hanging from trees, fellow-members of Oberfernbach parish council who had snatched some rôle in the sacred play from under his nose, the miserable sneaks. He saw them being hanged, and he saw himself assisting in that procedure. In Oberfernbach he had several times given Judas expert advice on that subject. Yes, the Apostle Peter had settled in Munich. His inner voice had been right enough: in those times there were pickings in the city for a prophet who was not duly honoured in his own village. He had given up his beloved horses and set up a garage in Munich. When nobody else was there one could carry on conversations with the cars: for a motor car too was one of God's creatures. The garage wasn't doing badly in spite of the needy times, for Rochus Daisenberger was a favourite with the Patriots, a pillar of the party in a manner of speaking, a good liaison officer with the people of the plains.

And Rupert Kutzner smashed his triumphant way through his speech. Smoke and heat did not trouble him. His lungs held out. They were as impervious as a machine, the greatest asset of the Party: the Leader took great care of them. At every one of his speeches Konrad Stolzing, the actor, had to be present. Thirty years previously this man had enchanted Munich audiences as Romeo, a character of the dramatic poet Shakespeare, and as Ferdinand von Walter, a character of the dramatic poet Schiller. Fifteen years later he had gone over to character parts; now he devoted himself exclusively to the histrionic education of the younger generation. A happy star had thrown together the statesman Kutzner and the actor Stolzing. For had not a celebrated French leader a hundred and twenty years before collaborated with a dramatic artist, a certain Talma? Konrad Stolzing dedicated himself to his great pupil with devotion. He taught him how to walk with an unmoved expression through a beer-cellar full of people, cool, undisturbed by the gaze of thousands of eyes; and how to walk with dignity, putting down one's toes first, not one's heels. He taught him how to economize his breath, and how to make his elocution clear by rolling his *r*'s. He schooled him in the art of making an elegant and dignified entrance. The old man was revived again by the talent and the faithful diligence of his pupil. Daily, in spite of overwork, Kutzner rehearsed with the old actor. Already the Leader could speak for eight hours on end without showing fatigue, and without violating his master's instructions. The old man with the impressive Roman head sat through all the Leader's speeches, and watched his pauses for breathing, his pronunciation of his *r*'s, his walk, his drinking, and saw that they possessed elegance and dignity.

He found nothing now in his pupil to cavil at. In spite of the smoke Kutzner's voice rang out clearly. Everything fitted, everything got across. The actor had been the man who had interrupted, asking how the True Germans would settle their opponents. He had rehearsed the reply with Kutzner, the effective pause, the reflective smile. Just so had he smiled twenty-five years before in the rôle of Hamlet, a character of the dramatic poet Shakespeare. The smile went down; it had its effect just as it had had twenty-five years before.

The Leader delivered his address in three other great beer-halls as well: in the Spaten Brewery, in the Munich Baby, and in the Arzberger cellars. Three times more he marched, splendidly escorted by his storm troops, through the stench of beer and the shouts of his audiences. Three times more the actor made his interjection and Rupert Kutzner smiled as Hamlet-Stolzing had smiled on the boards of the Munich Court Theatre. Three times more, while he pointed to the banners with the Swastika, he prophesied that they would march to Berlin "before the trees blossom." "Before the trees blossom": the words rang menacingly, caressingly, seductively in the ears of twelve thousand Munich citizens. "Before the trees blossom"; the words graved themselves in twelve thousand Munich hearts.

IX. AN EXCERPT FROM THE HISTORY OF MUNICH

During those years one of the favourite means of settling with a political opponent was to murder him. The custom of assassinating political opponents had found a home particularly in Germany, Italy, Russia, and the Balkans. In Germany it was chiefly supporters of the Right parties who, unequal in the employment of intellectual weapons to the leaders of the Left, fell back on this means.

In Munich the refutation of the arguments of the Left parties by the murder of those who disseminated them was particularly fashionable. The leader of the Munich Revolution which had taken place on the 7th November of the last year of the War had been a certain Kurt Eisner, a Jewish author of Berlin birth. On the 21st February of the following year, after this Eisner as Ministerial President had brought order into Bavaria, a young lieutenant, a certain Count Arco, after reading some Clerical journals, shot him down. It happened on Eisner's way to Parliament, where he had intended to lay down his office. Soldiers set up a pyramid of bayonets over the cobbles reddened by Eisner's blood, and garlanded them with flowers. Many people wept. Fifty thousand Munich men attended the murdered man's funeral. Eight months later the murderer was a very popular figure. He had been sentenced to death; then the sentence was commuted to confinement in a fortress, during which confinement he worked daily as a probationer on a farm in the neighbourhood of Landsberg. An airplane was also put at his disposal. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to a managerial post in a company subsidized by the State.

Following the assassination of Eisner, a government inclining to the Left assumed power. It was forcibly overthrown by the Conservatives. As the rumours grew in Munich that the approaching Conservative soldiers were putting all prisoners belonging to the Red Army against the wall, the Red troops in reprisal shot without trial six members of the nationalistic Thule Association who had been arrested for forging the seals of the Socialist government; four other prisoners were also shot. The incoming Conservative troops on their side killed, in the so-called process of delivering the city, 547 people, according to official statistics. But the Socialists maintained that this figure was too low, and that their records increased it to a figure somewhere between 812 and 1748. Thirty-eight soldiers of the Government were killed. According to official statistics 184 civilians were "accidentally killed" during the struggle for Munich. A great number of the people who were shot, bludgeoned, and accidently killed were robbed of their money and clothes.

The following year a right-wing government under the leadership of a certain Kapp seized power in Berlin. This right-wing *coup d'état* miscarried just as the Bavarian left-wing *coup d'état* had done the year before. The 705 high traitors of the Right who were impeached in Berlin were sentenced in all to a total term of 5 years confinement. The 112 high traitors of the Left in Bavaria were sentenced to a total term of 480 years, 8 months imprisonment, and two of them were sentenced to be shot. The reason why there were so few high traitors impeached in Bavaria was due to the fact that during the struggle most of them had been shot, beaten to death, or fatally wounded. None of the actors in the right-wing *coup d'état* had been slain in taking over power.

Among the fatally wounded during the deliverance of Munich by the Conservatives was the Socialist and pacifist Gustav Landauer, one of the best-known writers of his age. There exist several records by eye-witnesses of the way in which he met his death. Landauer had been arrested outside Munich, at first taken before the local court at Starnberg, and then driven in a motor truck through the Forstenrieder Park to the prison of Stadelheim near Munich. In Stadelheim Landauer and his fellow-prisoners were surrounded by a guard of soldiers, Landauer made a short speech about militarism, condemning the militarism of the left wing no less than that of the right. Thereupon he was beaten by the soldiers, and a major, a certain von Gagern, struck him over the face with the crop of his riding-whip. A soldier whose name is unknown, and another soldier, a certain Digele, thereupon shot Landauer in the back with their revolvers, so that he collapsed on the ground. Seeing that he still writhed a little, he was kicked to death. When a friend of his discovered him, his coat, trousers, boots, overcoat, and watch were gone. At the Munich petty court Major von Gagern was fined 300 marks, or 48 gold marks. Private Digele, who had shot Landauer and confiscated his watch, was at a court martial in Freiburg cleared of the responsibility for his victim's death, as he had only carried out the command of his superiors; and for his confiscation of the watch he was sentenced to 5 weeks' imprisonment, which had already expired before the trial. After that he was promoted to the rank of corporal.

A certain Dr. Karl Horn, professor of mathematics and physics, was arrested by two soldiers of the Conservative Party, and then given a paper testifying that his arrest had been a mistake. Next day he was once more arrested by two armed men, taken to one of the staff headquarters, and without being examined was handed over to three soldiers by Lieutenant Dingelreiter, who was on duty, with the words: "Take him to Stadelheim." He tried in vain to show the paper that had been given him. On a meadow on the way to Stadelheim he was shot from behind by his escort. A few hours later his dead body was found by his wife and his nine-year-old son, lying across the footpath. His shoes, his watch with chain and pendant, and the contents of his pockets were missing. No action was taken against the lieutenant and the three soldiers. The widow's appeal was turned down by the county court and the Supreme Court in Munich on the grounds that the fatally wounded man had belonged to a socialistic and rebellious circle and thereby had indirectly provoked the soldiers' offence.

Georg Kling and his daughter Marie Kling performed voluntary nursing service for the left-wing troops. Marie Kling was brought before a court martial, exonerated, and was to be released next day. When her father went to fetch her on the day of her release, she had been transferred to Stadelheim prison and was being utilized there as a target. The soldiers shot her first in the ankle, then in the calf of the leg, then in the thigh, then through the head. As the documents regarding this example of military justice went astray, no action was taken.

When the troops of the Conservative volunteer corps Lützow marched into the little hamlet of Perlach near Munich they arrested twelve workmen in their beds, some of whom were of no party, and some right-wing Socialists. None of them had taken part in the struggle, and on none of them could any arms be found. The landlord in the Perlach inn asked to be allowed to give the prisoners coffee: he got the answer that they would not need anything further. After they had begged and prayed for their lives the prisoners were shot by twos and threes on a coal heap in the Hof Brewery and their belongings and papers filched. No action was taken against the agents. The appeal of the twelve widows and thirty-five children whom they had left behind was turned down by the Supreme Court.

Testimonies by all the parties concerned are available regarding the planned but abortive execution of a certain Schleusinger of Starnberg, near Munich. This Schleusinger was conducted with some twenty other young men to the place of execution. A huge, grey wagon full of chloride of lime and carbolic rumbled in front of them. They came to a meadow which was terminated by a railway embankment. A hundred yards away stood a dense crowd of curious sight-seers. The condemned men were stationed with their backs to the embankment; the soldiers stood at a distance of about eight yards away. At the last moment one of the prisoners broke through the ring of soldiers. Shots were fired after him. Soldiers ran to catch him up. In mortal terror the fugitive rushed towards a bog, struck down a soldier who tried to stop him, and reached some high reeds where he took cover. Exasperated by this the commanding officer decided that the "ringleader" Schleusinger should be compelled, before his execution, to witness what such executions looked like. When the man made to turn his head aside, a revolver was applied to each of his temples: he was compelled to look on and see his comrades collapsing before him like sacks. But when his own time was come, a man came running up panting and waving a white piece of paper with all his might: it was the chief magistrate of the place. The officer read the paper and commanded in a disappointed tone that Schleusinger should be taken back to his cell. Since that hour he has been a grey-haired and broken man: but the others are dead.

Twenty-one supporters of the Conservative parties too met their death. An association called "The Catholic Comrades" held a meeting a few days after the delivery of Munich to discuss the performance of a sacred play. Somebody, probably some practical joker, denounced this meeting as Bolshevistic. Thereupon a certain Captain von Alt-Sutterheim had the Catholic Comrades arrested. They were conducted to the Karolinenplatz, a beautiful, elegant, and quiet square, where stood an obelisk 105 feet high commemorating the 30,000 Bavarians who, serving under

Napoleon as the price for his raising Bavaria to the dignity of a kingdom, perished in his Russian campaign. Five of the twenty-one Catholic Comrades were shot within sight of the obelisk; the others were conducted to a cellar. There the soldiers set about finishing off their prisoners, during which process a bayonet got bent. One of the victims lacked the half of the back of his head; all lacked their belongings; the nose of one was trampled flat with his face. On the top of the corpses the soldiers danced one of the negro dances then coming into fashion. Then they dutifully reported themselves as having shot 21 Bolshevists. The names of the murdered men were: J. Lachenmaier, J. Stadler, F. Adler, J. Bachhuber, S. Ballat, A. Businger, J. Fischer, M. Fischer. F. Grammann, M. Grünbauer, J. Hamberger, J. Krapf, J. Lang, B. Pichler, P. Prachtl, L. Ruth, K. Samberger, F. Schönberger, A. Stadler, F. Stöger, K. Wimmer. As this time the accidentally killed belonged to the ruling Catholic party certain of the soldiers who had occasioned this unfortunate accident were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Against the responsible officer no action was taken.

The city hymn of Munich continued to assert after these unhappy events as before them: as long as the Isar runs green through the town, you'll find jolly good fellows in Munich.

X. THE MAGIC CAP

When the ex-Minister Klenk begged over the telephone for an interview, Herr von Reindl responded with insulting indifference that he hoped Klenk would not consider it discourteous if he received him in the presence of the masseur; his time was so damnably occupied. Klenk was furious at the shamelessness of the man, which nevertheless impressed him. He replied: "Don't stand on ceremony, old chap."

Next morning while he was walking on foot the short distance to Reindl's house in the Karolinenplatz, he congratulated himself on not having paid Reindl out for his impertinence. The True

Germans needed money. The old bird would fork out some, that was the important thing. The visit must be made a success, nothing else mattered. But he was a disgusting fellow, all the same, the Fifth Evangelist. All this glitter and brilliance, all this high-flown, nimble, intellectual foppery. And a sybarite at that. A really suspicious fellow, taken all in all, true blue though his utterances might be. But he, Klenk, had his measure.

Yes, Klenk was well pleased with himself at present; the scruples which had plagued him in Berlin had soon vanished. As soon as he had returned to Munich he had put all his cunning and wisdom at the service of the True Germans. That movement suited him; that was the way to achieve the position he wanted. Officially Kutzner could hold the stage as long as he liked; his marvellous lungs, his indefatigable tongue were the best weapons the Party had, and he had also a talent for organization, one had to allow that. And General Vesemann and the Peasant leader Toni Riedler left Klenk free to organize all the military side of the business. He had had his fill of Parliament, the semblance of power had no seductions for him, he wanted real power. And he had it. He dictated the broad lines of policy, and provided the ideas.

That people looked upon him as the real leader was shown whenever he chanced to meet his old enemies and colleagues in the Club. That was the cream of the jest: to see how uncertain they all became, Ditram, Flaucher, Hartl; how busily they all courted him with perspiring faces and anxious smiles. Already Ditram was circumspectly hinting; seeing that Klenk had so happily recovered his health, how would his inclinations run if it should turn out that Messerschmidt couldn't carry on? Could they reckon eventually on the renewed collaboration of their esteemed colleague?

Yes, he was in great request. When he thought of the gentlemen in the Cabinet, Klenk smiled with deep satisfaction. It had always been a good principle to rule from behind the scenes, to remain in the background. These astute fellows, the Clericals, who always did that, knew why. Otto Klenk was no fool: he too could whistle at Parliament. Reindl could receive him in the lavatory if he liked. The time was coming when he would pay him back.

While the masseur was kneading away at him Reindl explained to Klenk, not unsympathetically, that the Patriots' leadership was not efficient enough, considering the amount of money that the industrialists had invested in them. When one regarded what Italy had done in return for the capitalists' support, Herr Kutzner cut a pretty poor figure, he said, groaning voluptuously in the firm grip of the masseur.

Klenk replied that that was because while the Party had a great body of supporters among the people, the men of influence, much as they sympathized with the True Germans, had hardly any of them enough pluck to declare themselves openly. For instance the fire with which Herr von Reindl's Munich mouthpiece, the editor Sonntag, fought for the Patriots was very admirable; but wasn't it strange that Herr von Reindl's North German newspapers wrote the most absolute black, red, and gold tripe, not in the least patriotic? (Black, red, and gold were the colours of the Empire.) Herr von Reindl shrugged his shoulders; very expressively, considering that he was lying on his belly. A clever man, he said, adapted himself to the air he had to breathe. A policy that might succeed in Munich would be far from finding countenance in Berlin. One must be able to tell by one's nose whether a place was fit for a dynamite factory or a sanatorium.

Both gentlemen laughed, even the masseur joined in obsequiously, but inwardly Klenk was raging at the coolness with which Reindl enumerated his axioms. In all his bulk, wrapped in his woollen cloak, he sat at the foot of the couch on a plush-covered stool, and from the wall "Leda and the Swan," a copy by the painter Lenbach after an Italian master, looked down at him with an empty and voluptuous gaze. The Bavarian air, he replied, deliberately misunderstanding the Fifth Evangelist's ambiguous analogy, suited the patriotic movement astonishingly well, at any rate. "That is indeed astonishing," replied Reindl, while his well-oiled back reddened under Herr Zwelfinger's kneading hands, "when one considers how much your Prussian militarism goes against our grain." Klenk had to put up with Reindl's insolence in quoting himself as a typical Bavarian.

"We Bavarians," he said slowly in his powerful bass voice, "support Nationalism because it is the best means of taking the ground from under the feet of the Reds. We split the revolutionary ranks in strengthening the section which comes over to the Patriots." The masseur Zwelfinger smiled inwardly over the gravity with which people announced here that snow was white; for that the big-wigs were helping the True Germans merely out of spite against the Socialists was a commonplace even to him. "Quite true," said Reindl patronizingly, twisting his head round so that he might look up at Klenk with his round eyes. "Quite true," he repeated with brazen triteness. "We're supporting Kutzner on condition that he empties the Socialists' ranks."

Coming to business, he remarked that he would be glad to procure money for them. He thought he might manage to get certain organizations to make monetary contributions to the True Germans. Klenk became urgent: wouldn't he himself—?

No, the Fifth Evangelist himself would contribute nothing for Herr Klenk and his Party. He raised himself up; the masseur drew back, startled. The pale, stout man gleaming with oil, and the tall brown-faced man looked each other in the eye. For this was the crux of the whole matter; not that Reindl should lend his money to Klenk's enterprise, but that he should lend his name. "Look here, Klenk," and the whole bulk of the man was a mass of soft, good-humoured mockery, "Look here. As a good True German you are no doubt acquainted with the old German legends. So it must have struck you sometime that the heroes of these fine old tales very often owed their success to a kind of magical apparatus which rendered them invisible, a magic cap. The ideologues of your Party term that—correct me if I'm wrong—Nordic guile. As a modern financier I must admit that your old German writers discovered there a very good principle which is of some value even today. Without his magic cap Gunther would never have won Brunhilde, and I too, if I may compare small things with great, I mightn't have won several things without my magic cap. To be fine but not showy, not to talk too much, and not to push oneself forward, that's still a good motto. You yourself, if I'm not mistaken, have come to the same conclusion lately. Why should you want me to do the opposite?"

Yes, there the Fifth Evangelist had hit the nail on the head. Klenk was remaining in the background; he was putting Kutzner and Vesemann forward, somewhat as a modern hotel continues to hang out the old sign with the medieval coat-of-arms. He hadn't even let himself be entered as a member of the Party. Damn it, how often Reindl managed to be right. He would have to give up the attempt. A clear yes or no wasn't to be got out of the fellow. He *sympathized*, but his name mustn't be named.

The gentleman who wasn't to be named was still lying on his belly in visible content, and still turned to Klenk his back which Herr Zwelfinger was busily kneading. It was hopeless to attempt to make the man show his face.

When he left the Fifth Evangelist, Klenk carried with him the promise that that very day an organization with a high-sounding non-committal title should send him a large cheque to be used for the objects of the True Germans. Was Klenk huffed because once more it was only an anonymous organization he had secured, and not Reindl? Naturally enough he was grumbling to himself as he descended the great stairs past "The Dying Aretino," a huge painting showing a decorative and garlanded greybeard sinking back surrounded by opulent whores at a gorgeously decked table. The empty gas-bag, he thought. How he always rubbed it into one that he regarded the whole True German party as a pack of cabbage-heads. He was right, of course. It was rotten to have to work with just such a superlatively stupid party as that. One needed to be younger for that. Then one might be able to fling oneself more recklessly into the filthy stream, simply because it was a powerful one. He considered bringing his son Simon, the brat, to Munich. That young man was throwing about his weight in Allertshausen; he was enthusiastically for his father and Kutzner. He would be equal to it; he should be doing it. He was young, and had the right to be stupid.

Despite these reflections it never occurred to Klenk to throw Reindl's cheque back in his face. In his heart he did not take it badly of Reindl that Reindl was in the right. You can learn from that man, Otto Klenk, he told himself. The magic cap. He grew more and more pleased. His day would come, he thought, and in his heart he heard the soft drum taps of that overture which had haunted him in Berlin.

XI. THE NORDIC IDEA

In the offices of the True Germans Erich Bornhaak was working with wild enthusiasm. The international political situation was becoming more tense from day to day; the constituted authorities were growing weaker, the Patriots stronger. Before the trees blossomed, Kutzner had predicted, he would assume power. Until then there was much to be done. Neither Klenk nor Kutzner concerned themselves with petty details; all depended on Erich.

A very motley crowd passed in and out of the Patriots' headquarters. Rochus Daisenberger, for instance, arrived with bills of expenses. He still wore his shaggy silver-grey beard, his flowing hair parted in the middle, also his solemn black frock-coat. With enthusiasm he had taken up an apostle's rôle in the splendid play of the True Germans. He did good work. Above all in the country districts. Things were going well with the peasants; they paid off their debts in the worthless currency of the inflation, and lived more luxuriously than ever. The lean man with the small cunning eyes explained to them that by the abolition of the Jews' compound interest the True Germans would perpetuate for ever their present happy state. He preached at them slyly and dramatically. His appearances were impressive; wherever he laboured the number of registered members of the Party mounted. But the holy agitator was rather expensive. His travelling expenses were high;

the cars which he hired out and sold to the Party were dearer than those in any other garage. As a matter of form Erich Bornhaak contented himself with deducting an item here and there. The coffers of the Party were overflowing. German capitalists as well as certain circles in foreign countries were not niggardly with their money. Erich had no objection to the sly apostle's having a good time.

Professor Balthasar von Osternacher came too. The make-up of the Patriotic movement had attracted him; the banners, the uniforms, the military glitter, the exotic fertility symbol, Kutzner's grand gestures and resounding voice. He was painting a portrait of the Leader in a flattering Renaissance style, which was to adorn the assembly hall of the Edda League.

Herr Pfaundler too often appeared in the offices of the Patriots. Doubtful at first, he had changed over after the True Germans instituted dress parades. Patriotism can't dispense with entertainment, and entertainment can't dispense with patriotism, was his present device. He dreamt of a solemn consecration of the banners, in which he would attend to the decoration of the route and the arranging of the procession.

His work finished at headquarters, Erich drove to Kutzner's private address. Whenever he was left to himself his buoyancy crumbled off like badly applied paint. He crouched in his car, unusually dejected. Yes, damn it, everything connected with his friend Dellmaier seemed to go wrong. The dog-poisoning affair had got tangled up again, and wasn't straightening itself out at all. That damned Messerschmidt with his cast-iron sense of justice. Of course he had to turn his great ox eyes on this case in particular. He had locked up von Dellmaier afresh, and he wouldn't set him free. If Erich was throwing himself with such wild energy into the party work, it was chiefly because he was resolved that Kutzner and Vesemann should get his friend out of prison. Already he had achieved a great deal; already the case was becoming a question of prestige, a trial of strength between the True Germans and their sole remaining opponent in the Ministry.

Insarova, now Kutzner's secretary, was sitting in the anteroom. The languishing Russian had not followed the advice of the reliable Dr. Bernays, had not gone to the English sanatorium to undergo the heroic course of treatment. Instead she had begun to worship Kutzner so boundlessly after attending one of his meetings that the flattered Leader had acceded to her humble request for a post in the Party, and had appointed her as his private secretary. So she sat in his antechamber now, thinner, sicklier, more elegant every day, and span petty intrigues, and was very pleased with herself.

Erich demanded that she should obtain for him and at once a half-hour's chat with the distracted and overworked Kutzner, who had always ten simultaneous irons in the fire; he wanted to speak to him without being disturbed even by telephone or telegram messages. Erich was resolved to venture a final big push for von Dellmaier. He must goad Kutzner to the point of dealing with the case at his next Monday meeting, of making the release of von Dellmaier a plank in his programme.

Insarova tried to put him off. She liked Erich Bornhaak, she liked to flirt with him, and was ready to oblige him. But the Leader was overburdened with work; a prominent figure had made an appointment with him, and an important telephone message from Berlin was expected every moment. She made difficulties. Erich was urgent and insisted. She admitted him to Kutzner.

Erich knew how to deal with the man; he could stroke him the right way, and put him in his pocket. He suggested a few ideas to him so artfully that the Leader thought they were his own. The sole reason the Government had for the new arrest of von Dellmaier was that they wanted to deprive the Patriotic movement of such a valuable supporter. They could only fasten a crime on this much-deserving man by twisting to their own uses the damned, formalist Roman code which the priests and the Jews had fobbed off on the German people. Any unprejudiced man could read von Dellmaier's innocence from his very face. His sole crime was his patriotic opinions. Poison dogs! That man! It was the most brazen impudence that the priest-ridden government was showing. The release of von Dellmaier was a matter of honour for the Party. He noted that the Leader seized the effectiveness of his arguments. Kutzner's mask-like empty face became animated; it began to work as if he were already addressing an audience. When Erich left he carried with him a definite promise by the Leader that on Monday he would speak on the von Dellmaier case, and the confident assurance that from his, Erich's, arguments, Kutzner would be able to concoct an effective oration.

Was not this young man Erich Bornhaak in a very fortunate position? At a time when things were looking bad for most of the people in his country, he had money, prestige, and the admiration of young women. He was good to look upon, no longer too young and by no means vapid. The War and many other disagreeable things behind him, he stood there, a tried man. He had lain down with death, and risen up with death; he had savoured all the stenches of the world; what could touch him now? And now he would snatch his friend Georg out of prison too; it was only a matter of weeks. If anybody had, then surely he had reason to be pleased with himself.

Yet he was not pleased with himself. The days passed and he felt stale and dejected. When he was alone he longed for company; when he was with company it filled him was nausea. He got no pleasure out of riding or money or business; he got no pleasure out of his jokes with Alois the boxer. He was even doubtful if it would give him much satisfaction to get Georg at last out of prison. Every morning he woke with the feeling one has after a night spent in drinking bad alcohol and sleeping with women who are not worth while. What did it matter to him that he could do with Kutzner what he liked? What did it matter to him that Insarova made eyes at him? He didn't care a fig what the young fools in the Party and the women thought of him.

These moods were fatuous. He was behaving like a movie star.

It had all started with that damned whore, Johanna Krain, laughing at him. Wrong again. It had all begun when he had read that Professor Jäger's son had shot himself because he was ashamed of his undeniably true-blue German father.

Fatherhood, blood relationship. What after all had *science* discovered about blood relationship. Nothing. Not even whether acquired characteristics could be transmitted. The whole scientific question of race was in its beginnings. One could differentiate four blood groups, and knew that Europe showed a very high percentage of members of one blood group and Asia a high percentage of members of another blood group. More than this about the connexion between blood and race was not known. Nothing was known about the distribution of the other two blood groups, nothing about the influence of environment, nothing about the selective processes which led to the development of a given blood composition in a given climate. Erich Bornhaak racked his brains over the value of blood-group distribution as a means of determining race. He studied the works of Dungern, Walter Scheidt, and Hirschfeld, plodding through all the voluminous literature on the subject. Net result: the four blood groups, that was all.

The Patriots' methods of thought were simple. Where there were gaps in knowledge, they bridged them with emotion. The theory that exalted the Nordic, German race as the natural masters of the world had been established by Frenchmen and Anglo-Saxons. What concepts they flung about! "Aristocratic culture," "ruling race," "southern and eastern races." Emotional values, all of them. An elaborate mythology, built as precariously as children build their sand castles on the beach. Nowhere solid scientific ground. When one examined it closely, the Nordic Idea, it was simple bluff. There was no scientific criterion which made possible a racial classification of men in accordance with the constitution of their blood, their brains, and their capabilities.

And yet: there were Jews who had died rather than be held to be Aryans, and the young student Jäger had shot himself because he was the son of a true-blue German father.

He, Erich, had fairer hair and bluer eyes than the majority of the True Germans; there were many among them who would have paid in dollars to have such fair hair and blue eyes as his. If physical characteristics decided the question he was a Nordic twice over. What a piece of idiocy to think that these physical characteristics were a sign of creative power. Obviously, only those who had nothing to show except these same characteristics had excogitated such a reasonable theory. The creative spirit, heroic hate, and heroic love and all the other things connoted by the Nordic Idea, didn't they exist as much among the brown and yellow races, didn't they flourish by the Pacific and the Indian seas as well as by the Atlantic?

Yes, damn it, it was just because the theory rejected logic and demanded faith that it appealed to him. One was tempted to fill one's heart with the Nordic Idea and with faith in heroism. It afforded an outlet for all one's secret mysticism. Everything solved itself so simply when one divided mankind into two: heroic, master races destined by nature to exploit, and cowards and slaves, destined to be exploited.

He was fresh and daring, a sight for men and women to feed their eyes on. Yes, certainly he belonged to the master race which had founded an aristocratic culture on the earth. Never, never could the voluble, hysterical Geyer have been his father. He despised from the bottom of his heart the old creature whom his mother had taken in with her good Nordic guile.

All the same it was desirable to obtain absolute certainty. Sometimes he caught himself making a gesture, some little movement which he had noticed in the old man too. That might be habit or imitation. He would have to analyse it thoroughly, this matter between him and the old man. Professor Zangemeister in Königsberg had invented a graded photometer by which one could register the most delicate blood reactions. When the blood serum of two individuals was mingled, sometimes you got a clear solution, sometimes a turbid state. By the graded photometer one could register the degree of turbidity, establish the curve of cloudiness or clarity. In a given unit of time a mixture of serum taken from two blood relations lost a little of its clarity, but with serum taken from blood strangers the clarity changed to turbidity. Many things could be established by this invention. Only: how could he screw the old man to the point of undergoing the Königsberg blood test?

Women like Insarova ran after him, but Johanna Krain had laughed. It would be awful to be the son of that disgusting fellow, Geyer. She was a typical woman of the Bavarian race. The orthodox racial theorists did not accept the Bavarians as true-blue Nordics. They were round-skulls, they said, homines Alpini, in essence Dinarian, infected by the mongrel blood of Romans and Wends.

The student Jäger had shot himself because he was the son of his father.

He himself, when he told them in the Party that people hinted that Dr. Geyer was his father, was answered with roars of laughter. Nobody who saw the soldierlike strapping youth believed in this rumoured paternity. They teased him roughly and good-humouredly.

On one of those days, while a party was drinking and making merry in his house with the dog-masks, Erich Bornhaak put some Yiddish songs on the gramophone as a joke. The company laughed heartily, but presently found it boring. Finally only Erich was left listening to the records, while the others were talking about something else. The songs were emotional, melancholy, ecstatic. They were full of yearning for mother love, they sang of little joys, and lamented over the dead killed in pogroms.

Quite late Klenk arrived; it was a great mark of honour. When he heard that Erich had given a Yiddish concert, he roared with laughter and demanded to have the records played again. But Erich made excuses, and when Klenk urged him further actually said no.

Next Monday Rupert Kutzner spoke to his followers on the von Dellmaier case. He was in great form. He described graphically the despicable methods by which the Government was trying to deprive the True German movement of one of its most important men. There were many innocent people sitting in German prisons at that time; Martin Krüger was not the only case; daily the newspapers told of unjust sentences at which the majority of the population were indignant. Yet none among the thousands who listened while Kutzner flamed with anger at this injustice crying to the heavens, thought of the wrongfully condemned men mentioned in the newspapers. While Kutzner was thundering his only indignation at innocence shamefully persecuted, Lechner, the antique dealer, did not think of the man Krüger, of whose guilt he had by no means been convinced when he was on the jury. No, to them all persecuted innocence appeared solely in the form of the Patriot Georg von Dellmaier. The whole meeting, whipped up by the Leader's words, rose in a storm of indignation, and there were shouts of "Shame!" and threats against the Minister Messerschmidt. When at last a portrait of the insurance agent von Dellmaier was projected on the screen and with a spacious gesture Rupert Kutzner cried: "Does that look like a man who poisons dogs?" men sprang to their feet, banged their grey beer jugs on the wooden tables, and shouted, thousand-voiced, "No!" and the banners with the Swastika were dipped in honour of Dellmaier's portrait. Even so, twenty-five years before, had the actor Konrad Stolzing exhibited the dead body of Caius Julius Caesar, when he played the rôle of Mark Antony, a character of the English poetic dramatist Shakespeare.

To three more meetings that evening Kutzner spoke of von Dellmaier. He spoke of German faith, German justice, German comradeship, and in pithy terms castigated the insolent pride of his opponent, who wished to entrap a man of German blood by throwing on him the suspicion of being capable of killing a faithful animal such as a dog. Three times more indignation surged up, three times more the banners with the exotic fertility symbols were dipped before the portrait of von Dellmaier.

Erich was at all three meetings, and his heart beat high. He almost loved Kutzner.

XII. MY NATIVE CITY, CLEVER OR STUPID

Fascinated by the variety and animation of the great city, the impressionable Herr Hessreiter remained for a long time in Berlin. But gradually the keen, rapid life there began to eat into his spirit too insistently. To have to deal all day with unimaginative people, to bargain with them, to be on the spot all the time; that wasn't the thing for a man of culture with a villa in the English Garden. He longed more and more for his Munich, for the Ludwigstrasse, the Tyrolean Café, his house in Schwabing, for the Isar, the mountains, the Club. If, walking through the crowded streets, he had first thought his own countrymen phlegmatic, he now found them philosophically calm. Their rudenesss became natural vigour, their lack of judgment romanticism, poetry.

He had entered into a liaison with a little Berlin actress. But she too was infected with the hustle of city life; her days were filled with the hunt for money, influence, rôles, *the* rôle, a career. She had little time left for him; he found her lacking in understanding and affection for the small things in his life.

One evening after she had put him off again on account of some professional matter, he was overwhelmed by the complete desolation of his life in Berlin. To hear some Munich voices at least, he went to the Anhalter Station and stood at the departure platform for Munich. There, as the Munich train was drawing out of the station, he realized what was his next, his most urgent duty: the picture of Frau von Radolny, huge, languorous, ever more powerfully seductive, rose in front of him.

Why had it been so long in occurring to him? It was his duty to compose the schism between the city of Munich and this woman, this typical Munich citizen, and to put an end to the silly boycott. He rushed straightway to the ticket office, and secured a berth in the sleeper for the next evening. He would set that right again; with manly pride he would throw his protecting arms round Katharina and guard her from the fatuous scandal of the town.

Since his return to Germany he had kept away from Katharina.

Even now he wouldn't write her, he would give her a surprise. He stroked his short side whiskers which for some fourteen days now had again been allowed to grow. He would throw himself with all his strength into the fight for Katharina. When next evening he set off the sleeping compartment was all too small for his active spirit. He had to take some drops to induce sleep.

Next evening he went to Pfaundler's theatre and saw *Well, That's the Limit.* After the bad reports he had heard of the revue, he found it astonishingly good. He laughed uproariously over Bob Richards, the musical instrument imitator, and at the noise-making instruments of Herr Druckseis. He rapped excitedly on the floor with the ivory-headed cane which since his French tour he had been accustomed to bring to the theatre; and the bullfight incited him to loud applause. But what warmed his heart most intimately was the scene called "The Naked Truth." Boyishly enraptured, he enjoyed the languorously graceful, sensuous charms of his mistress Katharina, thinking the while of certain paintings by the Flemish master, P. P. Rubens.

During the intermission he sought out Frau von Radolny in her dressing-room. He found her in the costume of the Tibetan goddess, munching a liver sausage with a hearty appetite. He had prepared a graceful greeting which was now spoiled, but even so it was good. He enjoyed comfortably the nearness of the voluptuous, rosy, good-looking lady. Katharina was astute; she concealed her delighted surprise, and greeted him without reproach and without elation, as if he had left her the evening before on the best of terms. A warm, homelike feeling came over him. He could not understand why he had made the long detour by Berlin. He forgot Johanna, the Restaurant Orvillier in Paris, the porcelain factories in southern France, Madame Mitsou, his dealings in Berlin offices, the traffic on the Kurfürstendamm; all these were gone, blown away by the breath of this woman who, as she ate her liver sausage, talked with him in the old, calm, friendly fashion.

Herr Pfaundler had heard of Hessreiter's return, and after the performance the three of them dined together. It was a cosy meal. Herr Hessreiter compared Herr Pfaundler's tasteful restaurant with the great Berlin eating-houses in which one nourished oneself wholesomely at best but without enjoyment on dishes indifferently prepared. With an occasional languid assent from Katharina the two men cursed Berlin. Already the great city which had impressed him so much with its millions of telegraph wires, its shafts and pipes underground, its endless succession of houses and swarming crowds above ground, its masts, lights, and flying craft soaring into the air; already the romantic image of this city was paling in Hessreiter's fleshy Upper Bavarian head, so open to all fresh impressions. Now he sneered at those northern people, their coldness, their unsociability, their callous eye on the main chance, their landscapes; sand, pines, and the melancholy, dreary, filthy puddles they dignified with the name of lakes. Herr Pfaundler agreed heartily. How splendid on the other hand were the environs of Munich, real mountains, real lakes; and Herr Pfaundler led the talk round to Luitpoldsbrunn. But when he hinted circumspectly at Katharina's intention of selling Luitpoldsbrunn and spoke of his willingness to rent it, he found himself up against the icy forgetfulness of Frau von Radolny. What, had she mentioned something like that? She couldn't call it to mind. Herr Hessreiter, too, could only shake his head over such a scheme, and Herr Pfaundler hastened to return to the subject of the revue, expressing his boundless admiration for Frau von Radolny's performance. Rehabilitated by the rueful and definitive return of Councillor Hessreiter, Katharina warily felt her way again towards her former social position.

After supper Herr Hessreiter and Katharina drove to his villa in the Seestrasse. There, without saying a syllable about the past, they effected a reconciliation. Now at last Herr Hessreiter felt that he had really come home. The comfort of his beautiful house was enhanced tenfold now that he was enjoying it along with his understanding mistress. The ship-models, the marionettes, the crocodile heads, the instruments of torture, the knick-knacks; how much more intimately they were part of him on this night of reconciliation! How differently even the Æolian harp sounded now that it sounded in the ears of a trusted friend!

Herr Hessreiter thought without regret of Johanna; he had not thought of her for a long time. Paris, Johanna; that had been a good time, but an episode, an intermezzo. His connexion with Katharina was far more intimate and vital. Here there were none of those incalculable blind spots which had baffled him in his affair with Johanna. But Herr Hessreiter had a sense of honour, a sense of fair play. In the future too he would of course do what he could for Krüger. He wasn't the man to leave half done what he had agreed upon.

In the broad comfortable ebony bed with the exotic decorations he thought all this over contentedly by the side of the slumbering Katharina. He recognized clearly that his destiny was to be at once a Munich citizen and a citizen of the world. He would build up The South German Ceramics into a world-famed institution. He had made all his preparations; he was only waiting for the right moment. He would send his commodities across the ocean. Perhaps he might supply Russia too with household crockery. Why shouldn't they appreciate the gentian and edelweiss pattern in Russia? Still, the core of his life was in Munich. In many respects his mother city was damned stupid; all the same she always tipped one the winner finally. In any case life was really worth living only in Munich. Herr Hessreiter stretched himself and puffed comfortably. "My native city, clever or stupid," he thought.

Next day he walked through the streets, appreciating them, recognizing them anew. He saw that the town was still more beautiful than he had remembered; clean and bright as if newly washed. But he was a man who knew the world too, and did not overlook the defects. He stood in the Field-Marshals' Hall and regarded the two field-marshals, Tilly and Wrede, the two rampant lions, the great, flabby nude composition, the gigantic inscription: "Lord, deliver us," the garlands, and the bronze shields with the names of the provinces lost in the War. The clumsy commemorative monument in the street, blocking the traffic, had been meanwhile unveiled. Herr Hessreiter wandered round it, turning over in his mind how he could best formulate the scandalous stupidity of his countrymen. "They degrade their beautiful buildings into emporiums for military wish-fantasies," he decided finally, and the sentence gave him a sardonic satisfaction.

Very soon he realized that his city was still the same old place. He noted with bitterness how difficult it would be to reinstate his mistress in her former position. For that very reason, he thought; now or never, he thought; and he even considered the idea of marrying her. She was clever, however, she did not urge him; she did not encourage him, but waited.

Unfortunately the absurd, chauvinistic, military temper of his fellow-countrymen hadn't been a passing mood either; it had taken root. In the streets, in the Club, wherever one went, this mania flourished. People whispered mysteriously to one another: Before the trees are in blossom. With the air of conspirators they revealed the secrets of the Edda League, saying how splendidly the military preparations were proceeding. A Liberal aristocrat with but little connexion with the peasantry around, Herr Hessreiter could not comprehend at all why his fellow-countrymen had become so militarist over night and were going into such raptures over the Swastika.

His scheme for making the Munich people citizens of Munich and citizens of the world at the same time was evidently confronted for the moment with difficulties. All the same he did not give it up. But he had learned wisdom; he wouldn't be so silly again as to burn his fingers by premature action. He wouldn't speak before his time; he wouldn't butt his head against a stone wall. He would wait for the right moment; that was the idea. Just as he was waiting for the right moment to develop The South German Ceramics, so surely he would be on the spot when it was necessary to give all this Swastika nonsense a decisive kick on the buttocks. It was a long time yet before the trees would blossom. He would make his gesture; but only at the right moment.

Meanwhile he enjoyed the charms of his home. "My native city, clever or stupid."

XIII. THE GLOVE

Herr Hessreiter was not the only one who refused to glorify Kutzner. Yet, it was not the extreme left wing who were the Leader's bitterest opponents. There were many young men among the Communists who thirsted for violent action, but during those days there was little chance of action if one remained a Communist, while in the ranks of the Patriots one could satisfy one's natural lust for violence, which was there called "valour," regarded as a virtue, and sanctioned by the authorities. One was even paid for it. Many Communists went over to the camp of the True Germans.

The Patriots found their most stubborn opponents among the Social Democrats. With Bavarian obstinacy, with genuine intrepidity, this party fought against the increasing oppression of the militarists. The shilly-shallying Ambros Gruner and Josef Wieninger became hard and resolute. They wrote clear and courageous articles in the Party paper, calling a spade a spade; they brought forward documentary evidence of the increasing lawlessness, struggled in Parliament against the mocking indifference of the Government, and let themselves in for street fights with the Patriots. And courage was needed for that. For the authorities looked on with brazen indifference when the Patriots attacked their opponents, and even sided openly with them. When a Social Democratic demonstration took place the police tore the banners with the colours of the Republic out of the hands of their bearers, broke up the staves, and rent the flags to shreds. Near the railway station, in front of the Field-Marshals' Hall, companies of the True Germans carried out organized forays against every passer-by who did not have a patriotic appearance. The hospitals were filled with the wounded. The Social Democrats returned again and again to the battle. It was an unequal one. The police took their weapons from them, and left the Patriots their staves, rubber truncheons and revolvers, "rubber goods and fireworks."

Sly old Grueber, who with Bavarian tenacity had devoted his whole life to the bringing of Munich into the main stream of European development felt bitter at seeing his town going to the dogs. To blind Dr. Bichler, who had returned from Paris without settling his business, the patriotic movement seemed a stupid piece of Prussianism; it made him sick. He seriously considered whether he shouldn't himself enter the Cabinet to put an end to such nonsense. Dr. Matthäi too was embittered at seeing his fellow-countrymen behaving with such bestial stupidity. And besides, the Russian dancer, that creature, had gone over to the fools. He wrote venomous poems in his journal.

The painter of the "Crucifixion" announced himself in and out of season as an opponent of Kutzner. Greiderer was becoming more and more shabby, and picking his "Haserln" in cheaper and cheaper quarters. His mother had long ago returned to her village. He himself was beginning to think of returning to live among the peasants; but he remained in Munich. The only relic which remained of his brief hour of grandeur was his dark-green car. It was a battered vehicle now, shabby, the surface scratched and filthy. Whenever his friend Osternacher wanted his company Greiderer forced him to advertise the fact by appearing in his absurd car. Since he had painted his "Village Apostle Peter," Professor Balthasar von Osternacher had had a new run of success; he had obviously entered on a period of new creative power, and it was a painful experience for the celebrated man to trundle through the streets in Greiderer's shabby bus. He tried to lend him money to have it repainted. But there he had reckoned without his host. With bitter feelings Greiderer had watched the "Village Apostle Peter" taking shape, the very picture for which he himself had made sketches, and then lazily laid them aside. His humour had become venomous now. He never expressed any definite opinion on the picture; he confined himself to malicious hints which he concealed in a shower of chaff about Osternacher's patriotism. The professor would have actually preferred frank insults; it was not easy to ignore politely those indirect, spiteful hints. But Osternacher could not bring himself to leave Greiderer. The fact that Greiderer was perpetually talking of a mysterious painting on which he was working excited him even more than the man's venomous remarks. Greiderer was really working, one could see that. Osternacher would have given his life to discover what this great work was which Greiderer was always brooding over. But Greiderer had become a taciturn fellow. He refused to show the unfinished work, and occasionally gave Osternacher a sly and significant look, studying him from this side and from that, and laughing with malicious satisfaction.

The man who expressed most clearly and decisively his hostility to the Patriots was Anton von Messerschmidt, the new Minister of Justice. In public addresses he declared gruffly that no decent man in the country was sure of his life any longer. The old democratic Munich staked all its hopes on this simple and direct man who weighed his words. If he could not dispel the stupid chimera, then who could? Many people who were unknown to him took off their hats to him when he passed. They did not cry "Hail!" as Kutzner's crowd did when they caught sight of the Leader's grey car; but they turned round and gazed after him with hope in their hearts. For there were not a few who saw with grief how the town was being demoralized, sinking into stupidity and barbarism; there were still many quiet, human people of an earlier age, people who painted, wrote, collected, and enjoyed looking at the landscape, the houses, and the State galleries. These sorrowed over the dissolution of the town as over the death of a living friend.

Balthasar Hierl, the comedian, considered that the hour had come to lift up his voice, the voice of the people. The words which that voice said were not very definite; but they were expressive and in any case not in favour of Kutzner. Before the rehearsals of *Well, That's the Limit*, Balthasar Hierl might perhaps have been on Kutzner's side. He had not changed now, but he had filled himself with Tüverlin's ideas. He was the same and yet different, sharper, and more commanding. He dramatized not merely himself, but the whole city and what of good was still left in it.

Balthasar Hierl and his woman partner, then, gave a sketch, *The Glove. Not by Schiller*. It began with his smirking and complacent arrival at the flat of his mistress Resi; for he had picked up a good thing and was bringing it to her; two tickets for a meeting of the Edda League. Everybody in the hall knew what that meant. The Edda League was an aristocratic club, whose membership was drawn from the cream of the True Germans. There Kutzner held his most select meetings. There the details of the planned march to Berlin were confidentially divulged, and heated imaginations anticipated all that was to happen "before the trees blossomed." Though the public knew quite well about them, a great deal of mystery and fuss was made of these meetings of the Edda League. Many people had a burning desire to be present at them, but this was very difficult to manage. Balthasar Hierl accordingly represented himself as a humble private citizen who had picked up in the street two admission cards to an Edda League meeting and was now making preparations to go with his mistress Resi. The Leader was to deliver personally a confidential address; it would be a great occasion. While they were ceremoniously dressing, Balthasar Hierl and Resi pictured to themselves the treat waiting for them. Hierl had seen Kutzner in his grey car only the evening before; Kutzner had been wearing a stiff bowler hat and had carried his brown kid gloves elegantly in one hand. Resi said dreamily that seeing it was to be such a special meeting that evening Herr Kutzner would probably wear his gloves while he was speaking. The comedian Hierl did not think so; it was easier to speak without gloves. Resi stuck to her opinion, Hierl stuck to his. A violent dispute arose, which gradually extended its scope to include aristocratic culture, the Nordic Idea, and Judea and Rome. Balthasar Hierl brooded profoundly over the question whether there mightn't be anti-Semitism even in his preferring a pretty Christian girl like Resi to an aged Galician Jew. Resi was appeased by this delicate flattery, dropped the subject of the Leader's brown kid gloves, and busied herself with her toilette. But very soon, in discussing what dress she should wear for the evening, they were back at the gloves again. Once more the quarrel burst out: would Herr Kutzner wear gloves, and if so, what kind? The evening was passing, the meeting of the Edda League had already long begun. But the comedian Hierl and

Resi, still half-clothed, were deep in a dispute which was becoming more and more violent. Already they had cast up to each other the blots on their characters and their private lives, but still without coming nearer to a decision. Aggrieved by Resi's stubbornness, Hierl began to belabour her; she tore off his necktie and his coat. Her blouse was in tatters; sobbing she set herself to darn it. The evening was far advanced. If they wanted to get there before the trees were in blossom they would have to get a move on. In any case they would have to take a taxi. In the taxi the dispute burst out anew. Distracted by the screams in the car, the driver had a collision; and Resi was wounded by the splintered glass. Finally they arrived, bloodstained and filthy, at the house where the Edda League met. But the meeting had just finished, and all that was left for Hierl and Resi was to mingle with the enthusiastic crowd standing round the Leader's grey car and shouting "Hail!" They demanded from some of those who had been at the meeting whether Kutzner had worn brown kid gloves during his address. Those who were questioned tried to remember. One said yes, the next said no, and both stuck to their assertions. A third, a fourth, a tenth intervened. A great and general row began. It only ended when a Jew passed by, and everybody agreed that he, as the real instigator of the row, would have to be given a hammering.

The audience cheered madly. Most of them had heavy and urgent cares; they had to linger out their beer in tiny sips, and had to dispense altogether with bread and sausage; and from day to day their sips would have to become more circumspect. But the man on the stage was one of them, felt what they felt, and spoke their language. Like him they came to their conclusions slowly, and it was not important to them what these were; but once they came to them, then they stuck to them obstinately and were not to be shifted. Their hearts rose while they gazed at this thin man with the pear-shaped head, the slow phlegmatic movements, and the melancholy eyes. "All the same, I mean to say, he had no gloves on," said the man on the stage, and so said they all.

The inventor Druckseis, the cunning fabricator of noise instruments, was in the audience. He was submerged by cares. True, he had scored a great success in Pfaundler's revue; also the patriotic movement needed his instruments so as to explain their aims at meetings and demonstrations. All the same he wasn't for the True Germans; he was afraid that they might spoil the carnival, which was his best chance for popularizing his instruments. He did not consider long whether the comedy was for or against Kutzner. Like everyone round him, easily moved by primitive impressions, he went into raptures over Hierl.

These thousands of lower-middle-class people, artisans, painters, and students, shook with laughter. Old Privy Councillor Kahlenegger was there. He was a bitter enemy of the Patriots. For he had declared once that the *furor teutonicus* so praised and feared by the Romans did not really refer to the German warlike spirit, but —for the old Teutons were the ancestors of the French—to the French *élan*. Since then the True Germans had been at feud with him, and had even taken part in depreciating his books on the elephant. "*Propter invidiam,*" the old man growled; "out of envy," out of that envy which Tacitus had noted in the Germans. Since then Privy Councillor Kahlenegger had hated the Patriots with all his soul. Now deep in his throat he laughed his mouldy laughter over the comic antics of the *Clay Man*.

A number of patriotic firebrands, all themselves members of the Edda League, were in the audience; among them Erich Bornhaak, also the man who had shot the first revoluntionary Premier of Bavaria. Seeing that Erich Bornhaak was applauding Hierl with youthful enthusiasm, Kutzner's supporters gave vent to all their high spirits and applauded wildly with the others.

Herr Hessreiter was delighted with *The Glove*. That was Munich at its best. No hysterical outcry; calm observation, calm rejection. That was something specifically Munich, something positive, of which the whole world could approve. He described Hierl's stroke of genius to Frau von Radolny, who because of her part in the revue had been prevented from attending; he played *The Glove* over again to her. Frau von Radolny listened to him. She thought of the rehearsals of *Kasperl and the Class War*, and reflected that this specifically Munich product had been grown on the soil of the Swiss Tüverlin. But she was astute; she didn't want to spoil Hessreiter's pleasure. In her sonorous voice she counselled him solicitously not to expose himself through his hostility to the Patriots. If he took her advice it would be all to the good. If he didn't, if he came a cropper by sticking to his principles, that would probably be to the good too. A broken Hessreiter would be like wax in her hands.

All Munich saw *The Glove*. Dr. Matthäi told the dying Pfisterer about this new sketch of Hierl's. He came to see Pfisterer daily now. Pfisterer's bustling wife had begged him to do so; for his wrangling with Matthäi was the only thing that cheered the sick man. When Matthäi saw how intensely his dear enemy was interested in the sketch, he managed after overcoming many difficulties to get the comedian to go to Pfisterer's house and give his performance in the sick man's room. Only three were present: the sinking Pfisterer, his wife, and the pug-faced Matthäi. Before these three the comedian Balthasar Hierl and his partner gave a performance of *The Glove. Not by Schiller.* And Balthasar Hierl, who generally felt uncomfortable in any place except his favourite hall, played here better than ever.

Pfisterer was radiant. To him the comedian was peculiarly the symbol of Munich, and he saw that his loved city was not so stupid after all, that she didn't let herself be taken in by an imbecile, as her enemies said. He found difficulty in moving, he found difficulty in talking, he found difficulty in concentrating on anything; but one could see with what intimate pleasure the sinking man appreciated the slightest inflection, the smallest gesture of the actors. When they were gone he had another good quarrel with Matthäi.

Next morning he dictated for two hours on his book, *A Sunny Life;* then a final seizure took him off. Everybody knew that it was the brutalization of his country by the True Germans that had caused his death. On the day of Pfisterer's burial Rupert Kutzner declared that the great writer had died because he had not been able to endure the ruin of his Fatherland by the Jews.

XIV. THE POPULATION QUESTION

Johanna was devoted to Tüverlin. She had found him late; she had never felt so happy with any other man. She worked with him, and loved the work. The alliance which bound them was happy and unforced.

But a deep shadow fell across it: the memory of Odelsberg. Now and then Tüverlin talked about Krüger, calmly, relating the man's fate to larger considerations. It irritated her to hear him talking of Krüger with such Olympian detachment. Just as her mind responded to a question sometimes only after a long pause, so her anguish only ate into her consciousness long after her visits to the prison. Now she was living over again more and more vividly those last twenty minutes in the cell; she saw Krüger's dull, hunted eyes, his tense, spasmodic efforts to say more to her than he was allowed, and the helplessness of those efforts. She heard him saying: "They say that suffering makes people better. Perhaps it may, if you're free to go where you like." She heard distinctly the words: "if you're free to go where you like," and the hopelessness in them. That was how a blind man would speak of the light which existed only in his memory and could never again become a reality. She forced herself to recall every word that he had spoken; she puzzled over them and tried to divine their real signification. She saw that he must have laboured over those few sentences for a long time, so that she might understand. She saw how terribly it must have disappointed him when she showed herself dense. She raged at herself, was ashamed of herself for being happy, and was full of repentance.

Nonsense. She wasn't ashamed; she regretted nothing. She had honourably done all that one human being could do for another. Was she to be forbidden happiness because someone else was unhappy? It was a piece of wretched superstition for her to be troubled by the thought of Martin. He himself would be astonished if he knew of this absurd scruple. One had only to look it in the face and the ridiculous feeling of guilt vanished.

Tüverlin was always at her side, fresh, happy, capable. He guessed nothing of the stupid oppression which lay upon her. To rid herself of it she longed with double intensity for a child by him. He never divined this longing of hers.

Occasionally he explained to her his views on the population question. It had become the fashion to treat the theories of the clergyman Thomas Robert Malthus with ironical disdain; the German political economist Franz Oppenheimer had declared that to establish any relation between the increase of population and the decrease of the means of life was so illogical that it made one physically sick. But he, Jacques Tüverlin, held that people would have yet to revise this scornful condemnation. Already, as a result of better hygiene and the decreasing death-rate, a great area of the earth's surface was overpopulated. In two-thirds of China, in large areas of India, there was no virgin soil left. Already the roads through the rice fields had shrunk to a width of less than three feet, and the peasants were nibbling even at those narrow paths, so that the undermined cobbles were sinking. Even in Russia with its great spaces there was already talk of a shortage of land for the generation after the next, since the sexual morality of the Soviets did not include birth control. Yet everywhere leaders of industry and imperialistic politicians were clamouring for an increased birth-rate. For their purposes life had to be abundant and cheap. It was already cheap. For instance, if one financed an Atlantic flight or a volunteer corps or anything of that nature, one was almost submerged by crowds of men anxious to risk their lives in a wild gamble for a little money or a day's notoriety. Three years before, during the Berlin street-fighting, Tüverlin himself had seen hungry women risking their lives for bits of horse-flesh worth from two to three marks, flinging themselves on fallen horses while bullets were still flying round them. The State itself did all it could to lower the price of life. Its laws, which put people to death and barely condemned political assassination, its encouragement of a false patriotism, its glorification of "valour"; all this undermined the idea of the value of human life. But if the State set so little value on existing lives, it set all the more value on lives which were only coming into existence. Such a policy seemed illogical, but was not really so. It was simply to keep down the purchase price of life as a commodity that the State insisted on the necessity to procreate instead of the necessity to restrict procreation.

Johanna listened to these theories unwillingly. Once she bluntly asked Tüverlin whether personally he felt no need for children. He wrinkled his seamed bare face still more and blinked at her. He put his strong freckled hands on her shoulders, and turned her round so that he could look straight into her face. Then he gave a hearty, pleased laugh, released her, and said dryly: "No, personally I don't feel the slightest need for children."

Next morning at breakfast, he seriously tried to explain to her why he didn't want children. All art, he declared, was rooted in the need to express oneself. This need for expression was probably a primal instinct in man, given to him so that the experiences and emotions of the individual might be preserved for the species. At root this need for expression was the same as the need for propagation. Johanna would have preferred to hear something less general and more personal.

A few days later Tüverlin announced with elation that Mr. Daniel W. Potter was coming to visit the Villa Seewinkel on Thursday. Kläre Holz the actress had brought the two men together. In the California Colossus Tüverlin thought he had found a man with a wide knowledge of the world, gifted moreover with the ability to think methodically and radically about things. He had spoken to Johanna with animation about the American, and was delighted to think that he was coming.

Johanna was jealous of every minute in which she had to share Tüverlin with anybody else. She still hoped that she would find the courage and the right words to break the last thin wall of glass between Tüverlin and herself. He had written that essay on Krüger, he had expounded to her his ideas on God and the universe, on her and himself; and they had been eminently clear and comprehensible ideas, linked logically to each other. Her own conclusions were quite different; it was terribly difficult to define them in words; they had no place among Jacques' firmly articulated ideas. Yet it must, it *must* be possible for this thing which could not be expressed to be communicated to Tüverlin.

She was annoyed that the American was coming. One day after another was going past, and she had not yet spoken to Tüverlin about the thing which was the most important of all, and now this American was coming to steal another day from her.

From another standpoint, of course, this Mr. Potter was a powerful and influential man. Jacques had told her that he actually had dealings with the Bavarian government, and might, perhaps, do something for Martin.

She had little confidence in such interviews. She had had too many of them. Again and again, she had been sure that her anger and her indignation must have some effect; but now she sought these interviews merely from a sense of duty, without any hope; she knew beforehand how they would end. She would talk with this Herr Potter; Herr Potter, being a clever man, would listen astutely; and then he would say that he would see what could be done, he would keep the matter in mind, he would be delighted to assist an innocent man, he would talk to the responsible authorities. And that would be all, and next day he would have forgotten all about it. That was the worst of it; one screamed, and hit out blindly, and made no impression whatever on the immense and endless indifference of mankind. People had too much to do nowadays. While you were speaking to them they were thinking of the next person they would have to speak to, and when you were gone from their presence your words and your business were erased from their memory.

Some day, surely, some day she would find a human being whom she would not need to approach circumspectly and win with subtle and indirect means. Someone must surely exist to whom she could say bluntly that this was impossible, before whom she could lay her charge, and ask, was this to continue? There must be someone to whose guilty and conscious face she could declare that those who were responsible for such things were swine, and that those who could help and yet let matters run their course were swine too.

To address the American in that fashion would, frankly, have little point. She must pull herself together. She must seriously consult with Tüverlin what would be the best way of handling the American. That would be a trial; for it was almost more than she could endure to discuss the Krüger case logically and with cold objectivity.

It was on a Monday that Tüverlin told her that the American would be arriving on Thursday, and on Tuesday the lawyer Löwenmaul telephoned from Munich saying that on Thursday Messerschmidt would give her an interview. It was unfortunate that this would make her miss the American. But it was certainly more fitting to complain of Bavarian injustice to a Bavarian Minister of Justice than to an American.

In any case she was spared now the necessity of discussing Martin Krüger again with Tüverlin. Even when he had been explaining his theories on the birth-rate to her she had had to clench her fists. She was devoted to this man Tüverlin; she loved and admired him; but when he talked reasonably about Martin Krüger she could not endure it.

Anton von Messerschmidt was the man who at that time was immediately responsible for Martin Krüger's fate. She would confront him. Perhaps she would fling all her rage in his face; perhaps, if he were human, the mere sight of her anger would be enough to make him feel small, to make him amenable.

On Wednesday evening she announced casually that she was going to Munich next day. Tüverlin was disappointed. He regretted that in that case she wouldn't meet the American. He asked whether she was going in the car or by train. She waited for him to ask what she was going to the town for. But he did not ask, nor did she tell him. He was curious, but he wasn't the man to ask people for information which they did not want to give.

Thursday was grey and misty. Excited, full of rage and desire for action, she took the train to Munich.

XV. REMEMBER THE BAKER'S APPRENTICE

In the same chair where formerly Klenk had sat the Minister of Justice Anton von Messerschmidt was now sitting on this Thursday, a telephone and piles of documents in front of him. While Johanna was on the way to Munich his subordinate Johann Strasser, a State's attorney, was standing before him and making a report on the case of Banzer, a sergeant-major in the police. Coming home from their manœuvres some members of Riedler's illegal association, after a good supply of Riedler's free beer, had fallen on a troop of the Reichsfront, an association which remained faithful to the Constitution, and had killed one man and wounded nine more. Of their own men who, unlike the others, had been armed, two had been left on the spot wounded. It was a case of breach of the peace. An interrogation had been held to establish which were the aggressors. Of course the result was one which had been foreseen from the beginning: namely that the guilty parties were the constitutional Reichsfront people, who were so obnoxious to the Bavarian regime. But in the course of those proceedings the Banzer in question, sergeant-major in the police, had incomprehensibly declared on his oath that the Riedler crowd had been the aggressors. How he had had the nerve to trust his own eyes rather than the authorities' knowledge of human nature was a puzzle to everybody, to his colleagues, his wife, and later probably to himself. Of course they had not paid any attention to his evidence. But he could not be allowed to pass without punishment; so Sergeant-Major Banzer had been degraded since the giving of his testimony in his little town of Kolberhof adjoining Riedler's estate. Then one evening the electric bulb in his room gave out. He commandeered the bulb from the guardroom and screwed that in. This action proved his nemesis. He had employed for his private use an object belonging to the State: so Johann Strasser the State's attorney raised a charge of theft against him. The declaration of the sergeant-major that he had intended to replace the bulb next day was given as little credence as his testimony to the blamelessness of the Reichsfront people. The rebellious sergeant-major was done for. But then something unexpected happened. Seeing certain condemnation, imprisonment, and dismissal before him, the man sent a bullet through his head, presumably to assure his wife and children of a pension at least. The left-wing press took up the case, and so now the attorney Strasser was reporting the matter to his chief.

The lawyer was a square-skulled young gentleman with two deep cuts, or scars, on his face, scars which the German students of that age were eager to acquire in duels whose only object was the giving of reciprocal wounds. The Minister Messerschmidt was a square-skulled old gentleman with similar scars. The lawyer was of the opinion that he was called to save the State in spite of its laws: the Minister held fast to the obsolete principle that a matter of justice must be settled strictly in accordance with the written law.

The Minister was roused. He was convinced that had the previous history of the sergeant-major been different Herr Strasser would never have prosecuted him. The old man's protuberant eyes flashed; his face grew purple under his white beard. The lawyer's eyes flashed too, his scars too took on a darker tinge, but he curbed himself, he had no intention of being led into an indiscretion. But he was by no means humble either. The old idiot might blow him up, but he knew that Messerschmidt could not afford a Strasser case as well as a Dellmaier case. His position was pretty shaky, was Messerschmidt's. Before the trees were in blossom he might have to pack up his things; before the trees blossomed he might have to fix a tablet on his door with the inscription: "Ex-Minister."

While Messerschmidt became warmer and warmer, Strasser became more and more monosyllabic. He was almost bored, so sure of himself did he feel. He tried not to laugh outright as he surveyed the inscription which in large letters Messerschmidt had hung up above his desk; the ludicrous inscription which all the land was laughing at. It was in Italian, and ran:

Remember the baker's apprentice.

This baker's apprentice had been unjustly sentenced to execution in republican Venice, and from that day while the Republic existed a man was appointed to cry before every session of justice: "Remember the baker's apprentice."

Herr von Messerschmidt read clearly enough the man's glance. He knew to a hair what the fellow was thinking, and even in dismissing him was sorry that he had lost his composure. What would be gained if he squashed the despicable rascal? Nothing. There was anarchy everywhere. Everywhere violence was the rule. One could make no headway against the disorder and barbarism; for it was not sporadic: it was general.

He dismissed the lawyer calmly. Alone, he swept the desk with his hand as if he were sweeping away filth, and, clearing a space on the desk strewn with papers, leaned his heavy head on his hairy, red hands, and stared hopelessly in front of him. As President of the Senate he had seen much that did not please him. But the continuous scream of the Opposition press about the abuse of power and the political corruption of justice in the State he had belittled as hysterical stuff and nonsense. Now from his coign of vantage as Minister of Justice he could see that it had fallen far short of the truth. The organizations of the police were at the beck and call of the True Germans; the Chief of Police himself had provided a falsified passport for one of Riedler's men whom the Reich was trying to get its hands on as a common criminal. The old Bavarian lust for violence was raging unchecked. Daily assaults on peaceful citizens. In Ingolstadt and Passau the patriotic mob had beaten foreign diplomats who were stationed there. Everyone whom the Kutzner lads didn't like was mishandled. And everywhere exonerations, or sentences which were a mark of distinction rather than of shame. Murder, sedition, every form of violence, remained unexpiated so long as they were committed by Patriots.

Messerschmidt, being an upright man, did not spare himself. He tried to bring order where he could. He allowed himself little sleep. He hardly allowed himself a glimpse of his beloved collection of Bavarian antiquities; he left his wife to choose which pieces were to be sold next so that they might be able to maintain the appearances demanded by their station.

He had worse things to worry him. He knew why things were so difficult, why he was not able to make headway against his officials. His judges and his public prosecutors were in the wrong; but they felt themselves in the right. How often he had had to fight against that temptation himself! The military had given way; they had not preserved law and order. They, the judges, felt themselves the last defenders of the good old-fashioned state. Anton von Messerchmidt's eyes had slowly been opened; his judges remained blind. They were defending the old dead husk against the new life which was powerfully trying to burst through it.

No, they wouldn't let him see it through. He knew quite well that he would not be able to stick to his post until this madness had passed; his strength was being nibbled away in the continual guerilla warfare with his colleagues and his officials. There was Hartl, for instance, who on the most specious grounds proposed pardons for self-evident rogues and criminals. His primitive sense of justice was being ground to powder by the supple dialectics of that refined and ironical gentleman. The rumour had spread that Anton Messerschmidt was a just man. Then there had been a great burst of enthusasm for him in the country, and now countless people came to him with requests and complaints. The Minister knew that these petitions would be dealt with in a party spirit; but what could a single man do? In his honest heart he suffered on account of what was going on in the Reich and above all in Bavaria. He regarded it as a calamity as profound and destructive as war or defeat.

There were still twenty minutes before this Frau Krüger would arrive. He turned to his papers and dealt with them in great detail and very clearly so that his decisions should not be twisted or sabotaged by the lower courts. It was a trifle, all that one could do, a drop in the ocean. But this was his post, and he did his duty. It was a forlorn hope, the Messerschmidts led forlorn hopes these days. His brother too on the *Queen Elizabeth* had led a forlorn hope when he had let the ship founder on the mines he had himself laid.

There was that silly affair of General Vesemann's. The General had deliberately challenged the law by wearing uniform, which was illegal. The Patriots were waiting jeeringly to see whether he would dare to punish the General.

Punish. Something else was more needful. Not so long ago at a dinner—Messerschmidt had sat opposite General Vesemann—a waiter had not done everything to the General's liking. The General had sworn at him and then had sat staring full of rage at the vanishing back of the poor anxious man. Then, it seemed for the first time, Messerschmidt had seen the General's eyes. He saw in them a certain unmistakable expression. He saw that this man, for years the dictator of Germany, this man who had decided the fates of millions and had secured the prolongation of a hopeless War, that this General Vesemann was definitely off his head. The buffalo in the zoological gardens, who, maddened by imprisonment, had finally to be shot, had had eyes like his. No doubt about it: at that moment, as he sat there and glared after the waiter with a weary, hunted, and fanatical look, he had exactly the eyes of that animal. This unmistakable revelation had so horrified Messerschmidt that his knees had trembled and his purple face had grown pale under his white beard. The man had been a hero; but then, and probably before the end of the War, he had become an imbecile. In its decisive hours Germany had had an imbecile for a leader. And even after the collapse it had not exiled or imprisoned this imbecile. The imbecile was sitting there, sitting in Messerschmidt's Munich, and intriguing with another whose brains, too, needed looking into. And these two men, the laughing-stocks of the rest of Germany, were the leaders of his country.

Thinking of what he knew, the old man groaned. Faint memories of his schooldays rose in his mind: Caligula, Nero. His officials would smile over such analogies. They upheld the old State; but they did not know much about the old things. Erudition was no longer honoured. He, Messerschmidt, often thought of his schooldays. He had worked hard then; his slow brain had only acquired knowledge with great pains, but when acquired it stuck. Even now he sometimes used Latin quotations. His colleagues listened to them; but they did not make much out of his Latin.

Anton von Messerschmidt stared at the inscription above his desk. They laughed at his inscription too. Well, let them laugh, fools laughed because Messerschmidt kept green the memory of the baker's apprentice, long since dead. Perhaps it was really absurd. Perhaps he himself was the greatest fool.

He concentrated on his documents. Press-clippings had been sent to him reporting the demonstrations of the True Germans against the imprisonment of von Dellmaier. He had scored there, at any rate. He had cancelled the release of that wretched von Dellmaier. But now the rabble were becoming insolent, damnably insolent, and making a national affair out of the rascal's commonplace insurance swindle. They were bombarding him and the examining magistrate and the public prosecutor with demands. They were sending him silly anonymous letters saying that he should make his will, for it was high time. And it wasn't altogether impossible that they meant it seriously. A pest had come on the land; the beautiful land of Bavaria was infested, and since the pest had attacked the land nothing was any longer impossible. Already his colleagues in the Cabinet were quaking with terror. The prudent Ditram was asking urgently whether it wouldn't really be expedient to let Dellmaier out of prison until the atmosphere cleared. Flaucher was more direct; he cursed and swore: was the whole State of Bavaria to go to ruin for the sake of a few dead curs? But Messerschmidt had no intention of giving in to them. There they were, and they could dangle. He wouldn't set the rascal free.

The telephone rang. Frau Krüger was announced. Yes, he would receive Frau Krüger. Not that there was much sense in it. The case had been gone over *ad nauseam*, ten times in Parliament, a hundred times in the press. Should he squander his time, his strength and his nerves on such a hopeless business? So many things were in abeyance and demanded immediate attention. The Krüger case was settled, done with. But this woman was still running about and crying that the imprisoned man was innocent.

That was what the Minister of Justice was thinking when

Johanna entered, resolved to confront him and to bring him to account.

She looked at the huge man. She looked at the extraordinary motto over his desk. She had heard of it, but could not remember now what it signified.

She began to speak, and as soon as she opened her mouth her last visit to Odelsberg was more vividly in her consciousness than this visit to the Ministry. Martin Krüger was with her more palpably in the room now than he had been then or than he had ever been in the Villa Seewinkel. Again she heard his voice distinctly saying: "if you are free to go where you like."

She spoke. She made no outcry: that bitter relief which she had hoped for did not come. But she felt at once that here at last was a man who did not listen, kindly and a little impatiently, to her indignant words as if they were the ravings of a poor madwoman. She spoke for a long time, and he listened, and he certainly was not thinking out what reply he would put her off with, as the Imperial Minister Heinrodt had done. One could speak to this man and know that one's words would reach his ear and his heart.

On his part, Herr von Messerschmidt had been prepared for wild complaints and bitter indignation. Krüger was a Bohemian; that was an established fact; the probability of his innocence was faint, and the Prison Governor Förtsch, of whom Johanna complained so bitterly, was counted a responsible officer. The woman's statements were certainly exaggerations, and when she brought forward legal arguments they had an air of being learned by rote. All the same she warmed his heart as she sat there with her firmly cut mouth and said her say. A firm belief and a healthy primitive force emanated from this woman. Who was right? Hartl, an excellent jurist, who had sentenced Krüger, or this Frau Johanna Krüger who did not talk very logically? The weary protuberant eyes of the old man met the spirited grey eyes of his visitor. He sat and looked at this Bavarian girl. She was intended for more positive things, she should have been a good wife and mother. She had not been born to wrangle with Bavarian justice, whose machinations nobody knew better than he. There she sat before him, talking legal jargon and battling for the art director Krüger, a Bohemian who had hung questionable paintings in the National Gallery and had been sentenced for perjury. She had no easy task.

Herr von Messerschmidt let her talk on, rarely interrupting, asking her to repeat this or that, taking a note occasionally. When she had finished he did not reply with generalities as she had feared, but declared that within two months she would receive a final decision on the question of re-trial. Johanna looked him straight in the eyes, turning her face full upon him. The President of the Supreme Court, who was responsible for deciding on the re-trial, she answered hesitatingly, had refused to name any definite date to her. He had declared that he could not bind himself to any time. "In two months you will know," said Herr von Messerschmidt explosively. "Before the trees are in blossom," he added grimly with a nod. Johanna had begun a further question; but the anger in his words and his nod at the end of them reassured her, filled her with confidence, and she said nothing more.

For a while Johanna and the old man sat together without saying anything. This silence was more eloquent than her words had been. Johanna wished that she might be together with Tüverlin one time, only once, in such an eloquent silence. When she went she felt almost that it was her duty to comfort the old man.

Herr von Messerschmidt summoned Councillor Förtsch. The rabbit-faced Governor brought a great many papers with him, and was obsequiously ready to give a reassuring reply to every question. The Minister spoke little and with difficulty; the Councillor replied rapidly and volubly. While he watched Förtsch's moustache twitching zealously, Herr von Messerschmidt was thinking how funny it was that this man in particular should have been chosen to turn Krüger into an orderly member of society. As he had little to set against Förtsch's explanations, he declared finally that he set great weight on a humane regimen in Odelsberg. He said this menacingly, and he repeated it almost imploringly. Förtsch remained modest and obsequious. He saw, what he had known already, that the hours of this old fool, who had been promoted so undeservedly to his office, were numbered. He, Förtsch, had set his hopes, once and for all, on the Patriots and their nominee Hartl. He withdrew humbly and respectfully, saying to himself in secret that Messerschmidt could go to the devil; then he went and reported his interview, with a few facetious annotations, to Dr. Hartl.

XVI. ON FAIR PLAY

Meanwhile in the Villa Seewinkel Mr. Daniel W. Potter was reclining in a broken rocking-chair. Jacques Tüverlin, who was looking forward to a day of amusing discussion, had invited Kaspar Pröckl as well. Pröckl was always wandering restlessly up and down the big room, or sitting uncomfortably in a corner.

The day before Mr. Potter had had an encounter with the True Germans. He spoke of it with amusement. The Munich Ku Klux Klan, he said, evidently consisted of young men who did not understand that a match, once it is decided, can't be fought all over again. They had won a series of battles and wouldn't admit that the War as a whole was lost. They had been long since counted out, but they always wanted to begin boxing again. It was a case of a curious incapacity to accept plain facts. This lack of judgment might, from all that he knew of the structure of the human brain, be caused by an atrophy of Wernicke's second speech centre.

The civilization of the white races, Tüverlin thought, had been thrown back for a thousand years through the incursion of the Germanic barbarians into the Græco-Roman culture. Now, after they had established a kind of connexion with that culture for a bare four hundred years a new incursion of more backward peoples was menacing the achievements of the civilized. The patriotic movement was a phase of this barbarism. All over the world there were individuals whose instinct to kill could not be sublimated in sport. The demand that these individual cases should be kept under constant medical observation was not treated seriously enough. Where, for example, was the psychiatric supervision at those Kutzner meetings?

Kaspar Pröckl replied hotly that the indignation of these people was sufficiently motivated by the foul state of social institutions. Of course their indignation took the wrong direction. But people who rejected the general corruption of society advanced the development of humanity more than those who tamely acquiesced in it, and even tried to argue it away.

The Colossus reclined comfortably in the great rocking-chair; his eyes behind their thick glasses sparkled with sly pleasure; his fleshy nose sniffed the air of battle; his pipe was clamped between his great teeth. Now and then he set down something in his notebook. Rebellion and the revolutionary spirit, he said, turning to Kaspar Pröckl, came from the stomach. The starving Germany of the inflation wasn't the world. The world of the white races, on the contrary—all the statistics proved it—consisted for the greater part of the well-fed. And even the hungry—his young friend should reflect on that—weren't hungry all the time, but only at intervals. There were three classes of people: the well-fed, the hungry, the insatiable. He couldn't see why it should be advantageous for the development of humanity to follow a policy laid down exclusively by the hungry.

The American went on uttering such half-truths as these, warmly supported by Tüverlin. But the gloomy Pröckl, who would gladly have squashed them, sat there thinking of the painter Landholzer, and did not think it worth his while to expose such wretched commonplaces.

During lunch they talked of the people of the Bavarian plateau, of their biological and sociological limitations. Hemmed in by their mountains, they were backward in comparison with their neighbours; stubborn, they caused trouble in spite of themselves, and they were playthings for any muscular, strong-lunged, and weak-headed adventurer. Tüverlin, however, no less than Potter had a soft side for this curious species of the *homo alpinus*. Tüverlin loved this people among whom he lived. With all the intensity of the true artist, who in spite of his cold penetration cannot live without either hating or loving the objective world, this highly developed man loved the uncouth, slow-witted, heavy Bavarians.

On the other hand, it was with a collector's love for the curious that the American treasured the unique qualities of this rude people: their rough intimacy which so easily turned to malice, their sentimental barbarism. He was even thinking of putting money in the country, and aiding its development with a loan. It was not the industrialization of the plateau which attracted him. For him the future of Munich and its environs lay in their becoming a health resort in the midst of a great industrial region, the region of Central Europe; in becoming a resort for comfortable old age; in other words the spa of Central Europe.

In the course of the conversation Tüverlin asked Mr. Potter how he explained the unpopularity of Germans in other countries. The American replied that he himself liked the Germans. He must say, however, that in business the Germans had not given him a very good impression. How was that? asked Tüverlin. The American hedged; every generalization was unfair, he said. When Tüverlin pressed him, Mr. Potter at last, with many qualifications, indicated one difference between his English, his French, and his German business acquaintances. He could rely on a verbal assurance by an Englishman. It was difficult to get a written assurance from a Frenchman, but, once he had it, it was reliable. Among his German business acquaintances it was generally very easy to get a written assurance; but if the deal turned out a bad one for them, then they twisted the sense of the agreement and tried to get out of it with metaphysical arguments which falsified its clear meaning. Seeing that Kasper Pröckl scowled at this, he repeated that it was far from his intention to generalize.

Tüverlin laughed inwardly when he noted that even the internationalist Pröckl was annoyed that German business men were accused of an ambiguous trait. The reason why so many Germans wouldn't admit the binding nature of a written agreement, he said, was that they overvalued a warlike spirit. The warlike spirit was not disposed to submit to justice and logic. There was, for example, a much-lauded German medieval poem, *Hildebrand and Hadubrand*. A father meets his son, but does not tell him who he is, and out of sheer "valour" they both begin to brawl, come to blows and slay each other. Many Germans, a good proportion of the students, for instance, looked upon Hildebrand and Hadubrand as models even today, and collected wounds and scars out of a pure spirit of warlikeness. People of that kind rebelled with all their nature against the idea that a scrap of paper should be stronger than a big gun. They always shouted for a decision by force of arms. If a war was decided against them then they went on demanding new decisions until the verdict was turned in their favour. This type was widely spread, but its influence in Germany was on the wane. Herr Potter mustn't be deceived by the noise these people made.

But now Kasper Pröckl could contain himself no longer. Hard terms as he himself found for his countrymen, he considered that this Swiss writer and this dollar king were going too far in insolence. He declared furiously that in speaking of the lack of morality among the Germans Mr. Potter was turning everything upside down. They had too much morality; that was what was wrong with them. It was always with appeals to their morality that the ruling class kept the workers subject; they had them beaten every time with moral arguments. No people in the world made more fuss over ethical scruples than the Germans. Where others went straight forward, they made everything difficult with their scruples. No sooner did they start their revolution than they stopped it to consider first whether it was fair.

Herr Pröckl brought all this out very violently. Herr Tüverlin and Herr Potter glanced at each other. They did not smile, for they were polite men. At last Herr Tüverlin said with adroit diplomacy that he didn't wish to offend Herr Pröckl and his country, but with the best will in the world he couldn't admit that for instance this last financial manœuvre, the way in which the State and industry in general were draining the people's money into their coffers, was particularly ethical. Herr Tüverlin did not find his own argument very conclusive; even while he was speaking he reflected that Kaspar Pröckl would be able to retort with justice that this manœuvre was not carried out by the people, but by a small ruling class. Yet, strangely enough, Kaspar Pröckl, who usually found the most crushing and vindictive terms for that very trick of the capitalists, maintained in its defence that there was little point in inquiring whether the glaciers which melted after the ice age acted fairly or not. The other two were surprised into silence. "The inflation can hardly be called a fair proposition," said the Colossus after a while, softly and dreamily, "but it's a very profitable proposition. If I were in your Finance Minister's place I'd do exactly the same."

At that they all had to laugh. Pröckl felt ashamed in his heart, and he decided to write a ballad on fair play.

Kaspar Pröckl left early in the afternoon. The other two did not try to prevent him. He had not talked much; he was a withdrawn man who took up little room, and both Tüverlin and the American were expansive men; yet the large room seemed strangely empty after the violent fellow was gone. Conversation became difficult. "Kaspar Pröckl is a bit of a strain," said Tüverlin. "I'm sorry for the man," the American said lazily after a pause.

Later in the afternoon they went for a walk by the lake in the early winter sunlight. Far-Sighted Dan mentioned the revue. Tüverlin explained to him what he had intended it to be; the American grasped it, saw, and approved. He said that the Patriotic movement looked to him like the last convulsions of primitive man. He had always dreamt of a scene for a play or for the movies; it would show the last men of the stone age breaking their tools and crossing over into the bronze age. Tüverlin thought the idea not a bad one; but said that it could hardly be incorporated in *Kasperl and the Class War*. Pipe in mouth, without looking at him, Herr Potter suggested that in that case he should write a new revue, an Aristophanic revue, for New York. He himself would be glad to collaborate. Tüverlin had a better knowledge of books, he himself perhaps had a better knowledge of people. He would be glad to give it a chance, he said.

The disconcerted Tüverlin asked what he expected from such a revue. Even if it came off, a thing like that would barely be understood. Far-Sighted Dan pulled out his note-book, and calculated for a few minutes in silence. Then he replied that he never spoke more seriously than when a bit of fun was in question. He invited Tüverlin to come to America. Tüverlin responded reflectively that he would think it over.

Back in the Villa Seewinkel the American mentioned that he had been interviewing Herr von Grueber about a loan for the speedy electrification of Bavaria. In these days a relatively small sum meant a great deal for a little country. "For a relatively trifling sum you could get concessions of all kinds," he said. Tüverlin blinked and became thoughtful. "Were you thinking of asking concessions from Bavaria?" he asked, long after Herr Potter had changed the subject. "I wouldn't know what to ask," said Potter.

"I might turn out to have a request for the Bavarian government," Tüverlin felt his way cautiously. He reflected that the Government would be deeply involved in Grueber's undertaking. "Something big?" asked Herr Potter. "Nothing very big," replied Tüverlin. "Only the pardoning of a man whom I believe to be innocent." "We must talk of that," said Herr Potter. "You come to the States, Herr Tüverlin," he pleaded a second time. "I think I shall," said Tüverlin.

Soon after the American had left, Johanna returned from her visit to Messerschmidt. She found Tüverlin in a gay mood. He had liked Far-Sighted Dan; he was elated over the American proposition, elated over the possibility of getting a pardon for Martin Krüger.

He considered whether he should tell Johanna of the new hopes for Martin Krüger. No; she had had sufficient disappointments already. He would not speak until his hopes were more palpable. He walked by the silent girl's side, giving her now and than a mischievous side-glance, and chattered on with youthful gaiety in his falsetto voice.

She was angry with him because evidently he had made no attempt to enlist the American for Martin Krüger's cause. He should have guessed how much she had wished him to do so. She loved him; but it was a bitter pill for her that he should be walking by her side and not guess what she wanted.

XVII. KASPAR PRÖCKL BURNS THE HUMBLE ANIMAL

Benno Lechner was confronted by a disagreeable dilemma. Zenzi, the cashier, had been given the opportunity of acquiring an electrical workshop. She wanted to buy it and put Beni at the head of it. She was making good money; she husbanded it well; she was, considering the bad times, really rich. She had had enough of the Tyrolean Café; she didn't want to remain a cash-girl any longer. She had already almost ruined her health; the flat feet from which she suffered, like all those who followed her occupation, were getting more and more painful. Now she wanted to marry, to live in security, to produce a legitimate child. A chance like this of the electrical workshop would not come a second time. She had invested money in Beni, and given him a chance to learn his trade properly in the technical high school. Now she wanted to complete her work. Now she wanted to buy the shop for Beni and marry him.

Beni knew that Zenzi meant what she said. It was a nuisance, her insistence on marriage. He was unwilling to give in to petty bourgeois formalities, and the marriage laws in any case were as absurd as they could be. On the other hand he liked the idea of living with someone who could be relied on. It wasn't very pleasant to listen to the perpetual grousing of the old man; he would be delighted to have good grounds for getting away from him. And the idea of a child of Zenzi's didn't displease him. To reproduce oneself, to have a son who would see the dawn of a better day and live in a proletarian state without distinction of classes: that was certainly worth having at the cost of a silly lie like a bourgeois wedding.

Of course it would be rather awful to stand in the church in a black suit with a white-veiled Zenzi by one's side. Comrade Pröckl and the others would chaff him, and they would be justified.

But even if he did enter the holy bonds of matrimony, Zenzi's second demand, to let her buy the workshop for him and set him up in business, was still less welcome than the idea of the church.

If he could only find something else, something secure and solid. Then Zenzi would be appeased, and one would have some peace. If his temporary post in the National Theatre, for instance, could be made permanent. They thought a lot of him at the National Theatre. His work in *Well, That's the Limit* had been remarked, and they had taken him on at once. At the National Theatre they liked best of all the operas of Wagner; for these flattered the national tendency to romanticism which was at that time the mode. In the past the city of Munich had rejected Richard Wagner as crazy, when the romantic Ludwig the Second had wished to build an opera house for him there. Then fifty years later, when Wagner's fame was at its height, the Munich people had behaved as if they had discovered the man, exploited his art for their local patriotic schemes, and, backed by a theatre speculator, had built him an opera house. Wagner's operas demanded elaborate scenic apparatus, the Munich people liked their theatres opulent and rich, and the lighting effects in *Well, That's the Limit* were just what was wanted in the Wagnerian opera house. The lighting expert of the National Theatre was charmed by what he had seen in Pfaundler's revue and at once enlisted the ingenious Lechner's assistance. But much as this man prized him there was little prospect that he would obtain the permanent post which Zenzi insisted on. The National Theatre was conservative. Elderly tenors and actors had the decisive voice there, and they might allow themselves at a pinch to be lighted by a Communist, but certainly not for good and all. No, there he would never get the standing contract that he needed to show to Zenzi.

What was he to do? Zenzi was insistent; within three weeks the purchase must be legally settled. She could not postpone it any longer than that. So before then Beni would have to make up his mind. If he said no, then it was a case of excuse me, but this is the end. She had still an eligible list of three gentlemen she could choose from. She didn't intend to stay at the Tyrolean Café after the spring. Before the trees were in blossom she was resolved to stand in bridal attire in the church; but not with a Bohemian.

This was difficult. Benno Lechner wanted to talk it over with someone whose judgment he respected. He made for the Gabelsbergerstrasse to see Kaspar Pröckl.

He found Pröckl in a mood not very propitious for discussion. In reality it was a silly matter that was troubling him, and it had happened several days ago, yet Kaspar Pröckl had not been able to get over it.

It was this. Anni had been standing before a shop-window looking at a winter coat. It was an expensive coat, and certainly not as good as it looked. But the weather was cold, and she had to have a winter coat. She must have stood for a long time before the window, for suddenly a man she did not know asked what it was that she was interested in. The man was polite and amusing, she rather like him, and he seemed to like her a great deal. They talked about the high prices. It turned out that the gentleman was a foreigner from Switzerland with Swiss francs upon him. Fifteen francs could buy the coat, and the gentleman was prepared to give them to Anni at a rate of exchange which only such a pretty girl could expect. But when Anni went in to buy the fine-looking coat the Swiss francs of her gallant acquaintance proved to be false. The indignant shopkeeper fetched the police. Only after a few uncomfortable hours in the police station was Anni at last set free by her grumbling father.

When he heard the story Kaspar Pröckl raged still more violently than old Lechner had done. But this was really too much for Anni. It was all right for Kaspar to talk. He could act the fine gentleman. He could turn down the Fifth Evangelist with a grand flourish. But somebody had to see that they got food and lodgings. To secure fifteen francs for twelve thousand marks was a bagatelle perhaps for the Fifth Evangelist; but for Anni Lechner it meant a winter coat and two hundred hours of protection against rain, frost, and colds. If she had been taken in, it was because Kaspar hadn't given her much opportunity to study bank-notes.

Kaspar had replied with superior disdain. But all that Anni said was only what had been vexing him for a long time already, although he would not admit it to himself. He was bothered because Anni was unable to keep up her former smart appearance, because she sometimes looked down at heel, because she obviously had too little to eat and no money for new clothes. She didn't complain; but even such a poor observer as he could not but notice that she was not looking at all well. No, he couldn't afford to strike attitudes any longer. His pride was a private indulgence, the ballad cycle about the man in the street and the masses that he was pottering at was a private indulgence. In two months he would be thirty; it was time for him to give up these indulgences. He had arrogantly rejected Reindl's invitation to go to Moscow. If he wanted employment now, he would have to go to Reindl. That was damned unpleasant.

Into these anxieties came Benno Lechner with his troubles. He soon saw that this was not a good time to talk to Kaspar, and after some hemming and hawing he took refuge in general topics. But even on these Kaspar was so short that the only thing to do was to let him have his own way. He swore at everything, and lost himself in high-flown theories which were more extreme than true. Soviet Russia, he declared, was becoming more and more a class-state, what with the excesses of the party dictatorship and the narrow-minded purging of the Party by those in power while the western democracies were cautiously but steadily working towards a society in which there would be no classes. He became more and more daring in his exposition of causes and principles. Finally he coined a phrase more suitable for a refrain to one of his ballads than for party propaganda. Marxism was distributing poverty and not wealth, spreading industrial slavery and not freedom.

Horrified, Beni desisted from theoretical discussion. But when he tried to lead the conversation to his own affairs Comrade Pröckl, more annoyed with himself than with Beni, cut him off sharply; he didn't want to hear about people's private affairs, he said, the time for private problems was past; he himself didn't want to have any private affairs, he wanted to merge in the mass. These words sounded very strangely in the mouth of such a gruff and angular man. Benno Lechner put it down as pure insolence, and, until now a single-minded supporter of Pröckl, became recalcitrant and silent, and, when Pröckl began to make faint attempts at reconciliation, grew stubborn and angry.

Both men breathed more freely when Anni arrived with her usual volubility. A better reader of people's feelings than Kaspar, she soon discovered that something was troubling her brother. She proposed that they should pay their father another visit, and presently they were both on the way to Unteranger. So instead of speaking to Pröckl Benno Lechner spoke of his cares to Anni. She listened attentively, and she approved heartily of Zenzi's resolute policy. It was good for Beni to be forced on to solid ground in these uncertain times. She advised him urgently and volubly to accept; already she was looking forward to being the godmother of his child.

She took the opportunity of telling him a secret. She had been going to have a child by Kaspar. But she hadn't said anything to Kaspar, for in spite of all his cleverness he wouldn't have known what to do. Instead she had quietly gone to a doctor and had had the child aborted. She would rather have seen the thing through. But how was an infant to be fed and brought up in these awful times? The world was a horrible place, what with the inflation and all the dreadful scandals flying about which one had to believe if one wasn't quite potty. There had been another difficulty too. The doctor who had been recommended to her, a man with a heart of gold who would do it for any poor girl gratuitously, had been reported by his mean rivals just because of that. And because he was a Red, a Socialist, they had put him in prison. So she had had to go to one of the big pots. He had been kind and nice; but he had asked for foreign money. And it was only because this had taken so much of her money that she had been let into the affair of the winter coat.

Beni listened. He said little. In his heart he admired the courage with which a girl like his sister stood up to her troubles. Anni regarded her brother affectionately. He had not had his hair cut for a long time. With silent mirth she noted that he was beginning to grow side whiskers, which made him more like his father.

They arrived in Unteranger. Cajetan Lechner had had his house repainted; but in this he had been less happy than with his old furniture. The new decorations looked out of place; the old house had looked better in its dilapidated state. The old man was delighted to have the two of them there for once; he grumbled at them because they so seldom accorded him that honour. He had changed, he had become more bumptious since joining the True Germans. Formerly when he had said he would get to the top of the tree it had sounded like an excuse for not having yet achieved it. But lately he had been announcing it with triumph. In his heart he hoped that the Patriotic movement would yet secure him the yellow house; yes, when with the new racial regeneration they declared war on Holland so as to secure a greater Germany, then perhaps he might even be able to compel the Dutchman, the niggard, to hand back the casket. Since he had joined the Kutzner mob Cajetan Lechner had become very eccentric; one couldn't carry on a sensible conversation with him. But he could not be kept from talking; he could not sleep until he had first given Beni, the Red, the Bolshie, a flea in his ear. The old man with the goitre and the long side whiskers and the young man with the short side whiskers sat together, and Beni patiently allowed himself to be sworn at. He would knuckle down to the church ceremony and the workshop, and then he would have some peace.

Meanwhile Pröckl was regretting his childish petulance towards Benno Lechner. What he had said had been true enough, but he had expressed it wrongly and pompously. Kaspar Pröckl really suffered from his own personality. He wanted to escape from it, he wanted to be only one atom among many. Always some part of him projected beyond the others. He wanted to be rid of that; that must go.

He was vexed that Beni had departed in justified annoyance. He took out the ballad cycle and attempted a new one: "Concerning Poverty." In verse his ideas sounded much more reasonable than in prose, where one had to support them exhaustively. In the Villa Seewinkel he had actually been shown up as a Kasperl before that man from California. Far-Sighted Dan had treated him like an infant, and quite right too, for Far-Sighted Dan was by no means stupid. It was he himself who had been stupid. But the ballad on fair play was a success. Kaspar Pröckl took up his banjo and strummed softly. Words only came to him along with the melody. The ballad on poverty came off too.

He sang the ballad to himself; it pleased him. Alone in the huge studio he yelled the ballad of poverty in his harsh voice. Since he had suffered that humiliation before the dollar king he had not sung his ballads again, not even to Anni. Besides there were other secrets which he kept from Anni.

Stealthily, with a mischievous air, he went over to a firmly locked drawer and threw it open. He looked nervously at the door, almost as the painter Landholzer had done, and locked it. Then he took out the drawing, "The Western-Eastern Affinities," the manifesto, "Concerning the Truth," and the wooden bas-relief, "The Humble Animal."

He examined them; the drawing, the sculpture, and the paper; he examined them tenderly, with ardour, with longing. He glanced over at his drawing-board on which lay technical sketches and designs. Then he laughed loudly and scornfully, and in his shrill voice sang once more, loudly and challengingly, alone in the room, his new ballad of poverty. And once more it pleased him.

He was pleased. And why? The definition of that old bourgeois Aristotle remained the best after all: the significance of art lay in its purging of the emotions through pity and terror. Psychoanalysis was a new way of escape for a decaying bourgeoisie, but that old Aristotle understood a damned lot about psychoanalysis. Art was the most agreeable means of purifying and getting rid of certain dangerous impulses, such as pity, terror, and conscience. A sly, agreeable, guileful means. Wasn't it perhaps too sly, too guileful, too bourgeois?

Really, he himself was a bit of a swine. Certainly it wasn't an age in which one could afford a complicated private life. Eccentricity was out of fashion. But there he had been shouting at poor Benno Lechner that private problems were uninteresting while all the time he was nursing his own eccentricities. And with gloomy deep-set eyes he regarded the gloomy deep-set eyes in "The Western-Eastern Affinities," the sharp nose, the huge Adam's apple, the prominent cheek-bones.

Yes, art was a damned easy method of getting rid of one's passions. Old Plato, a true big-wig, a super-aristocrat, but a sly dog, knew well enough why he banished poets from his republic. Æstheticism was certainly the easiest way of getting rid of one's responsibilities to society. It was too easy altogether, my dear sir. Healthy instincts like combativeness, indignation, lust to kill, disgust, conscience, were all unpleasant. But that was just why they were there, so as to give one no peace. To sublimate them in art might relieve some people. But that was too simple. These instincts asked to be exploited practically; in the class war, for instance.

No, Kaspar Pröckl, you're taking things too easy. You ask others to give up their private lives. Have you given up your own private pride? Have you made yourself pleasant to Herr Reindl? Have you gone to Russia? Here you sit alone, behind locked doors, in the most exclusive privacy, and write ballads and play the artist. Who gave you a right to do this?

Perhaps a Dr. Martin Krüger might allow himself such a luxury, seeing that he was sitting in prison, and in a very unpleasant situation. Or somebody who had taken refuge in a madhouse, like the painter Landholzer, might allow himself such an occupation. But a man like Jacques Tüverlin sitting in the Villa Seewinkel with Martin Krüger's wife and writing a radio play called *The Last Judgment* which would bring him in a pile of dollars; fie on the comfortable swine!

He wouldn't be like Jacques Tüverlin.

He sat down at the typewriter in which the *e* and the *x* were still not functioning, and typed the following:

"Marching orders for Kaspar Pröckl, a Bolshevist, given on 19th December.

(1) You have to go to the capitalist Andreas Reindl and strive by all the means at your command to get him to send you as chief engineer to Nijni Novgorod.

(2) You have by all the means at your command, especially by enlisting the aid of the said capitalist Reindl, to try to get the convict Martin Krüger released from prison.

(3) You have to put to the girl Anni Lechner the question whether she will join the Party, and go with you to Russia."

While he wrote this the engineer Kaspar Pröckl did not remember that once in his presence the hated scribbler Jacques Tüverlin had laid down certain æsthetic principles for himself on a postcard.

He opened the door of the iron stove, which Anni had carefully stoked before she went out. He threw in the sheets containing the ballads. After them he threw in Landholzer's manifesto, the drawing entitled "The Western-Eastern Affinities," and last of all "The Humble Animal." Then, without waiting to see how they burned, he seated himself at his great drawing-board, and addressed himself to his plans.

XVIII. A MAN BEATS AGAINST THE BARS

The prison of Odelsberg had once been a monastery; the refectory was now the chapel. On Christmas eve the prisoners sat there in rows; hymns were sung, and the Governor gave an address. There were candles burning on a Christmas tree. In the background people from Odelsberg village, mostly women and children, were standing. The men in the brown prison-clothes glanced furtively at them, glad of this rare chance of seeing women. The Governor's address sounded thin, the singing was poor, the Christmas tree and the candles looked shabby. But the prisoners were moved, and many sobbed. Martin Krüger too was touched. Later he writhed with shame at the memory of his emotion. That evening there was an extra ration of cheese. It was Swiss cheese, hard and nourishing. Martin Krüger savoured it crumb by crumb.

He was not feeling well. He had felt at his best when he was writing about the revolutionist Goya. His own revolution had consisted in a silly struggle with a subordinate Prison Governor; it had been demoralizing and hopeless.

His astuteness had not held out. Once Förtsch had succeeded in tricking Krüger into giving him a pretext for punishment. He announced the punishment to him in a businesslike, curt, almost military fashion. The hairs in his nose quivered, as if he were voluptuously enjoying his triumph. Then Martin Krüger raised his hand and struck him over the face. It was a great satisfaction. But it had to be paid for. More astute than his prisoner, the Governor controlled himself, decided to regard the blow as a symptom of madness, and consigned him to the punishment cell.

The punishment cell was in the prison cellars, and it was a very small room. Martin Krüger was made to strip to his shirt. He was pushed down a few slippery stone steps. A choking stench met him which had had its origin in the natural needs of those who had been confined there before. It was only afternoon, but down there everything was pitch-dark. He felt around with his hands, and knocked against walls and corners. He found that the floor was uncovered, uneven, and full of holes. His shirt was short; the cold paralysed him; when he got up to move his limbs it cut like a knife. When he was locked into the cell it might have been four o'clock in the afternoon. In a few hours he did not know whether it was night or day. Nor did he any longer smell the stench. There were hosts of rats in his dungeon; but the man Krüger had no wish to talk to them. He lay down, to freeze to death, he hoped: for to die by freezing he had been told was a pleasant death. But he could not lie for long; the rats disturbed him. Perhaps it was partly hunger too that kept him from sleeping. He screamed, but either nobody heard him or they did not want to hear him. Later his screaming sank to a whimper. After an indefinite time a mattress and a bit of bread were thrown into the cell.

Sometimes he did not know clearly where he was, except that he was surrounded by darkness, hunger, cold, stench, and a host of rats. He longed for his own cell. Once he remembered that he was in Central Europe and in the twentieth century, a time and a place in which people were convinced that they were better than earlier ages and than the primitive forest races. He remembered men whom he had seen hanging on barbed-wire entanglements, men choking in gas attacks, men crumpling under the blows of the "deliverers of Munich." He sought to relieve his misery by reflecting that these men were still more wretched than himself; but that was not true; they were not more wretched. He thought of certain verses of a medieval poet, Dante Alighieri by name, verses which told of hell, of starving and burning souls; and he laughed at the primitive imagination of that poet. Then he got up swaying, his limbs pierced by cold, and attempted to go through his usual physical exercises in the dark cell. It caused him great agony; he had to move every joint separately; finally he fell down in exhaustion. Then at last he slept.

When he awoke he felt more resigned; he was glad that he was so feeble, and he listened contentedly to the scurrying of the rats. He was tormented by only one thing; that a certain verse of this Dante would not come back to his mind. He said: *"Dante era un trecentista."* He said: "Not to be born is best." He said: "How long?" He believed that he was saying it very loudly, but he was speaking so low that not even the rats heard him. He tried to call before him all the faces he knew. He numbered them, but he knew that certain faces were missing, also the numbers were always getting confused. He tried to call to mind the separate details of his study. The whole room he saw quite distinctly; but certain details continued to elude him. This annoyed him. It was strange to think how many things there were in the world. The world was so small; what were a mere twenty-five thousand miles? All the same it was strange that at that very moment while he was lying here and rats were leaping over him, somewhere in the world someone was reading words he had written about some nuance of colour in a painting.

That he was lying there wasn't the worst of it. That a judge had sentenced him; that wasn't the worst of it. That a man had thrust him there among the ten Egyptian plagues, into hunger, vermin, and darkness; that wasn't the worst of it. The worst of it was that outside there were other people walking about who knew of all this and condoned it. That people were reflecting about a million things and not about him, that newspapers were concerning themselves with politicians' speeches, and the colouring of painting, and the speed of ships and of tennis balls, and not with him. He lay drowned in weakness, and breathed in the sharp stench of the cell, and hated Johanna.

He did not know how long it had been since they had flung in the mattress and the bread to him. All at once he became terrified lest they had forgotten him, and he almost died with fright. He had once been in an underground cave in the mountains: it was large, and branched in every direction, with steep walls, cold, and deadly still. He had gone in with an old acquaintance and without a guide, which had been foolhardy. If the battery of his pocket torch gave out they were done for. It failed. Suddenly he seemed to have no ground under his feet, and he was terrified as he had never been before. The few minutes which passed before his friend knocked up against him again had not been long; but to him they had seemed an eternity. It was the most awful moment that he had ever known; sometimes, but very seldom, the memory came back to him still. Then he always trembled. The same stifling terror came over him now. They had forgotten him; he would die there, in his shirt, among the rats and the filth left by his predecessors.

They left him in the punishment cell for thirty-six hours.

Afterwards, when Dr. Gsell examined him, he found him gratifyingly quiet. He made no complaint, gave courteous and sensible answers, and responded to the jovial mood of the doctor. "We've got a few more white hairs," the doctor joked, "but that quite suits the appearance. And we'll soon get over the little touch of lassitude." Krüger looked at him with his dull eyes. "Yes, Doctor," he replied quietly, "we'll get over it. *I'll* get out of this sometime; but you'll have to stay here for life."

This mild and by no means spitefully intended statement struck Dr. Gsell all of a heap. For he was not willingly in Odelsberg. Originally he had intended to go in for a university career. Ever since his student days he had been passionately investigating the differences in the blood of different races, and his two publications were ranked among the best books treating of that subject, along with those of Dungern, von Scheidt, and Hirschfeld. Once he had believed that he had achieved his object, that he had found the key that certain characteristics in the blood were reliable indications of race. But it had been only another disappointment: his discovery turned out to be erroneous. To him as to all his contemporaries the hope of diagnosing the racial group of an individual from an analysis of his blood remained a forlorn hope. But he had come much nearer to a solution than any of the others: if anybody was to succeed, it would be he. A series of untoward circumstances, however, the loss of his mother's property, the breaking off of his engagement to the daughter of an influential professor, had ruined his chance of a lectureship, and compelled him to give up his investigations. Now, an ageing bachelor, he was permanently fixed in Odelsberg; he had a private practice which did not interest him, and his post in the prison, which he regarded as an unwelcome duty. A working day of fourteen hours, a silly vocation which anybody else could have filled as well as he, kept him from carrying out the task for which he alone was qualified.

Dr. Gsell did not vent his bitter feelings on his patients. He did not like the work of a doctor, but he was not a bad doctor. He had a quick eye and a skilful hand. He did his duty humanely. But his work in the prison had blunted his feelings. Dr. Gsell had grown accustomed to believe little of what the prisoners told him. So many of them were stubborn and embittered. Even to them he spoke genially. But when they were persistent he became sharp.

When Krüger came first Gsell had made the customary examination of his blood. By his appearance a Celtic type with a light infusion of a Semitic strain, the man by rights should have belonged to blood group A. When he had to admit that Krüger most perversely belonged to group A.B. the pacific doctor did not take it ill of him. Also when Krüger complained of heart pains he did not become annoyed: he sounded him, found nothing wrong, and dismissed him with a few genial remarks. There was no cause for anxiety. According to his experience this type was pretty tough. When Krüger reported himself a second time, he patiently sounded him again, and again found nothing wrong. But when Krüger came a third time he became impatient. It was understandable enough that prisoner 2478 should want to malinger a little, but at least he should try to find a better pretext. Weak heart! The stalest and most common story. The seizures came on at night, did they, in the cell, when nobody else was there? Naturally. When others were there the patient never had any seizures. Just so. Herr Dr. Krüger of course was reckoning on being sent to the prison hospital under observation for *angina pectoris*. But he was out of his reckoning. They had no intention of being taken in by his fables about his heart. One became a bit down-hearted after sixteen months in prison. After a previous life of luxury of course one found prison a bit Spartan, and one changed in certain ways, acquired nervous stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, and so on, followed by loss of flesh and colour. But that wasn't surprising. That was quite usual. That happened. But, *angina pectoris*. What an idea! The whole prison might start complaining of that.

Such was the doctor's attitude to his prisoner, a little suspicious, but not unhelpful. Now when Krüger said to him after thirty-six hours in the punishment cell, that he, Krüger, would get out sometime, but that Dr. Gsell would not, his answer touched the doctor's most sensitive spot. But he did not chalk it up against the enfeebled man: instead he ordered him extra nourishment and rest.

Yet very soon afterwards Krüger complained again of heart seizures, of a terrible feeling of absolute annihilation, and of his awful awakening from this state, helpless in the solitude of the cell. The seizures were coming now at even shorter intervals. He begged the doctor urgently to allow him a bell or some other means of calling for help: he was afraid that one of those seizures might carry him off. But then in spite of visible efforts Dr. Ferdinand Gsell could not keep up his joviality. He bluntly called Martin Krüger a mischievous malingerer.

But Martin Krüger was not malingering.

After that session in the punishment cell, however, a sort of truce set in between him and the Governor. Whatever Förtsch did, Martin saw that it would not do to let himself be provoked.

In order to hear his own voice he talked a great deal to himself, not too loudly, so that the warders in the corridor might not report him. But when he knew that well-disposed warders were in the passage, he recited at the top of his voice. He liked best to recite chapters from his book on Goya. He spent many hours of the night in spinning elaborate fantasies of revenge. He dreamt of poisoning the whole city of Munich, with all its people and animals. He pictured the details to himself, heaps of dying and poisoned people. Old legends and histories took vague form within his mind. If there remained five righteous men in Munich, then God would stay His hand. But there were not five righteous men. He had lived for so long in that city: sometime or other he must have met one of those five. He continuously haggled with God over the number. If the city seemed in danger of being spared, God must raise the minimum number to ten, as He had once done already. God was generous, God considered the matter, God agreed. Then Martin Krüger laughed in scorn and triumph. Now it was all up with the damned town. For he was quite easy in his mind that there weren't *ten* righteous.

Next time that Johanna visited him her agitation was even greater than his. He had not managed to think out what he should say to her. Re-trial, reprieve, pardon: these things occupied him day and night. For if he was feeble, he still remained tough; but he renounced all expectation. Certainly there were such things as a re-trial or a pardon. There was also the sea which one could cross in a boat or an airplane. There was also the planet Mars, and perhaps some day someone would reach it. But as for himself? He had his cell, six feet wide, twelve feet long; and the planet Mars, the streets, the women, the sea, and re-trials were outside the walls of that cell. So he talked quickly and clearly to Johanna. He had no difficulty in finding the right word. To her agitated and anxious questions he returned clear and comprehensive answers. He talked of his illness, of the feeling of annihilation, of the stifling and contracting pain, and said that the doctor could find nothing wrong. Perhaps it might really be mere imagination. He had lost control of himself, he told her, had struck the Governor in the face, which a reasonable man would hardly have done; for the brief satisfaction was incommensurate with the duration and severity of the punishment. But Johanna did not believe that the feeling of annihilation was mere imagination; she looked at the man in the light-brown uniform, this time she looked at him clearly and straightly so that she would not have to evoke his image later from a blurred memory, and she knew well enough that it was not Martin Krüger who was deceived, but the doctor. She had not even the feeling that spite was at work here; she believed that it was all a grave and fateful mistake, and her thoughts raced as she tried to discover how she might put it right. Was it thinkable that she had been happy while Martin was having an attack? That she had been lying with Tüverlin while Martin was wrestling with annihilation?

She would have to confront the Governor, go and see the doctor. A specialist must be called in. She must write to Dr. Geyer; she must have another interview at once, at once, with Messerschmidt. Here a human being was being ground down who had no protector but herself. It was as clear as the day, she saw it plainly: he was steadily going down, being gradually destroyed. She thought all this rapidly and hurriedly, weighing a thousand other possibilities, visits to doctors, letters to the five secret rulers of Bavaria. She could not conceive that anybody could say "No" when it was a simple thing like illness which had nothing to do with politics.

Meanwhile Martin Krüger talked on: he described his seizures minutely, as lucidly as at one time he had described pictures. Johanna gazed at his mouth, which had once been a very sensuous mouth; she saw his tongue which was whitish, his teeth which were now yellow in his pallid gums, his thick eyebrows, now grey above his dull eyes. He said: "You see, this is how it is," and it might have been for only two minutes that he talked about his heart attacks. To Johanna it seemed an eternity.

She did not manage to get an interview with the doctor, but only with the Governor. He remained cool under her indignant reproaches, politely begged her to control herself, and remained cool, too, at her mention of Messerschmidt's name.

Before Tüverlin Johanna burst out in savage rage and swore at him, too, in the most vulgar manner, because he, a man, was looking on calmly at the slow destruction of an innocent victim. Tüverlin listened very attentively, asked her to repeat some of the things she had told him, and nodded his head. Then he took notes. Just like the American. He had copied this habit from him.

Johanna hated him.

XIX. THE INVISIBLE CAGE

That conversation in which Johanna told Tüverlin of Martin Krüger's illness banished the comfortable security which during all those months in the Villa Seewinkel had promised to last for ever. Tüverlin had taken notes like a stock-broker, just like that American of whom he talked so much and whom Johanna hated. And Jacques had actually smiled. Yes, he had smiled. If she had reflected she would have had to admit to herself that it could hardly have been Martin Krüger's agony that extorted a smile from the man who had written that searing essay on the Krüger case. But Johanna did not reflect. She only saw the picture of that bare smiling mouth.

She said not another word to Tüverlin about Martin. She began on her own account a busy, indefatigable, bootless agitation. She sent letters to everybody she could think of. She wrote several times in a violent temper to Geyer in Berlin, and sent him impatient telegrams.

She had a second interview with Herr von Messerschmidt. Again the sight of the old man gave her a feeling of peace and security. In his slow fashion Herr von Messerschmidt told her he would immediately investigate and find how things stood concerning the prison doctor and Krüger's heart troubles. "I've already told you," he added, "that you'll know definitely about the re-trial before the trees are in blossom. Re-trial or reprieve. I said in two months.

There are still forty-eight days to go. I haven't forgotten the matter."

Johanna told Tüverlin nothing of this. They lived together. They shared the same table and bed, the same work, the same sports, the same recreation. He himself was in radiant spirits. The radio play *The Last Judgment* was as good as finished. It was to be broadcast first from New York. He had brought it off. Johanna guessed this: she felt the vitality which emanated from the piece. But it gave her no joy.

Logic was unavailing: the silly sense of guilt remained with her like a sickness which she could not get rid of. It chafed her and weighed her down. It became worse and better, but she was never quite rid of it. The idiotic oppression was always there. Whatever she did or thought, she ran into it. She sat within it as within a cage. It was simply because she had thrown herself so completely into happiness with Tüverlin that Martin was ill and wretched. It was in vain that she told herself that the heart beating within the breast of the man in the Odelsberg goal was a fragment of flesh, and consisted of blood, muscle, tissue, and blood-vessels. It would function no better and no worse whether she loved the man Tüverlin or not. That was true, and yet it wasn't true. In any case she could not be happy with Tüverlin as long as the affair with the other man remained unsettled. She would never be happy with Tüverlin again. Her life with him was ruined once and for all since Tüverlin had smiled over Krüger's misery.

She could feel herself into that misery now so intensely at moments that Johanna Krain seemed to exchange places with Martin Krüger. She would sit, her broad face with the blunt, somewhat fleshy nose supported on her hands, her long, grey eyes fixed unswervingly, her smooth brow furrowed. She was sitting in the Villa Seewinkel, and yet she was sitting in the cell in Odelsberg which actually she had never seen. She was the man Krüger; she felt his hatred for the rabbit-faced Governor, for Munich, for Bavaria; she felt her heart crushed between the two millstones, and the clutching, stifling sense of annihilation. She was completely Krüger. This keenness of feeling combined with this denseness of understanding, these moments of transformation into another being, came to many of the dwellers in the Bavarian plateau.

Tüverlin walked by Johanna's side, and chattered gaily to her in his falsetto voice. Hadn't *The Last Judgment* turned out splendidly? He was radiant. His success in other countries was holding. Money was coming in, a great deal of money for the Germany of that time. Was there anything she wanted? Would he buy the house for her, the wood, the lake? He was exchanging cables and letters with Far-Sighted Dan: it had been arranged that in a few days he should sail on the *California*. He mentioned the date of his departure to Johanna, and told her that he had left a dollar account for her use at the Bank of Dresden. He told her that he was greatly pleased with the idea of the revue for the dollar king, with the journey to America, and with the dollar king himself. He gave her a sidelong and mischievous look; he smiled more and more broadly. "The essay on Krüger will soon be appearing now, too," he said, and he smiled.

He was very voluble during those last days before he left, and flung out gay and keen sayings about God and the universe. But of the things which she had at heart, which she would have given her life to hear something about, of Martin Krüger and of his own return from America, he said not a word. He did not tell her that Krüger's pardon was well on the way. For when Privy Councillor von Grueber had communicated Mr. Potter's hint in this connexion to the Treasury and the head office of the Bavarian State Bank, they had certainly shown great astonishment, but after a few large phrases about the independence of justice in Bavaria they had declared that they would pass on the hint to the proper quarter. Jacques Tüverlin intended during his stay in America to keep the dollar king up to the scratch. He congratulated himself that the affair was going forward nicely. He smiled when he thought what a relief it would be to Johanna. He would not speak until an unmistakable official declaration by the Bavarian authorities was imminent.

In those last days Johanna seemed careless and gay. One day she received a long letter from her mother. The affairs of the pork butcher Lederer were going better and better in the rising inflation; he had bought four new shops. Frau Krain-Lederer was shocked at her shameless daughter. In his district Herr Lederer was president of the local branch of the True Germans. His stepdaughter was a disgrace to him. Frau Krain-Lederer once more proffered the hand of friendship. Her daughter must divorce her convict husband, and cease her concubinage with the Bohemian. For the last time her mother offered her a hearth and a home.

Once Aunt Ametsrieder surprised them by appearing at the Villa Seewinkel. Johanna was happy to see the old lady coming bluntly and gallantly to the point, bearing her powerful masculine head high through the house, and bringing out irrefutable axioms of a general nature. Tüverlin grinned in happy amusement. Aunt Ametsrieder insisted on talking things out with Johanna. Tired, but pleased to see a human being who knew her own mind, Johanna listened to her. Her aunt thought that Johanna had done as much for Martin Krüger as one human being could do for another: she had done enough. She should get a divorce and marry this Tüverlin. He was a flea of a man, it was true, but with her Aunt Ametsrieder's help, Johanna would manage to pull him together a bit. If Johanna was agreed, she would have a talk with Tüverlin, and see that he didn't fly off to America.

Two days before Jacques Tüverlin's departure for Hamburg to take his berth on the *California,* Johanna had a painfully clear vision of what the house would be like when he was gone. The large rooms of the Villa Seewinkel would be very empty and quiet then. Should she move to the flat in Munich in the Steinsdorfstrasse? She was resolved to take up her graphology again. Would she ever bring herself to analyse Martin Krüger's writing?

Messerschmidt had not forgotten; he had told her so in Munich. He had said forty-eight days, and already five of them were gone. When Tüverlin left there would be still forty-one remaining. What would happen if, for example, Krüger was released from Odelsberg before Tüverlin came back? Jacques shouldn't leave her now. Did he not see that?

He did not see it.

Life in the country had suited him better than Johanna. He was looking well, with his powerful shoulders and slim hips; his keen wrinkled face was brown, tanned with wind and sun. He looked at her with a sidelong glance and smiled; she called it a grin now. He talked away in his falsetto voice. He was radiant. He went away in great spirits and left her behind in her cage.

XX. THE RUHR

On the ninth of January the Reparations Commission decided that Germany had not fulfilled its requirements according to the Versailles Treaty. It had been guilty of a deliberate failure to supply the required amount of wood and coal. The deficit amounted to 1½ per cent of the whole. Thereupon the French Prime Minister Poincaré sent a commission of engineers under the leadership of a M. Coste into the Ruhr, to make good this deficit as best they could. Troops in war equipment, 61,389 men, consisting of seven French and two Belgian divisions, were sent under the supreme command of General Degoutte to protect the engineers. At half-past nine on the morning of January 11th the vanguard of the French army marched into Essen. Gelsenkirchen and Bochum were occupied on the 15th, Dortmund and Hörde on the 16th. French troops took possession of the Prussian State Coal Mines, and the various branches of the Reichs Bank. The owners and general directors of the great industrial concerns, Thyssen, Spindler, Tengelmann, Wüstenhofer, and Kesten were arrested, because they refused to deliver reparations coal.

The Ruhr was the richest province in Germany. Beneath its surface there was an inexhaustible supply of coal and iron, and above it there was marvellously contrived machinery, splendidly organized, for turning the coal and iron to use, and a dense and intricate network of railways for transporting them. Germany was an industrial country, and the Ruhr the heart of its industry. Whoever held the Ruhr held the heart of Germany in the hollow of his hand.

But to have possession of that heart was only profitable so long as it beat. The German Government, militarily powerless after its defeat in the Great War, instructed the population to put up a passive resistance. The authorities and the business officials in the thickly populated province refused to render obedience to the army of occupation. Representatives of the Government, burgomasters, managers of banks, railways, and large concerns, were arrested and deported. The occupying troops tried themselves to run the railways. With disastrous consequences. Military trains collided; not a few soldiers lost their lives. The exasperated troops took sharp measures against demonstrators and suspicious characters. There were shootings, a great number of wounded, and several casualties. Martial law was declared, and heavy fines laid on the towns where French soldiers were assassinated. By the beginning of February five hundred miles of railway line were lying idle. The locomotives and the rails began to rust; the heaps of coal for which there was no transport rose and rose, became mountains, and spread far over the country, until it was not safe to add to them for fear of spontaneous combustion.

In Bavaria very few people had known what the Ruhr was. Most of them thought it was some kind of disagreeable ailment. The papers had a hard time explaining to them that it was a river which flowed through a rich industrial province, and that it was their duty now to be indignant. Thereupon they became mightily indignant.

The occupation of the Ruhr brought an immense accession of members to the True Germans. The countless vagrants and adventurers who were still roaming about the Empire as a result of the War, and during the last few months had been at their last gasp, breathed freely again. Everywhere there was talk of letting fly at France, and of a war of liberation. The old military associations and volunteer corps, the People's Guard, the League of Order, the Werwolves, the Orka, the Orgesch, or whatever they called themselves, stood shoulder to shoulder. Recruiting officers wandered over the country, drummed up the unemployed and the unemployable, and enlisted them as volunteers. Officially these divisions, who were led in great numbers through the country, passed themselves off as Ruhr refugees. They laughed at the authorities. One armed division for example which travelled through the country in a special train exhibited a placard with the words: "Four hundred and thirty children over ten years."

The True Germans were swimming in money. The industrialists, to whom the Nationalistic movement was welcome not only as a safeguard against the demands of the workers, but also as a means of impressing the enemy, were not sparing with their funds. And many other enthusiastic or indignant patriots gave contributions too. For instance the chamberlain of a Wittelsbacher prince, who had stolen a pretty large sum, was able at the ensuing trial to point to the fact that he had reserved a considerable proportion of the booty for the party coffers of the Patriots. Foreign countries also contributed. In France people were not displeased to see the wild revengeful spirit of the Patriots. For did it not prove the necessity of securing guarantees, of holding fast to whatever hostages one had?

In his speeches Rupert Kutzner denounced the united front of the German people, ordained by the Government, as a stinking scandal and swindle. Nothing but deeds could lead them to victory. The time that must elapse before they marched against the French must be employed in settling the enemy at home. Once they were rooted out, Germany would automatically become a world power again. The most urgent task before them was to settle the November revolutionaries. That must be carried out without sentimentality, and with the utmost ferocity. Half-measures must cease. Passive resistance was idiocy. They must have a Sicilian Vespers. Down with the cheap-jacks of revolution. Popular tribunals must be set up which would be allowed only two sentences: acquittal or death. Universal military service must be brought in, and the enemy's staff seized as hostages. The Communists and the True Germans must unite; they were the same at heart. For only the Communists and the True Germans were men of deeds; all the others who were half-and-half were scum. The great national regeneration was at hand. Before the trees were in blossom it would unfold. The people were rising, the storm was unleashed.

Kutzner's lieutenants interpreted his words still more trenchantly. The heads of Ministers would roll in the sand. They would not cease until the November swine were hanging from every street-lamp. They would have the Jews of Berlin on toast.

In the broad light of day, with song and pomp, the True Germans held their military reviews. True, there were many very young lads among them, and even twelve-year-old schoolboys were not rejected for the storm battalions. Undeniably too, there were a great many of the rag-tag and bob-tail, and despite their benevolence, the authorities could not avoid seizing one or two of them, at the urgent representations of the Minister of Justice, Messerschmidt, and sentencing them for serious felonies. But in members and equipment Kutzner's troops were not unimpressive. The Leader reviewed them. Lolling in his car he watched them march past under his impassive regard. He folded his arms and took up the attitude which Konrad Stolzing had adopted as Napoleon in *The Emperor's Command*, a comedy by the French playwright Scribe.

Through the country the cry rang out: before the trees are in blossom. In Munich more and more people were to be seen with green haversacks on their backs and hats on their heads decorated with goats' bristles done up to look like shaving-brushes, and called "chamois beards," peasants from the neighbourhood who wanted to bring about a new "delivery of Munich." "Before the trees are in blossom," the Patriots shouted, and cudgelled everyone whom they regarded as an enemy. On the road between Schliersee and Miesbach two handworkers happened to be wandering singing: "Two red roses and a parting kiss." "Before the trees are in blossom," shouted some Patriots who were approaching, and they fell on the two handworkers. They had mistaken the song for "Two red hose and Spartacus."

The enemy did not lie low all the time. Sometimes Patriots were beaten in spite of their better arms. In Austria workers searched a train in which General Vesemann was travelling to Vienna to see some party colleagues, and the General had to spend some uncomfortable hours in a train lavatory. In the Reichstag, in the Bavarian Parliament, in their party organs, the Social Democrats denounced the reign of lawlessness. With little effect. Messerschmidt alone managed sometimes to institute sharper measures against the rebellious Patriots. The Cabinet as a whole wavered. Kutzner had so often promised a *coup d'état;* the trees were still far from their blossoming time; until then he was their best weapon against the Reds.

Meanwhile the misery of the population was increasing. The failure of the Ruhr to function was a defect which threw the whole machinery of the Reich out of order. The farmers, it was true, had paid off their debts, and with the increasing inflation lived more and more luxuriously; more and more farmers had their cars and their race-horses. But in the cities starvation was spreading. The bread became as injurious to the health as it had been during the War. Dyspeptic maladies became more common. The children went to school without their breakfast, and fainted during their classes. Tuberculosis fastened on enfeebled bodies; the grant which Parliament set aside to fight it was only a hundred and twentieth of the grant for fighting hoof-and-mouth disease. Infant mortality rose. Young mothers, compelled to go out to work, had to give up nursing their children. Once more fetid holes served as dwellings, newspapers as underclothing, cardboard boxes as children's cots. It was a cold winter. On the Ruhr the countryside was still covered by heaped piles of coal; yet on these piles of coal snow was falling while over a great part of Germany people were freezing in unheated rooms. 20,815 marks were paid for a dollar, 75 for a breakfast roll, 700 for a pound of bread, 1300 for a pound of sugar. Wages never caught up on prices. The Cardinal Archbishop of Munich declared that profiteering was raging more savagely and working more evil than the massacre of the children in Bethlehem and the worst famines recorded in the Bible.

The True Germans, however, clothed their officials and their mercenaries in warm durable clothes and fed them well and abundantly. They sang:

"By night I lie with my dear in bed,
By day I strike the Hebrews dead,
And so I grow lusty and well fed,
My colours are black and white and red."

They sang:

"Though they smear good caviar over our shoes,
We won't be ruled by the dirty Jews.
God damn the Jewish republic!"

They sang:

"Today there, tomorrow here,
A soldier must have his grub and his beer."

XXI. HERR HESSREITER DINES BETWEEN FLUSHING AND HARWICH

Andreas von Reindl was renewing his youth. His brown arched eyes had no longer their arrogant detachment, his jaunty step seemed more involuntary. Since the Ruhr occupation business had expanded fantastically, had taken on fabulous colours like the great and grandiose paintings which he loved. What was capitalism after all? A word, an empty concept, a cipher with nothing behind it. But suddenly this concept had materialized into flesh and blood, it had suddenly become something one could see and hear and taste. The fall of the mark, though it had not been engineered by profiteers, was suddenly revealed as a stroke of genius through which industry and finance and the State which represented them were relieved of their liabilities at one blow. It was capitalism itself that was giving itself away. Hitherto a mere idea comprehensible to trained economists only by the aid of practical illustrations, it had appeared now in full visibility; even the man in the street could see it with the naked eye.

What the Fifth Evangelist meant by the capitalistic system was, compared with the conception, say, of his friend Mr. Potter, as a painting of Peter Paul Rubens to a geometrical figure in a schoolbook. In his wild fantastic head Herr von Reindl saw a huge sprawling image, a living mountain which threw up ever new craters and great protuberances, and whose eruptions extended beyond the planets.

It was great to see that wild and legendary creation growing, with tropical luxuriance. The Fifth Evangelist's pallid face with the gleaming black moustache expressed all the appreciation of a connoisseur. The small tradesmen and the proletariat would be buried under the mountain; but the big businesses, like his, were expanding as never before.

And the whole thing went on automatically. One had only to stretch out one's hand and it was filled with gold. Certainly in Western Germany the mines and the factories were at a standstill; but the Reich was making that good. So that the Ruhr industry might be able to hold on, the Reich was granting credits, huge credits which would be paid back in worthless bank-notes, credits which were literally gifts. A stream of money was pouring in on the proprietors of the mines, foundries, and factories—and their numbers were not small. Happy Reindl, to have made sure of his share in time! One had to keep a clear head to manage the money and transform its perpetually changing value into new properties, new factories, new land. What was one to do with all this money? One could buy a whole German state with it and be no poorer. Even if his colleagues in the Ruhr had to put up with a little imprisonment they could do it with nobly inflated bosoms; the Fatherland was paying its martyrs well.

The Fifth Evangelist was the very man for a time like this. He was always on the move, in Paris, in London, in Berlin, in Prague. It was a question of a new division of European spheres of industry. The politicians made speeches; but they got their orders from the offices of the magnates. And there Herr von Reindl sat in an honoured place.

He squandered money lavishly when he was in Munich. Without letting his name appear he fed, clothed, and armed the True

Germans. When his car passed the car of the Fifth Evangelist, Rupert Kutzner drove more slowly, and saluted stiffly, with all the ceremony of a corps student, as one great man to another.

The stream of credit which the Government was pouring into the Ruhr industry reached Herr Hessreiter through all sorts of channels. A chaos of new possessions roared unexpectedly about his ears. In Luitpoldsbrunn and in his villa in the Seestrasse he went about making spacious motions with his arms, and talked to Frau von Radolny of his unhoped-for and incomprehensible wealth. He hinted darkly that he had helped to direct the stream himself. Katharina remained cool and said little. It would be as well, she said, to consolidate the unexpected gains, and see that they didn't run away again as unexpectedly.

Paul Hessreiter laughed. That would do well enough for his pals in the Club. They could turn what they had managed to glean into good foreign gold if they liked. But Paul Hessreiter wasn't so simple. "A royal merchant," the words sang in his head. Grandiose and fantastic visions rose before his mind. One picture in particular which he had admired even as a boy persistently haunted him, the picture of a mighty merchant of the Renaissance, a Fugger or a Welser, a gentleman clad in velvet who with a careless gesture, while a king stood by, was flinging that very king's torn currency into the fire.

The picture was seductive, but also perilous. Herr Hessreiter realized the peril; he was descended from forbears who had always been thoughtful of their security. Often he would have liked to parade his good fortune and his plans before Johanna. In spite of her romantic campaign to free that unlucky fellow, Krüger, Johanna Krain had something pleasantly clear and strong about her. In her presence one would be able to see more clearly how far it was to the other bank of the stream.

Herr Hessreiter stood before the self-portrait of Anna Elisabeth Haider. The lady gazed at him with a forlorn and yet strained expression, the neck inclined with a helpless and touching air. When he bought that he hadn't allowed himself to be intimidated by his countrymen, he had shown them what he was made of. He would do it now too. Hitherto, he had only made swimming motions from the bank, but now he would plunge with a large gesture into the flood.

Ceremoniously, with many picturesque turns of expression, he invited the directors of The South German Ceramics, Ludwig Hessreiter & Son, the author Matthäi, the designer of the "Bull Fighting" series, Herr Pfaundler, Frau von Radolny, and a number of his other friends to a dinner in the Seestrasse. He considered for a long time whether he should ask Johanna or not. It was important that she should be there, now that he was taking the great step. He wrote to her pleasantly and charmingly in his best style, and invited her to come.

Everybody else came, but Johanna did not.

Herr Hessreiter buried the evil omen in the deepest layer of his consciousness. With all his other friends around him he indulged in vague and high-sounding talk, then got up and with a spacious sweep of the arm conducted them to the beautiful Biedermayer escritoire in his study. There lay a contract which he had negotiated during his travels with Johanna, an agreement for an amalgamation with certain factories in the south of France. With a goose quill which centuries before had been used by the mighty merchant Jacob Fugger. Herr Hessreiter appended his signature.

Afterwards, alone with Frau von Radolny, he walked up and down among his ship models, ancient locks, and all the beloved rubbish that filled his house, and played the great captain of industry. His business was no longer confined to Bavaria, it had an international scope. The clod-polls in Munich couldn't keep up with him; they hadn't the imagination. In default of another listener, he unloaded the fantastic confusion of his romantic Bavarian mind before Katharina. She listened in silence. She needed capital to expand and modernize her estate at Luitpoldsbrunn. At the first hint Herr Hessreiter put the necessary sum at her disposal. She would not take it as a present; she accepted it only on the conditions which the Reich imposed on the Ruhr industry for its loans.

Herr Hessreiter had now enough work to demand the undivided attention of a single man. All the same he did not neglect his obligations as a good Munich citizen. For instance the True Germans were planning to set up in the Odeonsplatz, in preparation for the trooping of their colours, a gigantic wooden statue of their leader Rupert Kutzner, which was to have iron nails driven into it from head to foot. Who was to prevent this if not Paul Hessreiter? Then there was the great national drama *The Sendling Night of Blood,* which Herr Pfaundler was proposing as a substitute for the carnival gaieties, which were not suited to those grave times. Who if not Herr Hessreiter was the man to translate Herr Pfaundler's proposition into actual terms of fact? Already he saw Frau von Radolny advancing to take her call as Bavaria, clad in white, with bare majestic arms, in a car drawn by lions.

Herr Hessreiter was tossed hither and thither between his Munich interests and his international deals. For instance there was the Hetag, the Hessian pottery. He could have a majority of its shares if he liked. They weren't going cheaply, for the Hetag was an old concern with a solid reputation. Herr Hessreiter hesitated to commit himself so heavily. His directors in The South German Ceramics advised him urgently against it. The products of the Hetag were too solid for foreign taste, and Germany, which liked them, had no money to buy them with. But a Londoner appeared who was interested in the idea, a certain Mr. Curtis Lang. Mr. Lang was not disinclined to take up the offer if Herr Hessreiter would stand in with him.

After an exchange of telegrams Herr Hessreiter decided to run over to London. His side whiskers not too short, a loose, light grey cloak wrapped round him, a large travelling-cap on his head, he sat in the train filled with a sense of his own importance and sorry that none of his acquaintances were there to whom he could talk of his plans.

But whom should he knock against on the boat between Flushing and Harwich? Yes, the man with the white fleshy face and the thick gleaming black moustache was really the Fifth Evangelist. Herr Hessreiter swelled with satisfaction to think that this stuck-up snob should see that some people besides himself had a finger in the pie of international commerce. Should he speak to Reindl?

It was really the usual thing for fellow-countrymen who were good acquaintances to talk to each other in such circumstances as these. But Herr Hessreiter hesitated, he had his own pride.

But just look, here was Herr von Reindl coming towards him! The man wasn't ignoring him now as he had done so often in the Club and at the theatre. He shook Hessreiter's hand, obviously delighted to see him. He was by no means so conceited and arrogant as everybody thought.

They breakfasted together. The Bavarian speech sounded comfortable among all the English and French, and it was a pleasant crossing. With select and charming turns of expression Herr Hessreiter talked about politics, art, and industry, about Munich and the world. The Fifth Evangelist was obviously drawn to him. When for instance Hessreiter talked of the abominations which the citizens of Munich were perpetrating in the Field-Marshals' Hall, and characterized their efforts as an attempt to turn that beautiful building into an emporium for military wish-fantasies, Reindl raised his glass and drank to him, smiling with pleasure. But then again Herr Hessreiter could not but admit that the man had an uncanny look about him; it made one feel quite queer sometimes. But damn it all, everybody had his peculiarities. The main thing was that one could talk to Reindl. And Herr Hessreiter talked. Obviously the two leaders of industry were on the best of terms.

"You're going to London on business?" Herr von Reindl inquired courteously after a while. You've hit it, my dear chap, thought Hessreiter, you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. There are others besides the big-wigs mentioned in the papers who are waking up and looking round them; the men of my kidney aren't sitting pat these days. But he did not say anything of this. Instead he replied lightly and carelessly, yes, he was travelling on business. As Reindl remained silent, he added confidentially that he was thinking of taking up the main shares in the Hetag concern together with a Mr. Curtis Lang.

Herr von Reindl knew Mr. Curtis Lang. A good dependable man, a little prudent and ceremonious perhaps. The Hetag, ah yes. Good porcelain, expensive porcelain. One would need to be well cushioned, Herr von Reindl suggested with a dreamy smile, not to cause breakages among so much porcelain.

The chap had a queer way of expressing himself. A little bit insolent already, was he? Did he imagine perhaps that Hessreiter wasn't well cushioned? He would just show him. He would just buy the Hetag shares right away, whether this damned Englishman went in with him or not.

The Englishman did not go in with him. Telegrams arrived from Darmstadt, the owners of the shares grew urgent. "A royal merchant," sang in Herr Hessreiter's mind. He gave instructions to buy.

He returned to Munich in great content. He casually confided to Frau von Radolny, Herr Pfaundler, and his bosom friends in the club that he had met the Fifth Evangelist on the passage across. A nice chap, not really so swelled-headed as people said, and, after all, he, Hessreiter, was really the more enterprising of the two. Frau von Radolny became thoughtful when she learned that Herr Hessreiter now controlled the Hetag. Pfaundler too when he heard of it looked Hessreiter up and down with a hasty flicker of his sharp rat's eyes. When he felt this look directed on him Herr Hessreiter suddenly thought of Johanna Krain. But Herr Pfaundler said nothing, he confined himself to wishing Herr Hessreiter good luck.

The mark fell farther, the dollar mounted into the skies. The great concerns tried to swallow what they could but were scarcely able to digest all they assimilated. The Hetag was paying, The South German Geramics was flourishing. The mountain towered more and more dizzily, the flood swelled more and more powerfully. Herr Hessreiter had flung himself into it, and went through all the motions of swimming. And lo! the flood bore him up, and he swam.

XXII. CHARACTER STUDIES

To Klenk the occupation of the Ruhr was a tremendous inner justification. Was it not clear now that all the fine speeches about reconciliation and negotiation were stuff and nonsense? On account of a so-called "deficit" of barely one and a half per cent the enemy had committed an incredible act of violence. Klenk carried about with him a photograph showing French soldiers entering Essen, lolling insolently beside their armoured cars, their hands in their pockets, lords of life and death over their defeated foes. It was a picture to arouse fury, it made him furious and he made others furious.

Unreservedly he put all his savage energy at the disposal of the Party. Passive resistance: a stupid phrase concocted by an embarrassed Cabinet which did not know where to turn. The Berlin Government would go to pieces under their pitiable poltroonery. He believed that Munich was the natural centre for a regeneration of the Empire. He exerted himself and did the work of three men. Yet in spite of everything he did not lose his sense of reality. Before the trees were in blossom, that was too poetic a phrase for the seething passions of the people. One must watch for the moment when business and politics assured the True Germans a fifty-one per cent chance of success. To discern that opportunity was his task.

Klenk flourished. From this huge Bavarian there emanated a seductive strength that even his enemies admitted. Even towards his wife, the worried, dried-up old ewe, he showed a rough amiability. For the time being, too, he had Insarova under his thumb, and in her he saw a further means for bending the Leader to his will. This time no kidney trouble would come between him and his goal. Now he called his son Simon, the brat, to Munich, and gave him something to do on the staff of the True Germans. Simon Staudacher looked up to his father with admiration. In his new post he often encountered Erich Bornhaak and Ludwig Ratzenberger. The three of them became close friends and were much together.

Then came the incident with Comrade Sölchmaier, and at one stroke it made Simon Staudacher an extremely popular figure among the young Patriots. In the Haidhausen swimming-baths Simon Staudacher had discovered one evening a young man who had the Hindu Swastika of the Patriots tattooed on his left arm, and the Communist emblem, a hammer and a sickle, tattooed on his right. Now, many of the Patriots had begun as Communists. But this young man had trusted a little too prematurely in the durability of his first convictions, which he had managed to eradicate from his mind but not from his hide, and so he had to carry his taint about with him. Simon made a few juicy witticisms at his expense. But now it came out that the young man had not seceded from the Left to the Right, but the other way about. This stunk in Simon's nostrils, he could not away with it. He seized the fellow, and as he remained stubborn, soused him several times in the bathing-pool. Whatever Simon Staudacher did he did thoroughly. Although he was a member of the Communistic swimming club, "The Red Sea-Devils," Comrade Sölchmaier stood his acquaintanceship with Simon Staudacher very badly. He had to be conveyed to a hospital on the left bank of the Isar, where he had once already suffered for his opinions, on the occasion when Ludwig Ratzenberger had bitten off the lobe of his ear. When it came out that it was the same unfortunate fellow whom Comrade Staudacher and Comrade Ratzenberger had both come to grips with there was great laughter among the Patriots. It was a mirth-giving episode at a serious time. Even the Leader—for in the saddest hours the German spirit still retained its healthy sense of humour—touched on the baptism incident in his next Monday meeting in the Kapuziner Brewery. All traitors and poltroons, he cried in ringing tones, would yet be baptized like this one. Even the authorities grinned. When Dr. Löwenmaul preferred a charge against Staudacher, the public prosecutor concluded from the fact that the apprentice compositor Sölchmaier had already been involved in a bad row that he was the real offender, and set in motion an action against the sick man.

Klenk laughed heartily over his brat, the young dog that he was. That was a lad to be proud of: he invited him to his house.

There Simon sat amidst the great ostentatious furniture and the stags' heads. He was fresh, lively, uncouth, and very like his father. Klenk's wife wanted to retire. But in that she did not succeed, the ex-Minister would have none of her genteel scruples. He proudly introduced his well-built son to her. The wretched woman sat in silent apprehension between the two huge men.

Klenk radiated good-will and cheerfulness wherever he went. He was sorry to see Erich Bornhaak going about with such a dejected look. Kutzner's speeches on the Dellmaier case had been splendid, but although they had thrilled his hearers they had not shaken that obstinate fellow Messerschmidt. He was like a rock. He would not even receive the deputations which the Patriots sent him. And yet Erich knew that Kutzner was the only man who could bring about the release of his friend. But how was he to get the Leader to take further steps in the matter? Kutzner made attacks with incomparable verve, but once he failed, his vanity made it difficult to get him to take up the same affair a second time. If Erich could not bring strong pressure to bear upon him, the Leader, in spite of his violent utterances, would take care not to engage again such an uncomfortable opponent as Messerschmidt. What could be done, Erich asked Klenk, to bring Kutzner up to the scratch?

Klenk reflected. Then he said that the Leader valued a man not according to his deserts but according to his fame. Erich must achieve fame within the ranks of the Patriots. "How does one do that?" asked Erich. "By a conspicuous act," replied Klenk. As Erich did not seem quite to understand, he explained. The act didn't need to be useful, or even clever: the one thing that mattered was that it should be conspicuous. It might be something quite silly: but it must be conspicuous. Preferably darkly conspicuous. An act like that must be adventurous, dangerous, heroic in the Nordic manner: in short darkly conspicuous.

Erich Bornhaak expressed his thanks, and set himself to excogitate a darkly conspicuous act.

XXIII. CALIBAN

The maid-servant Amalia Sandhuber was born in the country near Munich, and was a daughter of a cottager. In her teens she fled from her sorry home and engaged herself as a servant maid in the town. While still very young she had relations with men. She was inquisitive, good-natured, credulous, and sentimental. Once she brought a dead child into the world, and a second child died soon after birth. Her experiences made her more worldly-wise, and she began to keep a diary with the names of the men whom she had been with. She would note down for example: "Alfons Gstettner, 141 Buttermelcherstrasse, was with him on 2nd Sunday of July behind the Milchhäusl in the English Garden." She was very proud of this piece of cunning. She went away to North Germany with an artist couple to whom she acted as housemaid. After she had changed her post several times she entered the service of the Klöckners. Herr Klöckner was a colonel when she came first: soon after that he was promoted to a higher rank. Service with the elegant officer flattered her, his sharp, rasping tone of command did her heart good. Her devotion was boundless, and in the presence of the master she was as reverential as if she were in church.

All through the War she remained in the service of the Frau General. For several weeks after the armistice General Klöckner, like General Vesemann, remained invisible. When Vesemann settled in Munich, Klöckner followed his friend, whom he respected very highly. So the maid Amalia Sandhuber also came back to Munich. She was not so very young, round about thirty-six. She was glad to hear her beloved native speech again after such a long absence; she understood what was said to her, and was understood in turn. The men too understood her; she was buxom, smart, and very willing.

Many of the True German leaders came and went at General Klöckner's. They were reckless enough not to make a secret of their affairs before servants, and, of course, not before the faithful and devoted Amalia. There was continual talk of organizations, risings, orders of the day, marching orders, and stores of arms.

Amalia Sandhuber the housemaid paid no attention, and when she did hear anything did not understand a word of it.

About this time a butcher's assistant in his thirties began to hang about after her. He was a rough customer. She seemed to attract him, he walked her out on Sundays, her affair with him lasted longer than with her other lovers. She was happy. The only pity was that they could see each other so seldom. She had every other Sunday afternoon off: all the rest of the time it was impossible for them to be together undisturbed for more than a few minutes. But for the present there was a great bustle in the General's house. His wife had gone away: and if one knew with certainty that certain visitors were coming, then perhaps one could snatch an hour or two in the evening. Accordingly, so as to be able to arrange his next meeting with Amalia, the butcher's assistant had to know beforehand when certain visitors were due to come again. Amalia was well informed. They were able to make their arrangements.

The True Germans were struck by the fact that in Communistic circles it was known who went to General Klöckner's, and when the meetings took place. There was nothing much in that: the General could receive anyone he liked. All the same, there must be a traitor in the General's house. The word traitor was a favourite one in Patriotic circles. One of their romantic by-laws ran: Traitors shall be dealt with by the Feme. The Feme, or Vehm, was a German organization belonging to the Middle Ages which, without much effect, it is true, sought to supersede the official and ceremonious administration of justice by quicker and more popular means. The Patriotic movement resurrected this organization, but transformed it after the model of boys' Red Indian stories into a romantic and uncanny institution which eliminated undesirables at the command of shadowy and mysterious superiors. Several hundred people found their deaths through this dark institution of the True Germans. Now somebody among the Patriots suspected the housemaid Amalia Sandhuber of being the traitor in the General's house. When, after a meeting at the General's, a secret depot of weapons was actually denounced to the authorities, so that even the trusty supporters of the Patriots among the police found it difficult to rescue the arms for the Party, the Feme curtly sentenced the housemaid Amalia Sandhuber to death. They did not consult the General first: it was sufficient that someone had seen the girl along with the butcher fellow, who belonged to the Communist party.

Now the disappearance of several people condemned by the Feme had aroused attention. The left-wing papers published indignant articles and the authorities warned the True Germans that no further condonation was possible. So the execution of the sentence on the housemaid was not without danger. Erich Bornhaak saw here his chance for a darkly conspicuous act. He took over the task of executing the girl secretly and yet in such a manner as to be a warning to all traitors.

General Klöckner kept several dogs which the housemaid had to take out for a walk now and then. There were also other frequent opportunities for the inquisitive, talkative creature to slip out of the house on some affair of her own. The General lived in a district of villas, a quiet, pleasant quarter. The houses stood each in its own garden; the street was very quiet, so that one noticed everybody one met. Lately Amalia had noticed particularly a handsome young man in the leather jacket of a chauffeur. Hardly did she appear in the street when he was there too, circling round her, obviously shy of speaking to her. She smiled at him encouragingly, and at last he found his tongue and began to talk with rude gallantry, rather awkwardly. In contrast to the usual Bavarian custom he did not come to the point straight away, but let several days go past without anything happening. To the housemaid this seemed the height of chivalry; besides she had an almost motherly tenderness for a youth so obviously inexperienced in love affairs. True, the butcher had warned her that this fellow had a hang-dog Kutzner-like look about him; she should be on her guard against him, he meant no good by her. He was convinced that the hound wasn't making up to her without some secret purpose, and that purpose was far from the one she dreamt of. But Amalia put down the words of the butcher to jealousy, she was glad that she could still attract young gentlemen, and when the youth in the leather jacket invited her to drive with him in the car to Starnberg one of these evenings she accepted radiantly.

Unfortunately they were not alone in the car. The youth in the leather jacket—he was called Ludwig and it suited him—had to his great regret two friends who had procured him the use of the car, and who could not be left out of the excursion. One of the two was a particularly refined-looking gentleman, almost a dandy. The other pleased Amalia less: he was uncouth and absent-minded, and while the fine gentleman kissed the blushing Amalia's hand on being introduced, this fellow only stared heavily at her and hardly even nodded.

It was late in the evening when they set off. A south wind had come up: they could hardly believe that it was December. Most of the snow had melted. The two friends sat in front. Amalia and Ludwig sat inside; it was a luxurious limousine, and Amalia was proud of her Ludwig and of her drive; but not quite so happy as she had expected, because the other two were there. It was a good thing that Ludwig wasn't impudent or importunate: all the same he surely might have opened his mouth sometimes. The two in front actually seemed still more silent. They drove slowly through the suburb of Sendling towards the south, towards the bleak, vast, solitary Forstenrieder Park.

Yes, those in front, Erich Bornhaak, who was driving, and the boxer Alois Kutzner, had little to say to each other. For all had been said. The boxer stared dully at the road picked out by the lights of the car. He was sweating though it was December: the south wind was oppressing him. He was glad to have something definite before him, something that one could take hold of. The affair of King Ludwig II had dragged on for too long already. His young friends talked and promised; but the old ruler was still lying in wretched and degrading captivity. When Erich had challenged him to help in the execution of a traitor, the boxer Alois had agreed at once. Though he didn't actually see how, yet they were all to blame for the King's being in captivity, the whole traitor rabble was to blame. It was good that something was going to be done at last, that they could find some use for Alois Kutzner, for his strength, his hands. To strangle someone, to squeeze the red life out of someone: that would do him good, that would be a relief.

Meanwhile Fräulein Amalia Sandhuber sat beside her Ludwig and snuggled her hand in his. But he did not respond suitably. He had always been shy, and tonight he was particularly taciturn. That was perhaps, too, because he was thinking of his father, and how he had shared stolen drives with him through this very forest when he was a boy, scaring the wild boars in the royal park. But Amalia did not know this. "It's a shame," she said, "that the others are with us." "There's safety in numbers," he said evasively. "Maybe," she said, "but it's a shame all the same."

The good, smooth road was empty on this wild, gusty winter evening; the south wind tugged at all one's nerves. They passed hardly a single car or bicyclist. When they were just past a hunting-box the car turned off into a side road sodden with melting snow. The car rocked and was spattered with mud. "Where on earth are we going?" asked the girl. "I thought we were going to Starnberg." "This is a shorter way," replied Ludwig. "But will he manage to get through this way?" she asked. He obviously could not get through, for now the car stopped. The two in front got out. "What's the matter?" asked the girl, "I could have told you gentlemen straight off that you couldn't get on this way." "We'll get on if we like," said the uncouth fellow; Amalia liked him less than ever. The other said nothing. "Well, what about it?" asked the girl. "Won't we have to go back if we're to go on to Starnberg?" "Oh, Starnberg!" said the boxer, thinking darkly of the lake into which his King was supposed to have flung himself. "All change, ladies and gentlemen!" the fine gentleman shouted gaily. "You'll see, miss, we'll be much more private here." "Yes," interposed Ludwig, "we'll be cosy enough." The girl looked about her somewhat anxiously. "How? Cosy?" she said. "It seems horribly uncomfortable to me. There's nothing but mud; where are we to sit down? And you can't take a step without getting your shoes full of dirt and water." "But I've a cottage five minutes from here," said the fine gentleman, showing his red lips and white teeth in a smile. "I've made arrangements for a little dinner. It would be a particular pleasure to me if the lady would do me the honour." And he stared at her impudently and insistently with his keen blue eyes. Already half won by his gentlemanly ways Amalia looked hesitatingly at Ludwig; but the hesitation was more an affectation than the real thing. "Come on," said Ludwig, "don't let's make a fuss," and he stepped out of the car. She followed him, stepped into the melting snow, gave an affected scream, and said sulkily that this was a funny trick to play in such weather.

The fine gentleman and Ludwig escorted her on either side and gave her their arms; the uncouth fellow tramped behind. They set off into the woods, talking a narrow path. Glittering clouds flew across the sky; soft warm gusts of wind beat against them from the left and the right. A thin slip of a crescent moon, lying half on its back, appeared above the trees. Everywhere there was a dripping and gurgling; the ground was slippery underfoot; patches of melting snow gleamed a dirty white. When a bigger patch came, Ludwig and the fine gentleman took the girl firmly under the arms and with a swing brought her over it, and that was really quite jolly. "You gentlemen have some vim in your muscles," said Amalia appreciatively. "But now we've been going for five minutes already," she added. "Is it still far to the gentleman's house?" "No, it isn't far now," answered the gentleman.

The path stopped completely, and they had to make their way through undergrowth. "But this isn't a path," said Amalia. They lifted her up and carried her; now and then twigs grazed her; it was really a great lark to be carried on strong men's arms through the forest in the warm wind. "But this can't be the right way," she repeated. "How are you to get to your villa after this?" "Where there's a villa there's a way," said the fine gentleman, smiling up at her. What clever people Ludwig went with!

Since they had begun to go through the undergrowth the uncouth fellow had no longer tramped behind, but went in front as path-finder, turning back branches and holding them down. Erich Bornhaak began to find the whole business boring. The warm wind began to irritate him almost as much as the chatter of the silly goose he was carrying. But the boxer Alois was not disturbed by the wind. He was filled with a dull lust for action.

They came to a clearing. The men set the girl down. "Is your villa here?" she asked stupidly. The men said nothing. "Ah!" she said, "am I too heavy for you? Did you have to stop to get your breath?" "Someone else will have to get her breath soon," growled the boxer. "But what's wrong with you?" asked the girl when nothing more was said, and they all stood round unsociably. Ludwig drew a paper out of the pocket of his leather jacket and read: "The housemaid Amalia Sandhuber has betrayed the Patriots. Traitors must be dealt with by the Feme." Amalia looked at him and did not understand a word. She thought it was a joke, but she considered it a bad joke; besides it was so damp and muddy, and if she didn't get to good dry ground soon, she would have a thorough-going cold. "All the same we should go to your villa now or else to Starnberg: this air makes one hungry." The boxer Alois was very indignant at such cynicism. "All the same," he said, and he spoke almost as if he meant it, "one shouldn't be so brazen when one's just about to die." "He's a great joker, your friend," said Amalia, and looked rather uncertainly over at the other two, who, however, did not return her look. So it happened that she never got a glance from any other human being, for the last human countenance she saw was that of Alois Kutzner who now went up to her and, before she could scream, even before she could feel afraid, gave her a blow with a large horse-shoe which he had been recently carrying about him for luck. Then he knelt down beside her, made a rapid prayer that God might grant him the strength to kill her utterly, and strangled her.

There she lay in the mud and the melting snow. She had put on her Sunday best for the excursion, and wore a very short skirt, as was the mode then. Her skirt had been disarranged: above the knee a small strip of skin was visible and a coarse white pair of knickers. Her stout legs ended in a pair of shoes too dainty for her. Her hat had fallen off: her tongue protruded from her bluish face with the tight crop surmounting it.

Erich was smoking a cigarette and shifting from one foot to the other. He gave himself fourteen days at the most; it would take fourteen days at the most; before then he would manage it; before then he must have Georg out of prison: and he suddenly fixed the dead girl with a hard, aggressive eye. Ludwig Ratzenberger reflected with relief that it had not taken long, and that he could easily be back at Pfaundler's Restaurant by half-past ten, so as to escort his master, Rupert Kutzner, home. The boxer Alois brushed the snow and mud from his knees. "That's how they must all be treated, the trollops," he growled, and he dug out a withered branch from under the snow beside the dead woman. On this he fastened a huge card with a clumsily sketched black hand and the inscription: "Traitors, beware!" He did this because the regulations ran: "Traitors are not only to be slain; they must be marked in some way so that the motive of the deed cannot be doubted."

"But it's not as simple as all that," said Ludwig Ratzenberger with a critical air. He pulled out the sentence of death, which was typewritten, and substituted it for the card, which the boxer had fixed to the branch. But that did not please the boxer: the pale typescript gave him no image of his deed and its significance, and he insisted that the card with the black hand should remain. Erich Bornhaak proposed that both of them should be left. They agreed to that, and so it was arranged.

XXIV. A LETTER WRITTEN BY NIGHT

In spite of the wild storms which were agitating both politics and industry the murder of the maid-servant Amalia Sandhuber excited great public interest, even though the police merely reported the finding of the body and most of the Munich newspapers printed the report without comment. The police, in answer to further inquiries, explained that the murderer had left the threatening notices as a blind to divert attention from his real motives, which were probably of a private nature. The deceased had gone about with many men, and presumably one of them had enticed her to that spot to rob her. The young butcher who had often been seen of late in her company was actually arrested for a few days. But the Munich Socialist paper insisted obstinately that the murder was a purely political one; the Berlin press also took up that attitude and published outspoken articles averring that the childish bravado of the setting was sufficient proof that the crime had been committed by Bavarian Patriots, and demanding angrily that the Empire should put a stop to such criminal bloodshed, if Bavaria was incapable of doing so. Notice was given of a question to be asked about Bavarian administration, and Dr. Geyer was chosen to ask it.

Among the Patriots it was common knowledge that Erich Bornhaak was the responsible agent. They felt that he had done the job well and effectively. To finish off a silly girl was no difficult task, but it took some daring deliberately to leave clues behind for the public, especially as he had no assurance that the police would continue to be complaisant.

The respectful whispering which surrounded Erich consoled him during his time of waiting. He went riding with Simon Staudacher in the English Garden, and swaggered in the party secretariat. Insarova, her mouth half open, looked at him humbly with yearning eyes.

When he heard that Dr. Geyer was to ask the question in the Reichstag he smiled contentedly. If his deed had stung the old 'un it must have been a good piece of work. That evening he stayed at home, for he was already sick of his comrades' admiration, and lounged about the room looking at the photographs of von Dellmaier, Vesemann, and Kutzner which hung beside the dog-masks. He could easily get a mask of Insarova. Why hadn't he hung up that mask of Johanna Krain? Indiscretion? Sentimental tommyrot.

He fished out her white mask and studied it. The broad flattish face was remarkably severe; she had been in a vestal mood when the mask was taken. But the vestal mood hadn't lasted long. Let her laugh as cuttingly as she liked, let her raise her eyebrows to the very roots of her hair—he had had her all the same.

What would she say when she heard that he was the man who had finished off Amalia Sandhuber? She had seemed to be tickled that time by his handling of the deputy G. That kind of thing touched most women up. On the other hand it was disconcerting to look at the mask and think that a girl like that had been so easy to have.

Masks with shut eyes were always misleading. The white severity of this one made it difficult to understand how Johanna Krain could ever have trailed round Paris with a man like Hessreiter, and have carried on as she had with himself. Perhaps the shock of the Krüger affair had knocked her off the rails. If she were to open her peepers it might suddenly dawn on her what makes the world go round. He was going to get his Georg out of jail: would she ever get her Krüger out? Which of them had the laugh now? If she had stuck to him a little longer he might have got Krüger out too. There was a knack in these things.

A real Bavarian face, with the usual touch of the Slav in it. Not a face to make anyone suppose that *her* father might conceivably be a Jew.

Should he not write a letter to a certain Dr. Geyer, a member of the Reichstag in Berlin, who had given notice of a question relating to an incident in the forest of Forstenried.

Why not?

He sat down to do it in his own handwriting. It was a long letter. Whenever he looked up he saw the white mask. Sometimes with a mischievous smile he erased a word. He altered the letter several times, rolling each phrase on his tongue. It was a good letter; it did him good to write it. For two hours he sat there, alone in the night. Before he folded up the letter he read it over aloud. Even while he was addressing it, while he licked and affixed the stamp, while he pitched the envelope into the letter box, he was still enjoying the letter in his mind.

Next day he packed up the mask and sent it to Johanna Krain. It seemed to him that the plaster had absorbed the words of his letter and would convey them to Johanna. He smiled to think how Johanna would relish that message.

XXV. C + M + B Anton von Messerschmidt tried to assert himself yet again. He drew himself up and insisted loudly that his officials must bring the murderers to justice. Years ago these abominable secret organizations seemed to have died a natural death, but here the foul swine were beginning again. They had left their dirty tracks in a royal forest, and nobody seemed to think it remarkable. Relegated to the local column; seven lines in all. People took it as a matter of course that four or five sinister young men should condemn a girl to death, a good-natured silly harlot, who had as much to do with high treason as a hedge-cutter with a skating-rink. Messerschmidt raged and growled; he would *not* have this murder hushed up; he wouldn't stand for it.

He brought the question up at the next Cabinet meeting and demanded support from the other departments, insisting particularly on closer co-operation between the police and the Ministry of Justice. The Home Office must intervene in the matter. He intended to proclaim a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer. Now for many a year in Bavaria there had been hardly a single favourable opportunity for taking such a measure, and this moment was the most unfavourable that could have been chosen. The occupation of the Ruhr had stirred up the wildest passions even among law-abiding people; and to imperil the national unity for such a trivial affair as the murder of a servant girl would be almost a crime. The True Germans had all the trumps in their hands; and to provoke a trial between them and the forces of law and order would be the act of a madman.

All the members of the Cabinet were of this opinion. Some of them expressed it smoothly and diplomatically, some with pith and brevity, but even the quiet Herr von Ditram came out strongly in support of it. They fell upon Messerschmidt, several at a time. One man alone held his tongue, Dr. Flaucher.

Messerschmidt listened to it all. He had known well enough that his colleagues were more concerned with the Frenchman Poincaré than with the dead servant Amalia Sandhuber, and that it was tactless to claim their support precisely at that moment; but even so he could not remain silent. That was a peculiarity of his. He sat there in his long, black coat, with his purplish cheeks quivering under their thick growth of dirty-white beard, and his baggy eyes kept turning with a slightly silly look from one face to the other, resting finally on the heavy visage of Flaucher who neither moved nor spoke. Then in a hoarse voice he answered them: "I did not expect this, gentlemen, but I might have expected it. You are quite right; it is a trivial murder and the newspapers are right to squeeze it into seven lines and give four hundred today to the proclamations of the True Germans, and another four hundred tomorrow morning, and another four hundred tomorrow night. Besides, we have had more important murders that have been given more prominence and yet nothing has ever come of it. But you see, gentlemen, trivial though it is, I can't stand for it. I have made a collection—don't worry, it will never be made public; it's only for our own private information—a collection of the crimes committed during the last two years by the True Germans; 3208 crimes, gentlemen, and if the law were to be upheld, that would mean 849 prosecutions." He had been speaking from his seat; but now he rose abruptly, looked at them all one by one, and said in a low voice: "849 prosecutions. But only 92 have actually occurred. And at the most there will be another 60 or 70, and nothing at all will be gained by them. The True Germans have murdered and stolen and turned things upside down so that right and wrong have become a mockery. They have defiled War memorials, and gone into Jewish cemeteries in a drunken state and vomited over the gravestones. You can call me sentimental if you like, but it puts me off my sleep to think of these gravestones that they have defiled like low criminals. And that is why I won't stand for it any longer. I won't hush up this murder!" he ended by shouting suddenly, and banged his fist on the table.

It was unpleasantly still in the handsome room in the Promenadeplatz with its fine old-fashioned furniture. The Cabinet had assembled really to hear what Herr von Ditram had to say about a conference of premiers he had attended in Berlin, and to pass a few resolutions of a general national character; and now this obstinate Messerschmidt had interrupted the business. The Ministers looked at each other; Herr von Ditram cleared his throat; everybody was embarrassed. But Flaucher, inserting a finger between his neck and his collar, indulged in a smile.

Messerschmidt saw that smile and his defiance left him; his body sagged.

The resolutions of a general national character, previously determined upon, were then passed, and three days later the Cabinet was reconstructed. Automatically Herr von Messerschmidt was eliminated. Automatically, too, which was strange, the quiet Herr von Ditram was eliminated, and Dr. Franz Flaucher was asked to form the new Cabinet.

On the evening of the day which decided his removal Herr von Messerschmidt went into the Club. Men fell silent when he appeared and conversation came to a stop. There was sniggering and whispering, and he heard someone say: "Remember the baker's apprentice." He was aware that he was isolated, that people regarded him as a senile idiot who persisted in sticking to his post though it endangered the State: and yet their contempt wounded him now that he saw it.

He sat down in one of the enormous leather arm-chairs, and seemed to have shrunk by comparison with his former self. His face looked haggard above the beard which was no longer so carefully tended, his eyes bulged dully in the unhealthy red face. He picked up a newspaper, but his reading was mere pretence. He was filled with bitterness. Thrown away like a worn-out shoe, he thought, and peered at the others. Hartl was smiling impertinently; yes, he was in clover now. Flaucher was planted massive and foursquare in a chair; his small eyes were dancing with triumph. Dogs were not allowed in the Club, but Flaucher's dachshund Waldmann was stretched at his feet. Flaucher could well afford such a gesture. He had gone a long way for the fourth son of a notary's clerk in Landshut. Beside him sat his faithful friend Sebastian Kastner, the deputy for Oberlanzing, talking to him in blunt confidence. Messerschmidt was quite alone, his large head a target for everybody's sneers, his heart overflowing with self-justification and bitterness. He had done his duty. He would enjoy himself now that he had shaken the dust of politics off his shoes, and would be able to linger over his collection of Bavarian antiquities. Not since last spring had he been in the National Museum where were housed so many things he loved. *Otium cum dignitate,* he thought; *procul negotiis,* he thought. But his consoling thoughts were fleeting, and the impudent, contemptuous faces around him remained.

The door opened to admit a man of heavy build whose step was astonishingly elastic. The man had always shown him favour hitherto; would he do it now?

Yes, he was coming straight over to him. Every eye followed him as he advanced. Kastner the deputy paused in the middle of a sentence. Even Waldmann the dachshund stirred uneasily.

Baron Reindl regarded the fallen Messerschmidt. Not so long ago, not so very long ago, they had all been abusing Klenk. No, the old fellow had done himself no good by sticking up for Klenk's taste in music that day: if he hadn't done that he would scarcely have been made Minister of Justice. Today everybody was licking Klenk's boots, and where could be found a man to stick up for Messerschmidt's taste in Bavarian ornaments?

Reindl had exact information about the downfall of Messerschmidt. He knew how the man had ruined his own prospects, how he had tried to sweep out abuses only to find ten new ones growing where the old had been. Reindl knew how the man's orders had been conscientiously accepted and then sabotaged by the bureaucrats. Well, well, the old man could have his peace at last. Reindl had no intention of interfering with the reconstruction of the Cabinet. Whoever they were, the new Ministers would be straw men in a whirlwind.

He himself was directing that whirlwind, carried aloft in a triumphal sweep by his various interests. He regarded Messerschmidt with benevolent generosity and spoke to him vivaciously about Bavarian ornaments, making the old man happy by offering him certain exchanges from his own collection. Messerschmidt visibly recovered confidence under the influence of the Fifth

Evangelist's words and was regarded enviously by the others. By the time he went home the only thing that really worried him was the fact that he had not been able to finish up the Krüger affair.

Next day Dr. Franz Flaucher telephoned to Klenk and offered him the Ministry of Justice. He felt that he was behaving in a pious, self-sacrificing, and really Christian manner in requiting his enemy so nobly. But that light and frivolous man replied: "I'm sitting in a peculiarly comfortable arm-chair, Flaucher. Do you expect me to exchange it for a close-stool in the Ministry of Justice? I *don't* think." And he laughed. It was his usual fat, jolly laugh, but in Flaucher's hairy ear it sounded so alarmingly sinful that he rid himself hastily of the receiver as if it had burned his fingers.

As everybody was expecting, Dr. Hartl was then appointed to the Ministry of Justice. His own former department of the Fine Arts Flaucher gave to Sebastian Kastner, the member for Oberlanzing, his faithful adherent.

It could not be denied that the Cabinet now presented a more harmonious aspect and worked with less friction. It was to many people a relief that the cautious Ditram had been replaced by a real solid Bavarian like Flaucher, and the obstinate, tactless Messerschmidt by a smooth and accommodating gentleman like Hartl.

When his Cabinet was complete Dr. Flaucher paid a visit to the small yellow Biedermayer palace which was to be his future residence. It was evening, and only the porter remained in the building; so Dr. Flaucher sat for a long time alone in what was to be his study, his dachshund at his feet, in a mood of mingled humility and pride, conscious of his vocation. He picked up a large piece of chalk. The day of the Three Holy Kings * was past, no doubt, but the practice of a pious old custom could never be undesirable. He chalked up carefully over the door of his study the initials of the Three Kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, C + M + B, and enclosed them in a circle formed by the figures of the year. In this solemn hour of dedication the new

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* Twelfth Day.

Premier also vowed a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Altötting, within whose altar are preserved the hearts of the Kings of Bavaria. His pious imagination pictured clearly the sacred town with its church, where miracles and wonders were worked for the fructification of souls, and its factories, where potash was manufactured for the fructification of the Fatherland.

He was in a softened mood and he felt the need for music. It was the usual hour for a musical programme on the radio. Dr. Flaucher was not superstitious, but still he was curious to know what he would hear, and quite ready to accept it as an omen if it were favourable. He connected the loud-speaker and was rewarded by a deep and beautiful contralto voice, accompanied by a blissful harmony of bells and violins, which sang a song he already knew, in an old setting by an ancient German master: "Come at last, O longed-for hour, Break at last, O longed-for day." Flaucher, deeply moved, listened absorbedly and with reverence, his heart swelling with confidence in God and in himself.

Beneath the windows a procession of True Germans marched past. The foreign consulates had been strengthened by a strong guard of police to keep the True Germans from assaulting alien diplomats, and so they were merely marching in peaceful demonstration across the Promenadeplatz towards the Goat and Bells, singing their song:

"You Reds and Bolshies, O what will you do
When the Riedler Brigade comes after you?
The Riedler Brigade can shoot to kill,
And every bullet's a workman's pill."

XXVI. JOHANNA KRAIN AND HER MASK

When she saw the reconstruction of the Cabinet announced in the daily paper Johanna Krain did not at first grasp the full import of the news. She had a vague premonition that it meant disappointment of some kind; but only after reading it a third time did she realize that Messerschmidt had now left her in the lurch, even Messerschmidt, who looked like a monument of old-fashioned solidity. He too had betrayed her with fair words.

She was thankful that she had not told Martin about Messerschmidt's promise to suspend the sentence or have the case re-tried. The disappointment would have been more than he could bear.

So the old man had found the task too heavy; he had given it up. If he had been left in office he would have kept his promise; that was certain. There were only twenty-six days left. He might have stuck it out for that length of time before giving it up. *She* couldn't give it up; things weren't so easy for her.

She walked restlessly to and fro in her large room. There always seemed to be a stupid newspaper on her table with something in it to hurt her. She shouldn't take in any newspapers. All her troubles had been heralded by newspapers. The unfavourable turns in the Krüger case, the mud that had been flung at her, the murder of the deputy G., the death of Fancy de Lucca; everything reeked of printer's ink. *Reconstruction of the Cabinet.* If she were only up against individuals, a Messerschmidt, for instance, or a Klenk, or even a man like Heinrodt, she could deal with them; but she was always brought up short by an intangible something; reconstruction of the Cabinet, political expediency, justice, the interests of the State, endless vague abstractions. How could a woman deal with things like that?

A sudden rage against Tüverlin filled her from head to foot. He had no right to leave her alone. He had no right to assume that she could deal with these things alone.

She could manage her own life well enough. The dollars Tüverlin had left for her were still untouched. Professionally she was doing well; she had many foreign clients; it was almost a mockery that she was doing so well.

She looked round her room. Her books were there, her graphological apparatus. Aunt Ametsrieder was complacently going about her tasks; it did one good to know of somebody standing so firmly on her own feet. Jacques Tüverlin, too, stood on his own feet; the papers were always reporting his successes. Aunt

Ametsrieder was constantly urging her to marry him, and assuring her that it could be managed. Her aunt shouldn't let her tongue wag so freely. Tüverlin himself sent her short, contented, pleasant notes, invariably addressed: *Villa Seewinkel, Ammersee.* He didn't seem to worry about the dryness and infrequency of her answers, nor about her continued stay in Munich. He had now bought the Villa Seewinkel. "The very house for you," he wrote. It was rotten of him to leave her alone.

On one of these days a heavy parcel came which, on being unwrapped, disclosed Johanna's mask. The sender's name was not attached. It was long since she had even remembered his existence. She laid the mask on the table: it was a simple plaster-cast revealing all the pores and fine lines on the skin; it had not been falsified by paint or varnish. She sat down and studied her mask intently. It was a broad, strong face; the short nose and the closed eyes gave it the impassiveness of a piece of clay. No, that was not her face! That was what she might look like when she was dead. If she really looked so—so—*detached,* why did men run after her?

In a hundred years, perhaps, some research worker might find it and call it: Young Peasant Woman of the Twentieth Century from Ancient Bavaria. Was there any difference between her and other women? Was she worth more than others? How was it that with her ordinary everyday face she expected others to listen and agree with her whenever she opened her mouth?

How could one single woman with an ordinary face overcome the whole might of Bavaria? That could only be done by someone of extraordinary cunning and guile. She should never have let herself in for an open fight with Bavarian officialdom; she should have kept herself in the background. Whether justice was done or not didn't matter: the only thing that mattered was to secure a suspension of the sentence, or a reprieve. Her very first public statement had been a silly mistake. Dr. Geyer had been clever enough at that time when he recommended her to refrain from it.

For it was an invisible machine that one had to fight, a damned malicious piece of mechanism that one never could get hold of, that always eluded one's grasp. One grew tired and disheartened; but the machine was never tired. And she was only one woman against all this concealed and complicated official machinery. Officials never said "No"; they were polite even when she was rude; they never repulsed her; all they did was to say: we must think it over, we must "consider" it, we must "investigate."

People had ceased to believe what she said. All they could see was an obviously angry woman hitting wildly at something which was invisible.

Messerschmidt should have held out for twenty-six days more, and then she would soon have been at Odelsberg with a motor car. Probably Pröckl's car: Pröckl would have taken her there. A vivid picture rose in her mind of herself waiting for Martin in the bleak road outside the gate of Odelsberg.

No, she didn't look like that mask; she wasn't so—so *dense*. Someone once said that fighting, even for a good cause, demoralizes one. But she hadn't become so dense and dull as that. Impossible. She hunted through a file of old newspapers for the cartoon of herself standing before the jury; it had been done by a Berlin cartoonist. There it was: the attitude and the turn of the head defying the Public Prosecutor were exaggerated and spectacular; but still it did her more justice than that white, death-like thing on the table.

She needed a helper. But she wouldn't have anyone like Löwenmaul the solicitor; none of your sly and logical men. She went to Kaspar Pröckl.

Kaspar Pröckl, she thought, was more oyster-like than ever. But when he realized that the reconstruction of the Cabinet meant again the undoing of all that had been done for Martin Krüger, he was roused at once. Like the echo following a shot came his reply: of course something must be done. It seemed as if he had been actually waiting for her instigation. He rang up the Bavarian Motor Works and demanded the Fifth Evangelist. He argued angrily at the telephone, and was appeased only when Director Otto assured him that Herr von Reindl was really away on a journey. Johanna did not observe that he was relieved.

But Kaspar Pröckl did not let the matter rest there. He set off to see the widow Ratzenberger. There had been many attempts to get Crescentia Ratzenberger to put her sworn statement into a less ambiguous and more unimpeachable form, so that not even a prejudiced judge could ignore it. But the widow was not so easily drawn. Her late husband was certainly not yet clear of purgatory, but her fear of Ludwig, her son, was still greater than her fear for the deceased, who was in any case much nearer to bliss, thanks to her efforts. On this occasion too she twisted and turned and found excuses. But Kaspar Pröckl gave her no peace. What good-natured and threatening argument had alike failed to achieve, what conscience had not accomplished, was extorted at last by Pröckl's sinister personality, which was even more sinister than that of her savage son. The timid, susceptible Kathi began to cry bitterly in her terror of the wild, haggard man who spoke so loudly; and her mother had to turn on the water-tap to quiet the child. But Kaspar Pröckl did not stop. While Kathi hummed a little song to herself, while the water trickled from the tap, he forced the widow Ratzenberger to sign a statement which was more definite and clear than any that she had yet made.

XXVII. DR. GEYER SCREAMS

In a long, trailing garment Agnes the housekeeper shuffled untiringly through the flat she had taken in Berlin for Dr. Geyer. It consisted of several large, bleak, and badly lit rooms in a house on the border of the Inner Town, close to the proletarian northern districts; rooms in which Geyer's furniture looked even more uncomfortable and forlorn than it had done in Munich. The sallow-faced woman was pleased with Berlin; she liked the bare, dark flat for its largeness, and she liked gossiping with the numerous other inhabitants of the house. Besides, only two doors away there was a bank where she could do business.

She had been afraid at first that the lawyer would blossom out as a prominent figure in Berlin society, for she was convinced that he could do so if he would. And indeed he had begun ambitiously. His appearance in the Reichstag had roused great expectations, and his first speech was effective and was favourably commented on. But he had fallen again into his former strange apathy, and now was ignoring both the Reichstag and the newspapers. He would sit at home for days at a time, doing no work except for his fiddling about with his two manuscripts, the *History of Injustice,* and *Law, Politics, and History.* Then again for hours he would wander through the streets of the proletarian northern districts, without seeing any of the people who jostled him. After that he would slip into a public-house and mechanically appease his hunger with some sausage and potato salad. Agnes the housekeeper knew exactly when it was that he had stopped working: it was after a beer-party given by the President of the Reichstag.

Then came a scandal which brought Geyer's name into all the papers again, this time with no very favourable comment. He had been sitting alone in a beer-hall at a wooden table on which he was scratching numbers and figures, while at a neighbouring table two men were having a loud discussion on Nationalistic politics. Dr. Geyer had listened absent-mindedly, and apparently had glanced several times at the speakers, for suddenly one of the two came to his table and in a loud, aggressive voice audible to the whole room announced that he wouldn't put up with being blinked at so insolently. Dr. Geyer made some vague answer, that he was quite unaware of having offended anybody. But when the other insisted on an apology Dr. Geyer lost his temper, too, and there was a quarrelsome scene. The man proclaimed himself an official of the State Insurance Office, and refused to be placated, while Dr. Geyer contemptuously declined to shelter himself behind his privilege as a member of the Reichstag. The result was a law suit. The insurance official complained that while he was having a harmless discussion with a friend, Dr. Geyer had insulted him by persistent and sarcastic blinking. Dr. Geyer put in a medical certificate to the effect that his blinking was not deliberately offensive but was a nervous affection of the eyelid. He was acquitted. The Conservative press fell on the incident with delight, and since then the mention of Dr. Geyer's name had been enough to provoke a smile.

The general situation was not unpleasing to Agnes, for she preferred Dr. Geyer to be humiliated and dependent. But the events of the last few days—ever since the arrival of a certain letter—were too much even for her and filled her with anxiety.

This letter had come with some others in the ordinary way. After handing the mail to the doctor, Agnes had gone into her kitchen and begun to prepare supper. But then there had been a sudden shriek from her master's room, a shrill cry which continued without interruption, and when she ran into the room she had found him standing by the door beating his head mechanically against the doorpost and shrieking like a wounded animal or a whipped child.

She had been sharp enough to spy out the letter which had done the mischief. It came from Munich, its contents were obscure, and it was signed only with the letter E. Yet she guessed from whom it came; from that ruffian, that blood-sucker; and even though she could not have expressed in words what the scoundrel wanted, she felt clearly enough what was at stake, and she understood why Dr. Geyer had screamed. This Herr E. wrote that he had read that Dr. Geyer had been appointed to ask the question about the murder of the servant girl Amalia Sandhuber. Well, whatever action the Berlin Government took was immaterial to him: he felt extremely secure in Munich. But since he was a lover of truth he took it upon himself to inform Dr. Geyer that certain sums of money placed at his disposal by the said doctor had been expended in accomplishing the said murder. He, E., thought that they had been expended in a good cause. He went on to add, beginning a new paragraph, that he presumed Dr. Geyer would not agree with him, and that he could not conceive how two people with such contrary opinions could possibly be of the same blood. Unfortunately there were damned few ways of putting such a matter to the proof: yet there was *one* way of proving once and for all such disputable cases, a method discovered by Professor Zangemeister of Königsberg. He explained the blood test, and demanded that Dr. Geyer should submit to it.

That was what Agnes found in the letter. Not so briefly and lucidly stated, but she understood its purport. And so that was why Dr. Geyer had screamed.

Since the day on which that letter had arrived Agnes had noticed a decisive change in her master. Until then Dr. Geyer had been a courageous man; at least he had never shown himself a coward. Even the attack made upon him in Munich for his share in the Krüger case had not affected his nerves, and had left no traces behind except a slight limp. But now suddenly, after all these months, terror began to waken in him at the attack which had happened so long ago. Agnes found him once standing before the hall door with an ashy face and trembling knees, vainly trying to find the lock, convinced that someone was creeping up behind him and that the blow was just going to fall. At another time he rang up for Agnes to come to his bedroom in the middle of the night, and she found him in a cold sweat. He insisted that they must both search the flat, for he knew that Klenk had managed to get in.

Dr. Geyer did not reply to that letter from Munich. For the time being, too, his intervention in Bavarian affairs in the Reichstag was postponed. He grew quieter; his fits of terror became more infrequent; his agitation subsided.

He began to work hard, attending Party conferences, filing newspapers, gathering and sifting material, telephoning and sending telegrams to his political friends in Munich. A week went past, and then another week, and at last the Social Democrats appointed a day for the question of which they had given previous notice. But there was no reference to the murder of Amalia Sandhuber; the question was based instead on the so-called Massacre of Sendling.

There were in Bavaria at that time armed bodies of True Germans who went about "keeping order" and executing summary justice upon suspects, as a kind of preliminary rehearsal for the great offensive against the enemy within the gates. One of these armed bodies, led by a Lieutenant Weber and two commandants called Müller and Östreicher, had been assigned to a punitive expedition against the Walchensee Power Station, where the workers had formed Proletarian Hundreds as a defensive measure against the True Germans. An ambulance unit and a troop of cyclists had already preceded the infantry, but when the latter attempted to board the special trains waiting for them at the Isartal station in Munich, the railway officials refused to transport them, heavily armed as they were. So the disappointed men, eager to do something at least, besieged the southern working-class districts in Munich, the districts of Sendling, Thalkirchen, Brudermühl, Neuhofen, and Oberfeld. They barricaded the streets, ordered the inhabitants to shut all their windows, occupied doorways and roofs, established reserve posts, forced the tramway service to a standstill, and shot down everyone in sight. The iron foot-bridge which led over the Isar at this point was taken by assault. The police, too few in number to be effective, shut themselves up in their stations. But when police reinforcements came up, the True Germans announced that their armed troops were merely special constables, and the Patriots drew off without let or hindrance. The authorities confined themselves to arresting several workmen belonging to these districts and prosecuting them for breach of the peace.

When this occurred the Empire was in severe difficulties. The gravity of the situation in the Ruhr, the inflation of the mark, the dictatorship of the heavy industries, which demanded that the Reich should suppress by force the hateful Socialist Governments of Saxony and Thüringia; all these were urgent dangers, in comparison with which the massacre at Sendling was trivial. Of course, the True Germans had procured some of their weapons from stores belonging to the Reichswehr, and the Reich had legal grounds for intervening; but what was the Sendling affair among so many much worse acts of anarchy committed in Bavaria during those months? People were accustomed to obstruction and insolence from Bavaria towards the Empire. That it was a rebel province, that it boasted an unbroken chain of lawless acts and breaches of the Constitution, was known to everybody; in the Reichstag there was a debate about it nearly every month; people could no longer be bothered with it. The intervention of the Social Democrats was regarded without enthusiasm. The Social Democrats themselves did not expect to gain much, otherwise they would hardly have appointed as their speaker Dr. Geyer, whose name was so fatally involved in ridicule.

When Dr. Geyer mounted the tribune he did not limp. His eyes did not blink, his hands did not flutter, he had his voice wholly under control. He was where he had yearned to be, upon the floor of the Reichstag, in that large hall over-laden with old-fashioned ornaments in execrable taste, and he was speaking to the whole of Germany.

He described the massacre at Sendling, quoting statistics about the military strength of the Patriots and their reserve of arms. He followed this up with a sober account, in the manner of his *History of Injustice,* of the more remarkable acts of violence committed with impunity by the True Germans. Assaults on wayfarers, the storming of assemblies, the wounding and murder of political opponents, insults to the Empire, open contempt for its President and the burning of its flag; he piled fact upon fact and figure upon figure, all in a sharp, controlled voice without any rhetorical flourishes.

When he began to speak the hall was fairly empty. The few members present were indulging in private conversation; the press reporters were yawning; some Communists and Nationalists amused themselves by making sarcastic interjections. But now the hall was filling up, all private talk had ceased, the journalists were wide awake, and any interjection which was made was not of a sarcastic nature. Many of the deputies crowded to the front to hear better. From one of the seats on the Right a little old man rose up and supported himself painfully by his hands on the desk before him, listening with absorbed attention, and remaining in that position for several minutes.

In his indictment Dr. Geyer made no reference to the murder of Amalia Sandhuber. Nor did he mention Dr. Klenk, who had been the responsible Minister when many of the incidents he retailed had happened. But if his bald recital moved his hearers by its poignancy, it was because the speaker saw before him, not the faces of his fellow-deputies nor the fatuous splendour of the great hall, but a thin strip of woodland and two figures standing in it, one with very white teeth between red lips, and the other with a large, reddish-brown grinning visage and a pipe stuck in the corner of its mouth.

This speech in the Reichstag was the sole reply made by Dr. Geyer to Erich Bornhaak, if we except a sum of money which was sent to Munich. For Dr. Geyer assumed that sooner or later the day would come when even in Bavaria such acts as the murder of a servant girl could not be committed with impunity, and on that day Erich Bornhaak would have need of money to make his escape from the country.

XXVIII. SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS

Munich meanwhile was filled with increasingly restless excitement. The dollar was already worth 24,613 marks, a pound of meat cost 3500 marks, a mug of beer, 1020 marks. While the farmers were going on buying motor cars and race-horses, the houses where people huddled in the towns were falling more and more into decay. Tuberculosis and child mortality increased. Many of the "three-quarters gentlemen" could not now afford even a one-quarter litre of beer. They swarmed hungrily round the beer-halls where they had formerly spent such comfortable evenings, on the look-out for crusts of bread, cheese rinds, and dregs of beer. Their famished souls were fed on hopes and wild rumours. Every day reports flew round that the Empire was preparing an attack on Bavaria, and that Saxony and Thüringia were arming. But their chief nourishment was the news of violent reprisals in the Ruhr region; and they were overjoyed at the terror which the German Nationalists had inspired there as a protest against the alien occupation. There was particular enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which swelled into enormous memorial services, for a man who had wrecked a train and in consequence had been shot by the French. Streets were named after him, and patriotic organizations bore his name. With his name upon their lips certain True Germans who called themselves "Ruhr refugees" fell upon the offices of a Socialist paper in Munich and sacked it. In kindling speeches Kutzner insisted that the Government must follow the example of this hero from the Ruhr, and rouse the nation to a fury of revenge; at every lamp-post there must swing the corpse of a November revolutionary. The souls in those starved and frozen bodies caught the spark, glowed and seethed.

At Stachus, a busy centre where the street-fighting in the first revolution had been conducted, there were nightly gatherings, and orators eagerly gave them free guidance on the political situation. Towards the end of the winter there was a special sensation for the excited and resentful crowd; an airman flew over their heads in the red glow of sunset. After describing a few circles over the packed square he wrote a symbol in the sky, a symbol of smoke, the symbol of the True Germans, the Swastika, and repeated it again and again. Rigid with admiration the thousands beneath him stared up with wide and credulous eyes. Faces pale with wonder were thrown back and gazed into the sky. A man with a haversack and a green hat took a full half-minute to shut his mouth again, and only then said to his neighbour: "Sakrament!"

The speakers redoubled their efforts to exploit the mood generated by the appearance of that symbol in the sky. The most successful was a haggard man who swayed the throng from the roof of a motor car. His hair was parted and fell over the collar of his fine black coat; he combed his greyish beard from time to time and beamed upon the people with candid guile, his eyes piercingly blue above a portentous nose, his gold-stopped mouth opening and shutting indefatigably. He told his interested hearers in homely language how he had once been given up for dead even by the doctors at the hospital, until Professor Nussbaum as by a miracle turned up and pinched and punched and shook him till he was proved after all to be alive. And Kutzner the Leader was exactly like the Professor. Just as Professor Nussbaum had shaken him up, so Kutzner was shaking up the German nation, which was only apparently dead, and which before the spring blossomed would yet come to life again.

Already impressed by the symbol in the sky, most of his audience listened to him devoutly. Among them was Alois Kutzner the boxer. This man Daisenberger had the right stuff in him, he thought, but not even he gave him the revelation he needed.

Alois the boxer was growing more and more depressed. He had stopped going to the Goat and Bells; the godless remarks which had been flying round there of late disgusted him. He could not help remembering a blasphemous scene from his boyhood, when his brother Rupert at a communion had spat out the Host and stuck it in his pocket. He had paid dearly for it; he had been expelled from his school. The War had changed Rupert, of course. His speeches were really inspired by God, although in a very individual way, and he had dropped the foul language of his earlier days. But recently he had taken to blasphemy again, and his followers were copying him. Alois found little comfort in the Goat and Bells. He preferred the Metzgerbräu, a public-house in the street called Im Tal, a resort of all the Munich athletes. Here, to the blaring music of a brass band, youths trained themselves in wrestling and in the lifting of heavy weights. Alois leaned his arms on the back of his chair and through the clouds of tobacco smoke surveyed the rising generation, muttering an occasional interjection of approval or disapproval. All round the walls and in all the corners were souvenirs of his famous predecessor, Hans Steyrer, a man of colossal muscular development, with an enormous moustache and a huge chest covered with medals. It warmed the heart of Alois Kutzner to look at the pictures of Hans balancing a man or a bicycle with three riders on a horizontal bar, and to see the iron walking-sticks and the tobacco jar weighing forty-eight pounds which this Bavarian Hercules had used. Hans would have been the right man to set the King free.

But Hans was now lying in the Southern Cemetery. And the task was too great for Alois alone. For such a cause one did not grudge money, but at this rate he would soon be bankrupt and not a whit further on than before. His savings were melting away in the inflation like everyone else's. And he was being left behind in his profession. Younger and more adroit men were coming forward; quick brain work was the decisive factor nowadays. Sometimes in his dejection the boxer would go into the courtyard of the Residence to look at the enormous black stone which was chained there as a memorial of the distance it had been flung by Duke Christoph of Bavaria. Dreamily he stared at this proof of athletic prowess: the Wittelsbachs had been fine princes. And sometimes it occurred to him that perhaps the King was a prisoner in the Residence itself, and that perhaps the old, unfortunate sovereign felt that one of his loyal subjects was near him ready to serve him in any way.

On this evening, too, Alois went to the Metzgerbräu. The wind had changed and was blowing from the south, bringing with it the first breath of spring, but making one's limbs heavy: the snow was thawing and the streets were full of dirty slush which soaked into one's shoes. Alois grumbled as he trudged through the sodden streets. When he came to the Metzgerbräu he found that there were celebrations going on: some of the younger men had scored successes in weight-lifting, and their friends were loyally rejoicing. A man in trunks was dancing a Schuhplattl to thunderous applause. That was an original idea. But Alois could not find the peace he yearned for; even his favourite dishes could not detain him; he went away early.

He did not go home; he went to the nearest police station and asked for the Inspector. To him he explained that he was the murderer of the servant girl Amalia Sandhuber. The Inspector looked at him, and thought that he knew the face. He had a vague inkling that the man had some connexion with Rupert Kutzner; he realized at once that this was a ticklish business, and beat his brains to know what he had better do. Should he telephone to his chief, or ring up the Home Office direct; or should he call the headquarters of the True Germans or the asylum at Eglfing? In this dilemma a brilliant inspiration came to him. He half rose, turned sharply on Alois Kutzner, and said: "Have you your identity papers?" Alois, somewhat intimidated, searched and fumbled in his pockets. No, he hadn't any. "What?" cried the Inspector. "No papers at all? Any fool could come here like this!" And Alois Kutzner withdrew in shame, realizing that it wasn't so easy to manage as he had thought.

XXIX. THE TREES ARE IN BLOSSOM

A good political chef, Otto Klenk regarded the seething populace and knew that it was ready to boil over. The time had come. The fifty-one per cent of security which he had postulated for the *coup* was there.

In the Club he found the Fifth Evangelist among a group who were arguing that an explosion was imminent among the people, and that the patience of the True Germans was wearing out. In his usual manner, Reindl was saying nothing. With a slight smile he turned his dreamy eyes thoughtfully from one speaker to the other; and Klenk, who was no coward, had a spasm of fear when he saw that smile. He knew more or less that what happened in the Ruhr was largely determined by the big industrialists: but he had an intuition that the German and French industrialists were well on the way to a mutual understanding; and once that was accomplished the Ruhr question would be settled in a twinkling, the True Germans would have lost their chance, the fifty-one per cent would be wiped out, and there would be no Reindl to pay the piper for a march on Berlin.

Next day Klenk had an interview with Kutzner. He urged immediate action. The Day of Liberation had been so often and so loudly announced; very soon the blockade of the towns would be complete; already the farmers were refusing to sell foodstuffs for worthless paper money; what was the good of waiting any longer? The Party Day appointed for the trooping of the colours which Kutzner had been so earnestly heralding was the right day for bringing off the *coup*. If nothing were done the mob would get sick of repeated disappointments. The time had come. The trees were on the verge of blossoming. Further hesitation was impossible. The die must be cast now.

Kutzner listened intently, and nodded in agreement more than once while Klenk spoke. But when Klenk became urgent he showed himself remarkably cool, even cold. At first he had himself intended to bring off the *coup* on the big Party Day, he said; that was why he had advertised it so much; but now he had changed his mind. He thought it better to use the trooping of the colours as a kind of general rehearsal. The political arguments with which he tried to justify this decision were insincere: his real reason, although he did not admit it to himself, was quite different.

His real reason was an evening which he had spent in Rumfordstrasse with his old mother. Leader though he was, he did not think himself better than his own people, and he was respectful to his mother. In his grey car he looked arrogant enough; but at home he sat humbly at table like an ordinary man beside Alois, even beside his feeble-minded uncle Xaver, who babbled like a child. The old lady used to sit with a pious expression, as if she were in church, while her son expatiated upon the greatness of his vocation and the responsibility entailed upon a leader. The fact that she sometimes confused his achievements with those of Alois in the boxing-ring did not disconcert Rupert Kutzner; for she was a very old woman indeed. But on that evening, shortly before it was time for him to go, she had suddenly begun to sob in a heart-breaking manner just at the moment when he had made a pause in his disquisition. Yellow, shrivelled, racked by sobs, she had crouched there; her flat Slavic nose was all blubbered; she had not even wiped her face, nor given any answer when her sons asked what was the matter. But when Rupert had finally risen to take his leave—for a Leader is a busy man—she had hung round his neck, and in a solemn voice, like a priest, had proclaimed that no good could come of it when a man exalted himself so high. She could already see him in prison with everybody down on him; that Frenchman, Poincaré, was a very devil; he had killed so many men that he wouldn't rest until he had killed her son Rupert too. She had gone on and on until Rupert had become angry. He had seized a plate, one of the best plates, with a pattern of edelweiss and blue gentian, and had smashed it on the floor, crying: "Even as this plate, so will I smash the power of Judea and Rome." With that he had taken himself off and got into his grey car. Alois, who could not bear to see anything broken, had gathered up the pieces from the floor and laboriously cemented them together again.

Yet, although he had made such a triumphant exit, the Leader's nerves had been seriously affected by the old lady's outburst. Had not nervous susceptibility been a characteristic of other leaders as well? Napoleon, for instance—or was it Caesar?—could not bear to hear a cock crowing. At any rate his mother's warnings and the look on her face obsessed Rupert. He needed enthusiastic support from those around him; the slightest hint of doubt in his immediate circle made him nervous.

So when Klenk now urged him to fix a day for the great venture the Leader felt a strong necessity to postpone it. He rose to the occasion nobly, pointing out that the enemy within the gate was weakening from hour to hour, and that only a few more weeks' waiting would see him blown over by the merest puff of wind. He honoured the solitary Klenk with a speech that would have done credit to a popular meeting. But Klenk was in no mood for generalities. That the enemy was enfeebled and that only a single decisive blow was needed to shatter him, he knew that already. He wanted details. He wanted to know at what hour which corps should occupy which building, who was to be taken prisoner and who shot, and which men were to be appointed to govern the reconstructed Empire. Kutzner was evasive, Klenk insistent. Klenk's words were a torrent, Kutzner's a cataract. The room was too small for the sweep of their gestures and the volume of their voices, the resonant tones of Klenk and the nasal blare of Kutzner. When Klenk persisted in demanding precise facts Kutzner pointed with mysterious solemnity to the drawer of his desk. In that drawer, he said, lay the plan of the new Government, worked out to the smallest detail; and when the time was ripe it would be produced. Klenk was incredulous, but the man's gesture was so whole-hearted that he did not venture to express his disbelief. All that he finally achieved was the concession that for the trooping of the colours everything should be prepared as if for the great day itself.

Klenk bent himself to the oars. He hoped that once everything was ready he would be able to compel the wretched Kutzner to give the signal for starting. All the armed troops which were not required for the open road were called into Munich for the trooping of the colours. The Reichswehr was sympathetic and promised lodgings for the troops, and reinforcements for the artillery. The small town of Rosenheim was organized as a base and rearguard for the action. For the evening preceding the Party Day fourteen popular open-air meetings were announced in Munich, and enormous blood-red placards adorned the streets everywhere. Pfaundler and Druckseis were exerting themselves to the utmost to provide the Day of Liberation with a worthy setting.

In his charming yellow palace the new premier, Dr. Franz Flaucher, rolled himself up like a hedgehog and took stock of the situation. He had been the first man in the Cabinet to put in a word for the True Germans. He had seen at once that they could be extraordinarily useful. They kept the Reds down; they made a fine sword of Damocles to hang over the Berlin Government; their Kutzner was a genius on the big drum. But with the same clearness Flaucher noted that Kutzner was beginning to grow too big for his boots. That did not alarm him. He was not afraid of the True Germans; the more pretentious they became the more secure he felt. He thought of the arrogant, sleekly pomaded head of Kutzner, and remembered Pharaoh, whose heart God hardened, and whom He made blind. Now that Kutzner was advertising his Party Day and the trooping of the colours; now that the blood-red placards were inviting the populace to fourteen meetings; now that the incoming throng of peasants, some of them even from the North of Germany, was increasing; Flaucher felt that his hour had come. The hour has struck, Herr Neighbour. Come along with your blossoming trees. They'll blossom all right, but they won't be what *you* are expecting inside that swelled head of yours! The Prime Minister went down into the arena and challenged the True Germans. The Government put a ban on all open-air public meetings of any kind.

That was a bold move. The True Germans countered it by announcing that the trooping of the colours would take place in defiance of the ban. It looked as if this time civil war and bloodshed could not be avoided.

But events proved that God was on Flaucher's side. God let His light shine upon him and gave him the ace of trumps. God sent a telegram fluttering on Flaucher's desk with the important news from San Francisco that certain negotiations between Herr von Grueber and a representative of the California Farm Bank had come to fruition. The bank was prepared to raise in America a big loan for Herr von Grueber's power works, in which the State of Bavaria had a large interest. In those days of desperate difficulty for German industry this was a brilliant success for Bavaria. With a success like that behind him a man could take risks.

Flaucher called his Ministers together. He was not minded to tell them of the American loan; none of them except the Minister of Finance knew that he had such a security. He sat with an inscrutable face and let them do the talking. The majority showed that they were afraid to take decisive action. Then Sebastian Kastner rose to his feet and said that in this dangerous situation unity of policy was the most important thing, and that all responsibility should be committed to one man, to a strong and experienced man, and with dog-like eyes he looked at Flaucher.

Flaucher was astonished. Not even to his faithful secretary had he said anything about his trump card. It was a good thing to have a subordinate with such fine intuition. Kastner was waiting for him to speak. The other six were all strained attention. He stood up, slowly and ponderously, turning his square head from one to the other.

He said that the Government had shown great patience hitherto with Herr Kutzner and his followers. But now the True Germans had openly threatened rebellion, saying that the trooping of the colours would take place however numerous the police and soldiers sent to prevent it. Let the Government shoot, they said, yes, let it shoot even their Leader, who would be in the forefront, and the very first shot would let loose a storm of bloodshed over the land, and the Government would see what would happen then. Well, he thought that was enough to go on. He thought that the Government *should* shoot and see what happened next. He moved that the Government should put Bavaria under martial law.

Sebastian Kastner's face lit up. This was the decisive act he had expected from Flaucher. Hartl made a grimace of disapproval. The Minister of Finance looked knowing. The Home Secretary, the Ministers for Agriculture, Public Health, and Industry sat in embarrassment, painfully disturbed by this gross attempt to force a decision. Cautious voices were heard; objections here, misgivings there.

Flaucher listened to all of them. Then he informed the Ministers that he had sounded Privy Councillor Bichler and the Cardinal Archbishop of Berchtesgaden. Actually, he had communicated to these secret rulers of the land the contents of the telegram from America. These authorities, he announced truthfully enough to his collagues, approved of his suggestion. There was a reflective silence.

When Flaucher finally took the vote, his motion was passed by a majority of five, Hartl being in a minority of one, while two refrained from voting. In pursuance of article 48, paragraph 4, of the Constitution of the Empire, and of section 64 of the Bavarian Constitution, the Government proclaimed a state of martial law for all Bavaria on the right bank of the Rhine. Dr. Franz Flaucher was appointed Commissioner Extraordinary for the State.

XXX. FRANZ FLAUCHER'S LONGED-FOR HOUR

Next day Rupert Kutzner drove up to the yellow Biedermayer palace. He had been shaken to the marrow by the quiet confidence of the Government. His old mother had been right; he should have followed his inner voice; he should not have been overridden by the violence of Klenk. Now he must try diplomacy; he must plan a strategic retreat, so that his proud banner with the Swastika on it might at least be preserved from ridicule.

Dr. Flaucher, the Commissioner Extraordinary, received him. The interview between the two politicians was quiet and even courteous. Kutzner was compliant and modest, admitted that his subordinates had gone too far, disclaimed in particular Dr. Klenk, and announced solemnly that he himself had never contemplated violence. Flaucher, swelling with triumph, generously gave permission for seven of the fourteen advertised meetings. But the great public trooping of the colours he would not permit. Kutzner gave a specific and solemn undertaking, pledging his person and his honour, that there would be no objectionable incidents if it did take place. Flaucher remained adamantine. As seriously as a schoolmaster speaking to a scholar he justified his position to the Leader. The Leader, however, did not want to hear reasons. He hammered away at his point, imploring, threatening, conjuring, and finally after a particularly eloquent sentence unexpectedly sank on his knees and raised his arms in the air. On his knees he prayed Flaucher not to ruin his trooping of the colours. In the same attitude Konrad Stolzing had knelt on the stage of the Court Theatre before King Philip II demanding freedom of thought from him in the rôle of the Marquis Posa, a character of the German dramatist Schiller.

Dr. Flaucher was disconcerted when the lean Herr Kutzner so suddenly bent the knee before him. Hitherto he had seen kneeling men only in church. He felt it queer to sit there while a tall man in an elegant sporting suit rather like a uniform knelt before him and submissively turned up to him his wide nostrils. "Back, Waldmann," he said to his dachshund, which had uneasily crept out from under the desk. A great triumph filled his heart. He had forced to his knees a man who had defied God-given authority, and who was now humbled in the dust. One thing only he regretted, that Klenk was not a spectator. But somebody at least was knocking at the door; and Kastner came in. Kutzner got up quickly and dusted his knees. Too late. There was already a witness to Flaucher's triumph.

"Yes, Herr Kutzner," said Flaucher, stiff and wooden, completely the official once more, "I regret that I can't concede you this point. My colleague," he added, indicating Kastner, "is of the same opinion." Sebastian Kastner made haste to nod in confirmation. Kutzner turned towards the door; there was nothing more to be done. But he could not go without a last word. "I fear," he said, "that this hour will sow a bloody harvest for Germany." He made a stiff, military bow and marched out. His last words had been said, threatening, and dignified; but Stolzing himself would have had to admit that it wasn't a good exit.

Flaucher showed himself mild in victory. To keep the True Germans from feeling that they had been discriminated against he even forbade the Freethinkers to have a lecture by a renowned scientist on "Animism among the Papuans."

In the afternoon the yellow palace was visited by Otto Klenk. He had no appointment, but Flaucher received him at once. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "I suppose, Flaucher," said Klenk, "or should I say Herr Commissioner Extraordinary; I suppose that your astounding edict is only a gesture? We'll grant you your title, Herr Commissioner, but we regret that in practice we can't make any concessions. The Party Day will be held; the trooping of the colours will take place." Klenk was a colossal figure in his woollen jacket, with his aggressive brown eyes; Flaucher, massive though he was, looked small beside him. Klenk had been prepared to see Flaucher flare up, and had been rejoicing beforehand in the possibility. But Flaucher merely drew his finger between his neck and his collar; that was all. His dull and bloodshot eyes regarded his vehement opponent quietly. He had offered this man the Ministry of Justice, but the frivolous creature had not smitten him on the proffered left cheek. "Eary this morning your Herr Kutzner was here," he said, and his rasping voice was smooth with triumph. "He made me the same request, Klenk. But there are limits beyond which I can't go, even if I am begged on bended knees."

"Who's begging on bended knees?" Klenk, too, was moderating his powerful voice, but that only made it sound twice as dangerous, so that the triumphant Flaucher felt a little uneasy in spite of everything. But he remembered the letters C + M + B, which he had chalked above the door, and he remembered his vocation. "There was a time, Klenk," he said manfully, "when you counselled moderation." "Stick to the point, Flaucher," growled Klenk. "Has anyone been begging on his bended knees?"

"Yes, someone did beg on his bended knees," said Flaucher. "God humbled the arrogant in the dust before me. I was paternal. But I couldn't permit him his trooping of the colours."

Klenk cursed inwardly. What a fool Kutzner was. He ruined everything. "But to me you'll be fraternal," he said, regaining his wonted domineering joviality, "and you won't turn *me* down." Flaucher thought the danger was over. "I have been fraternal to you," he said, mildly. "Perhaps you don't remember that I offered you a seat beside me. I've been a good neighbour to you."

"So the trooping of the colours can take place?" Klenk's tone was curt and final.

"No," said Flaucher, even more curtly. And although he wanted to go on sitting condescendingly, he could not resist standing up in massive triumph.

Klenk kept his seat. "But it will take place, all the same," he said. "I hardly think so," said Flaucher. "I think you'll reconsider that. You won't be able to screw your Kutzner up to the point," he said judicially, with a little smile.

"You must have a good card up your sleeve, Flaucher, or you wouldn't be so cocky." Klenk waited with some eagerness for Flaucher's reply. His mind was made up. If the other showed temper and had him flung out, he would take the risk and spring the mine, whatever that fool Kutzner said.

But Flaucher gave nothing away. Flaucher was all mildness, so mild that the blood rushed to Klenk's head. All that Flaucher said was: "Perhaps I do have a trump up my sleeve."

He looked at his enemy, and his enemy looked at him, and in spite of his rage Klenk recognized that this was no empty bluff. He got to his feet. From his enormous height he looked down on Flaucher and said in a dangerously quiet tone: "You've got megalomania. I shouldn't have left you in office: it's given you megalomania."

Flaucher made no reply. This was his lucky day; nothing could shake him out of his proud and pious serenity. Through the echo of Klenk's departing footsteps Franz Flaucher could hear in his mind the deep contralto voice, accompanied by bells and violins, singing:

"Come at last, O longed-for hour,
Break at last, O longed-for day."

White with rage, Klenk drove to see Kutzner. He knew that this was their last chance. If they did not seize this opportunity, if they let this day go past, the True Germans were done for. Flaucher's cocksureness probably had some connexion with obscure developments in the Ruhr. His rage broke out afresh as he thought of the Fifth Evangelist's fat white face. One could see by the man's face that he was only playing a game with them. The sly industrial magnate wanted to use the Patriots as the Roman general used his oxen when he tied flaming brands to their tails and drove them before him to scare the enemy. But when the Patriots started they mightn't rush in the precise direction that the Ruhr industrialists wanted them to take. There might be a few surprises going. The cheaters, Herr Neighbour, may find themselves cheated.

But the blow must be struck at once. That damned Kutzner!—he was always speechifying, day and night, but now when his voice was really needed he kept his mouth shut and had cold feet. Now, now was the moment for speaking out. What was he paid for? Why had he been made Leader? Klenk was bursting with rage when he met Kutzner.

But Kutzner remained obstinate. All the shame and resentment of his humiliation before Flaucher was now transformed into hysterical rage against Klenk. He was as hard in his own office in the Schellingstrasse as he had been yielding in the palace of his enemy. Klenk threatened to run the show himself; Kutzner only laughed; without him the Party would collapse. Klenk swore that he would resign from the Party on the spot; Kutzner shrugged his shoulders. But that brought him up short all the same: it was a threat which he could not ignore. He respected Klenk, and did not want to lose him. So he begged and flattered and prayed. All the leaders of the Party had realized that this wasn't the right time for the *coup;* even General Vesemann had agreed to the postponement. Klenk, however, did not agree.

It was not an empty threat when he had spoken of quitting the Party. He could do nothing with such an hysterical fool as Kutzner; he resolved to withdraw to Berchtoldszell. So they were all agreed on postponement, were they? Let them postpone, then; they could do it without Klenk. *"Quod Siculis placuit, sola Sperlinga negavit,"* he said grimly in his bass voice. And as Kutzner knew little history and less Latin, he translated it for him, explaining that when the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers took place the little town of Sperlinga alone refused to join in, since when it had borne on its arms at the town gate the said Latin inscription.

On that very same day Klenk retired to Berchtoldszell. Kutzner, although determined to postpone the Day of Liberation, did not cancel the preparations for the Party Day, which he meant to regard as a kind of general rehearsal.

When the Party Day came, the city was in great excitement. The first regiment of the Party, ten thousand men strong, was called up. Detachments of True Germans with hand grenades and machine-guns marched through the streets, wireless stations were set up, airplanes stood in readiness. A battery of light field-guns was set up with the sights trained on the assembly rooms of the workers. Squads of patriots were everywhere. A detachment of three thousand men stood to attention in the English Garden near the Tivoli. The main body of the Patriots marched on Oberwiesenfeld, and by eight in the morning had secured the batteries and machine-guns of the Reichswehr there, which were surrendered to them without resistance.

Yet it was all an empty show, and the Bavarian Government knew it as well as the leaders of the Party. From the rest of Germany, the Cabinet had imported Reichswehr, who secured the public buildings and cut off Oberwiesenfeld from the city, so that there was only one line of advance open, towards the Würm canal. At eight o'clock the Munich Reichswehr refused to hand out any more arms to the Patriots, and the police confiscated a big gun which had been sent from Tölz by the Oberland Volunteer Corps. It looked ridiculously ineffectual standing there in the red courtyard of the police buildings in the Ettstrasse gaped at uncomprehendingly by the populace.

In the centre of the city the True Germans did some mischief. A detachment of the Blücher and Rossbach Volunteer Corps seized a red banner from some workmen and set it on fire, carrying it blazing at their head through several streets, with all their drums beating. Another troop captured two workers, tied their hands behind their backs, and then led them in triumph through the Ludwigstrasse. The drum of a worker's union was also seized and broken. But these were all the victories won by the Patriots. Their main detachments stood about idly at Oberwiesenfeld and in the English Garden, waiting and giving an occasional cheer. Midday came, and they cooked their dinners. The sun went lower, and still they were standing in idleness, giving an occasional cheer and waiting. Their spirits began to sink. At four in the afternoon they drew off through the streets which the Reichswehr had left open to them. The demonstration could hardly be called a success. The trees were in blossom, but the Day of Liberation had not come.

With benevolent contempt the Government announced that since it had laid its embargo on the open-air meetings at a very late hour, it would compensate the Patriots to a certain extent for the cost of all their preparations. The sum involved, since it was in the experienced hands of Herr Pfaundler that the preparations had been put, was by no means small.

Rupert Kutzner made a speech at a gathering of the leaders. He said that the rehearsal had gone off brilliantly. The Party Day had been an unqualified success; it had sent an echo resounding far beyond the country. After this speech Klenk sent Kutzner a gaudy French post-card depicting a very small dog lifting its leg at a lamp-post under which was an enormous pool. Beneath there was written in French: "To think that it was I who did all that!" Very thoughtfully, Klenk had translated this inscription into German.

XXXI. A SILVER LINING

Dr. Geyer sent Johanna a letter explaining why he had not mentioned the Krüger case when he spoke on Bavarian affairs in the Reichstag. Tüverlin's essay was newly out, and the icy sharpness of his attack, wrote Geyer, was such that none of his contemporaries could hope to improve on it. In a postscript he mentioned that not long ago he had met the former Minister of Justice, Dr. Klenk. Klenk had said that if he had remained in office he would certainly have let Krüger out of Odelsberg. "In all fairness," he concluded his handwritten postscript, "I must tell you that I think Klenk meant what he said, and would have done it. He was out of office too soon, and so was Messerschmidt. You have no luck, Johanna Krain."

Johanna sat for a long time over this letter, thinking hard, with three furrows over her nose. She read Geyer's speech, and she read Tüverlin's essay, aloud. Geyer's speech was a good one. Tüverlin's essay said all that could be said on the Krüger case, and it could not have been said more pointedly, more coolly, or more effectively. When neither of these two men could manage it, how could she persuade the world?

She could hear a gramophone in the flat below; it was playing the Bullfighters' March from the revue *Well, That's the Limit!* No, she had no luck. That wasn't a mere excuse for incapacity; Jacques too with his very capable essay had achieved nothing. People said that luck was an attribute; you had it or hadn't it; but if that were so, how did Jacques happen to have luck with that damned song and yet no luck with his essay?

The essay was a marvellous piece of work. Whenever she needed a stimulus, whenever she needed a spur for her flagging energies, these cold and lashing words sufficed. She recollected how he had interrupted his work on *The Last Judgment* and plunged into this mysterious task, and how he had read the essay to her in a boat on the lake. She had been a fool not to have seen how much more he gave her than all the others together.

She had imagined that he had grinned when she told him of Martin's illness. Was she completely blind? She had recognized him for what he was, however, at last. It was high time. She walked up and down, exhilarated by the fact that she had recognized him. She longed for Tüverlin, for his sinewy hands with the reddish down upon them, for his bare, wrinkled buffoon's face. She hummed almost inaudibly to herself between her teeth and her lips. She was so changed that Aunt Ametsrieder inquired what was the matter; and Johanna eagerly told her about Jacques Tüverlin and his successes.

Next day she got a cablegram from Tüverlin telling her that in return for the friendly interest shown by Mr. Potter, in the shape of a loan for the electrification scheme in Bavaria, the Bavarian Government was prepared to reprieve Krüger. He would be set free within three months at the latest.

Johanna was exultant. She danced. She scolded her aunt for not appearing sufficiently elated. She put on the record of the Bullfighters' March.

How magnanimous Jacques Tüverlin's cablegram was. Not a word about his own share in it, nothing but the happy result itself. Luck, was it? Pure coincidence, was it? Jacques had nothing to do with it, what? Johanna was all radiant pride in Tüverlin.

She telephoned to Kaspar Pröckl, but did not wait for his answer. She sent a wire to Martin, although she knew that it would certainly not be given to him until the news was officially confirmed. She telephoned to Löwenmaul the lawyer, and ordered him to secure her an interview with Martin at once. Löwenmaul knew nothing about the reprieve and was extremely glad to hear of it, although a little hurt that it had not been achieved by his efforts.

During the night Johanna lay awake trying to fit things together. All that she had done had been in vain, irrelevant. The reprieve would have come, even if she hadn't lifted a finger. Why was Martin being pardoned? Because an American had taken a fancy to Jacques. No, not even because of that; but because an American had taken a fancy to the Bullfighters' March. Tüverlin had made it clear enough that if it hadn't been for that he would never have met Mr. Potter. So: Hessreiter, Geyer, Heinrodt, Messerschmidt, Klenk, Pfisterer, Katharina, Erich, the Pretender Maximilian, Herr Leclerc: all that they had done or not done had been completely irrelevant, a mere waste of time. Not even Jacques Tüverlin's pungent essay had accomplished anything for the cause. What had turned the scale had been a bar or two of music by somebody whose name she didn't know.

No, what had turned the scale was the fact that a dollar king had given money to the Bavarian Government.

But if it hadn't been for the few bars of music he probably wouldn't have done it.

Her line of thought grew tangled. It was all too complicated. She would have to talk it over with Tüverlin.

That Jacques had no luck couldn't be maintained now. It was more fitting, too, that it should be a man like him who had won this fight against the State than a woman with an ordinary face like herself. When one put it that way there was some sense in Tüverlin's having written the stupid revue, and even that silly Bullfighters' March had some sense. So luck must be an attribute, after all.

So the vision she had had of herself waiting in the bleak road outside Odelsberg was now to become a reality. Should she take a new suit for Martin to wear? In three months' time it would be summer, and he could wear the grey summer suit in which he had gone to prison. What would happen once he was out? In Munich he would certainly be execrated. So long as Kutzner and his Swastika and his acts of violence were the order of the day Munich would be impossible for Martin. She would have to take him travelling.

But what about Jacques? He had said nothing in his telegram about his return. It would be rotten if Martin were set free while Jacques was away. And what if Jacques came back while she was travelling with Martin?

Yes, what benefit would it really be to her if Martin were set free? He would only be in the way.

She was horrified when she noticed what she had been thinking, and she suppressed the thought immediately. She was delighted about Martin. Eagerly, a little too eagerly, she considered how she could make his return to freedom as easy and pleasant as possible.

Yet, quickly as it was suppressed, the thought had none the less existed; it had risen into her consciousness. Nor did she later deny that she had thought it.

XXXII. DE PROFUNDIS

Johanna need not have worried about what would happen when Martin Krüger was set free. For he was not set free.

In the night following the day on which Johanna got the wire from Tüverlin, Martin too was sleepless. He lay on his truckle bed and heard the south wind whistling through all the cavities, pipes, and chimneys of the great prison.

Martin Krüger's worst days were over. Hardly had Dr. Hartl taken over the Ministry when the rabbit-faced Förtsch received the promotion he had waited for so long. His charges were warmed by a few rays from the sun of his satisfaction, and Martin Krüger was permitted some of his former privileges.

He had now a new companion in his daily walk round the six trees; Triebschener, the clock-maker. Triebschener had not been much affected by Klenk's refusal to pardon him. Under his thick, dull-coloured hair his childlike, rosy face was placid and serious; he was resigned to his fate. Hugo Triebschener had had enough trouble in his life; nothing would induce him again to kick against the pricks. The King of Prison-Breakers was no longer inclined to amuse the newspaper readers by breaking out of another prison. Instead he concentrated his tough vitality on his timepieces, thankful to be allowed to tinker with them. As he trotted beside the grey figure of Krüger, he tried to make his companion understand the joy he found in fitting tiny wheels and springs and cogs together so that they worked. That made you feel that life was worth while. When a battered old clock began to go, when with a rattle it struck the hour, then, if your hand didn't tremble with delight, if your ear and heart didn't respond, you were no better than a beast. He told how he had repaired the Tower Clock in Münster and set it going after it had rusted idly for four hundred years. Man, that gave one's life a meaning. Old Kaiser Karl kept a whole Empire in order, but he couldn't keep his clocks in order no matter how much he tried. Triebschener could have done it for him. If the folks in the Government would only learn something from Hugo Triebschener the Empire would be much better managed. There must be order in the world, but there could be no order if the clocks were all wrong. Of course everybody went to pieces in the long run; human beings were made like that: but if you left something behind you that could go on by itself, then your life hadn't been far wrong. Martin Krüger trudged beside the clock-maker, listening to him and nodding.

It was spring. Even into Odelsberg the south wind brought a faint tang of Italy. During the winter the local museum had given Triebschener a large, queer old watch with which he was wrestling, and which he called Clara, for he gave names to all his timepieces. Clara was damned obstinate, but he would get the better of her yet. "Before the trees are in blossom," he laughed. Krüger gave him a side glance: was it credible that this man was twenty years older than himself?

Krüger lay with open eyes. The cell was over-heated. After midnight it grew cooler, but about this hour it was unbearable. A faint vague murmur was audible from the village. People went to bed late at this time of the year.

And Triebschener was going to get the better of the watch Clara, was he? "There's some sense in that, man." There's no sense in that, man. Repair a million broken watches, and what good have you done? Count by your watch: now a minute has elapsed, and what more do you know about it? Do you know how long a minute is? Nobody knows. That depends on the relativity of Time, which even you must have heard of, Herr Triebschener.

I, for instance, write books, which a given number of people look at to see what hour has struck for such and such an artist. And what they see is probably false. If you only knew, Herr Triebschener, how little it matters whether your watches tell the right time or not!

What was he to do if he were set free? Write more books? He was nauseated by the thought. If it weren't so damned hot in the cell he might as well be there as anywhere. What could he do? Go to Russia? If someone were to say: "Take the train to Moscow, travel for one night and then another night, and you'll see 'Joseph and His Brethren'"—it would simply make him sick. Or one could go to Madrid to the Prado. But what would Goya's pictures be to him even then? Paint on canvas, that was all; a bore, that was all. There was no thread in his former life that he could pick up again. What would he do outside? "Float in the air," that was all. Another of those fine phrases that had come into fashion. He saw a distinct picture of himself floating in the air, and laughed.

Well, there was Kaspar Pröckl, who was convincing enough, and perhaps even right. But what had that to do with him? He was only floating in the air. There was Johanna Krain, a fine, plump girl—far too much so. A broad face, large feet, large coarse-grained hands. She was convincing, too. But she got nothing done all the same; he was still in his cell in spite of her decided convictions. He shouldn't have been so much influenced by what she said. He shouldn't have wasted so much time on her. To think how many women he had dropped for the sake of Johanna Krain! What an idiot he was! What was there in her?

It was the heat that made him feel his heart and have difficulty with his breathing. He made an effort to think of a thousand and one things. Even if he wasn't let out, this was the next to last spring he would spend in Odelsberg. Most of his term was over. The days could really be counted now. Since they were less than five hundred they could really be counted.

He noted with pride that all at once certain names which he had vainly sought to recall in the punishment cell had returned to his memory. They filed past in an orderly procession, all the people he hadn't been able to fit in then; the women he had slept with, and those he could have slept with. He assessed them all; those who were lovely and those who were less lovely; but lovely they were, all of them. And even the least of them, he would have given years of his life to have her beside him now.

Except for one. There was one he was sorry to have slept with. It disgusted him to think of her. Once he got out he wouldn't touch her again; he wouldn't even look at her.

A hollow knocking came along the radiator pipes. Triebschener was sending a message. She was ticking: Clara, the watch from the museum was ticking again.

Indeed! Congratulations. But what was the sense in her ticking?

He remembered the first time that he had desired a woman passionately and consciously. She had been a servant girl, fat and yellow-haired. He could see her clearly, and her every movement, as she squatted before the stove, her skirt stretched tightly over her bottom. It was incomprehensible that he had missed so many women for Johanna Krain.

It was the heat that was making him so cursedly uncomfortable. His belly was uneasy. What had he eaten today? The soup had been no worse than usual, the dried vegetables the same as ever. It was high time that he got used to the prison fare. He should train his bowels better. But in a little the heat wouldn't be so bad.

It was a long time since he had had an attack. . . . He would *not* have it that it was his heart. He wouldn't allow it. After midnight the temperature became quite tolerable. He rose up and breathed deeply. Diaphragm. Chest.

A scrap of music was haunting him. Probably something played down in Odelsberg, but he had heard it only vaguely. A pity one couldn't hear better. He hummed the melody that was haunting him, hummed it between his lips and his teeth, a trick he had learned from Johanna. The tune changed into an old and outworn popular rag. What they had played in Odelsberg had been the Bullfighters' March; but in the cell he had heard only scraps of it, and he did not know the actual tune.

He walked up and down doing breathing exercises and easy gymnastic movements. It was getting better. Still 427 days. Of course he would hold out for 427 days. A man who had stood 699 days could manage the shorter period. The first year, as everybody knew, was ten times worse than the others. He was in training now. They wouldn't get any excuse for putting him a second time in the punishment cell. That would never happen to him again. Taking everything into account, he had been lucky. He might have had a worse governor than Rabbit-Face.

Not go to Spain? What nonsense! He would take the first airplane he could get. He was no good in money matters, but surely he would have enough money for that. Johanna would get it for him. He would have a good look at the Goyas. The wood in the parquet might creak as it pleased; he wouldn't hear it. He would intoxicate himself on the Goyas. What he had written had been very good, but it needed some quiet toning down. Still 427 days, and 669 days were already past. 427 : 669, what proportion was that? He began a lengthy calculation. But he couldn't get it right; it wouldn't work out. He wrote the numbers with his finger on the coverlet. That helped a little when one was used to it.

Damned hot it was. Usually at this time the temperature was bearable. A grand woman, Johanna. What magnificent and genuine rages she got into when something wasn't properly done!

Honestly speaking he would never have written the Goya but for Johanna. Tut, it wouldn't be 427 days. Johanna would see to it that it wouldn't be 427 days. If, for instance, he were to be set free on the 31st of August the proportion would be quite different. What fraction of the whole time would he have behind him then? He began to calculate again.

The warder sat down outside in the corridor. He stepped more heavily on his left foot than on his right: it must be Pockorny. Pockorny was on the night shift today. Martin Krüger heard him yawn and fold up his newspaper. Pockorny was old; he would soon be pensioned off. Pockorny was a dulled, worn-out creature; nothing excited his interest any more.

That time when the yellow-headed servant girl squatted before the stove he had been barely fourteen. The weakest part of his book on Goya was the section on bull-fighting. He must rewrite that completely. No, he hadn't been even fourteen at that time.

It wasn't his heart, but he felt damned bad. If he could only vomit he would feel better. He threw out his arms, the palms flung upwards and staggered towards the bucket reeling like a drunken man. God, what a long way it was to the bucket! It was endless. Was it three seconds or 427 days? This was an occasion on which Triebschener's watch would have come in handy. O time, where is thy sting? Triebschener, where is thy watch? If I vomit before I get there it doesn't matter; but it would be better to reach the bucket; save me from having the stink in my nose all night.

It's not my heart, it's not my heart, it's not my heart. I say it isn't my heart. It's only 427 days, and there's a chance that it's only 27 days, and at the most it's toil and labour ended. My teeth are rattling in my head; isn't that queer? But I tracked down all the names. It's difficult to draw up a catalogue from memory, but I managed it.

Look at this, Herr Triebschener, I've reached the bucket, I'll survive this all right. Pity I don't need to vomit now. I'll sit down on the bucket and have a rest. At the most, it's toil and labour ended. Breathe quietly, regularly; diaphragm, chest. It isn't my heart. In, mouth shut; out, mouth open. It isn't my heart. Regularly. I say it isn't my heart. I'll survive this. Diaphragm, chest. In, out. In, out.

He swayed from side to side. Comical to watch the shadow of one's head blotting out and then revealing the shadow of the grating on the roof. 669 : 427; it still wouldn't work out. He must do it again. How could a man accomplish anything if he didn't see his way clear? He went on counting, writing figures against the shadow cast by the window. "And writes and writes with pallid hand." Why pallid hand? That's not it at all. "H."; the doctor's right: there's nothing wrong with my heart. It's not my heart.

"Anna Elisabeth Haider." That was what he was writing. And again: "Anna Elisabeth Haider." She was to blame for everything. In every respect. If he hadn't hung her portrait in the gallery everything would have been all right. She was to blame. And he hadn't even had her. That was absurd, to think he hadn't even had her. Why was he sitting on this stinking bucket when he hadn't even had her? A wild anger seized him. What an idiot he was, what a cast-iron eight-cornered donkey he was, not to have had her. Stupid, stupid, unspeakably stupid.

That was the last thought of Martin Krüger which could be expressed in words. For then he started up from the bucket and gasped for breath. He may have wanted to shout, for the warder Pockorny, for anybody; but no sound came from his open mouth. He flung up his arms, the palms outwards and crashed to the floor, slightly askew, toppling the bucket over as he fell.

The noise of the bucket upsetting made the warder Pockorny prick up his ears. But since he was a dulled creature, and since there was no further noise, he yawned again and stayed where he was.

So the man Krüger lay in his shirt, his arms outstretched. The filth from the bucket trickled slowly round him, and then settled.

A rumour had percolated, perhaps from America, that Krüger was going to be set free. It had renewed public interest in him. Historians of art were writing about his work and his theories;

women were fishing out old letters of his; people who liked pictures were reading his books; a subordinate civil servant was racking his brains for the best method of announcing the reprieve. Many people were reflecting on Martin Krüger's fate, his past life, and his ideas. Much paper and many wires spanning the earth were occupied with reports, conjectures, and prophecies about his future career, while he was stiffening in a dark cell in Odelsberg, lying on the floor with his arms sprawling helplessly and a little foolishly in the filth from an upset bucket.

BOOK V

SUCCESS

BOOK V

SUCCESS

I. THE POLAR EXPEDITION

A Norse boy read when he was fourteen of the privations endured by the explorer Sir John Franklin and his comrades, who lived for weeks on end on some bones discovered in a deserted Indian camp, and finally had to devour their own boots. The ambition was kindled in him to become pre-eminent in overcoming hardships of the same kind. He was a taciturn boy. Without betraying his purpose he began to train fanatically, racking his muscles and his nerves to the utmost. Near the town where he lived there was a plateau which no living being had ever ventured to cross in winter. When he was twenty-one he crossed it in the month of January, only saving himself from a death of starvation by the utmost endurance, and actually being frozen fast one night in a hole in the snow which during his sleep of exhaustion sheeted him in ice.

Stubbornly and methodically he acquired all the knowledge which might be needed by a polar explorer, knowledge of the sea and of atmospheric conditions. Having passed the State examination he chose for himself the most treacherous of the seas, so as to acquire a practical knowledge of the great and small arts of navigation in sea and over ice. Tested by months of hunger, frost, and scurvy, he became a hard and silent man, whose knowledge and experience were locked up in his mind as jealously as in a bank safe; a man who had no love for others and believed in nobody but himself.

Unscrupulous in money affairs, he procured the means for a first independent expedition, and crossed a stretch of the polar seas never explored before. It cost him three years' labour, but he conquered the north-west passage, an enterprise in which everybody before him had failed. All the world applauded his success. He himself most of all. An indefatigable trumpeter of his own deeds, he gave an exact account of how much greater his success was than that of his contemporaries and predecessors.

With the prestige of this success behind him he set out for the North Pole. But another man got there before him. He turned right about face immediately and set out for the South Pole. But someone else was already on the way there too. A terrible race began. With cold logic the Norseman summed up all the experience stored and catalogued in his mind. Was there a defect that he could avoid in the preparations made by his rival? He found one, *the* one. The other had taken horses with him; but he would depend on the tenacity and the flesh of his dogs, which were at the same time good food and a good means of transport. The other man with his ponies died on the road: the Norseman returned in triumph. He accorded his rival great praise now that he had failed and was dead. But he did not forget to tell the world distinctly that it had been his mistake in taking ponies that had been the cause of the dead man's failure. If he himself had won, it was because he had had the wit to think of dogs. His success was well-deserved, not mere luck.

Soon afterwards he had the great idea of his life; the conquest of the Pole by a new and better means of transport, the airship. The execution of this idea, the effort to secure an airship for his next polar expedition, brought him in contact with a man of southern race. The Norseman had been made still harder, more overbearing, more morose and savagely moody by his success. His face was seamed like an old olive tree, his mouth was tightly locked. His own mother could not have maintained that he was an amiable man. There were few whom he did not regard with contempt, many whom he hated with icy fury, nobody whom he loved; and from all he demanded unconditional submission to his authority. The Latin with whom he was collaborating was his exact antithesis: amiable, pliable, light-hearted, boyishly optimistic, insensately vain in success, despairing in failure.

The vivacious and charming Latin and the stiff, morose Norseman took stock of each other. Each discovered that the other was not to his liking. Both were overflowing with wild ambition, both arrogant and unscrupulous. Even during the negotiations there were quarrels; but there was only one way to the North Pole and to fame, and that lay through the Norseman. And there was only one airship capable of reaching the North Pole, and its architect, the Latin, was master of that. The Latin had constructed the airship, and he was a good pilot. The Norseman had conquered the north-west passage, and knew the Arctic and the Antarctic seas. It was a risk for a man who had never been on snowshoes to entrust himself to another's guidance for an expedition into the eternal ice. It was a risk for a man who had never flown to entrust himself to another's guidance for a flight into unknown wastes where the slightest error meant death. The same necessity, the same object, bound the two incompatible men together. Neither was willing to share the glory. Each hoped to snatch the other's share of it on the way thither.

And, behold, the airship reached its goal. It crossed the North Pole.

Now, which of these two could claim the success?

The Norseman had had the idea of the expedition, had made the preparations and decided the route. He had behind him thirty years of the most strenuous and methodical polar exploration. Six months ago the other had known nothing about the North Pole except that it was cold there. Was this mere handy-man to have a share of the honour, and the greater share at that? The Norseman growled and called the other an unreliable, nervous, effeminate noodle, who childishly tried to ape the great man. The world listened to the Norseman's arguments, acknowledged their justice, and accorded him reluctant admiration. But they left it at that. They did not advance him, nor did they offer him the means to achieve new deeds. Frankly, he himself made it difficult. He was pedantically precise. It was a principle with him to think out every contingency that could arise, and to eliminate chance. This was not a cheap proceeding; it was very expensive. Whatever the reason, people accorded unwilling praise to the overbearing and surly man, but not the money to set a new expedition on its legs.

The Latin had better luck. He smiled over the Norseman, the gloomy, insufferable, pathologically egoistic fool. He would monopolize the glory, would he? That was a fine joke, that was. To fly over the North Pole was clearly the pilot's achievement; any child could see that; and the Norseman knew nothing about an air engine except that it made a noise. The Latin was allowed his superior smile. He had the sympathy of the whole world, for he was a brilliant fellow.

He knew the art of shining in all sorts of situations. Because they were too heavy for the airship he had refused to carry the Norseman's furs. But he had secretly brought his own uniform, for he was an officer in his country's army. On the border of the Arctic, when the crew descended soberly and suitably clad from the ship which they had brought back to civilization, he suddenly appeared glittering in uniform. The little girl standing in the waiting crowd presented her bouquet not to the unpresentable and roughly clad Norseman, but to the brilliant officer.

It was not only the child's heart that he won; he kindled the hearts of all his easily inflammable countrymen. He rose rapidly, and while still young became a general. For him, since he was planning a new flight over the North Pole, his country constructed at once a new airship to his specifications, 75 feet high, 346 feet long, with 66,000 cubic feet of gas expansion, and four gondolas. The tanks accommodated oil for 75 hours. The motors were 720 horse power. For the rest the Latin was not very thorough in his preparations. He did not study very exhaustively the scientific principles governing ice, snow, and winter. Had he not a more perfect vehicle than any which had ever started for the North Pole? A chosen crew, the best apparatus? He trusted to his luck.

Parades in his honour, bells, music. His airship rose. In three stages it reached the north. Then it set off on the final and decisive lap. By radio he acquainted the listening world that he was on the way to the North Pole. He was over Greenland, he was past Greenland. In twenty minutes, his wireless prophesied, he would be at the North Pole.

He reached the North Pole. For two hours, elated with triumph, he circled round the white and longed-for wilderness. The gramophone blared out the national anthem of his country. His national flag and a great cross consecrated by the Pope were lowered. To his King, to the Pope, to the Dictator of his country, he sent out wireless messages announcing that with God's help he had reached the North Pole. Long live his country!

In a well-equipped receiving station in his native town sat the Norseman, his eyes still stonier than usual, his tight mouth still more compressed. He listened along with the others, and shared their knowledge that his rival, that contemptible good-for-nothing, had reached the North Pole and was circling round it, admired by everyone, the darling of the world. He himself had expended countless years of the most arduous labour, countless nights of deadly peril. Now his deeds were worthless, his fame obliterated. After the scantiest preparation the other had accomplished lightly, with the smile and bow of an actor, what he had fought a lifetime to accomplish.

Ah, if the airship had belonged to him! With how much care, with what skill and method he would have fitted out the expedition! His rival was slap-dash even as a pilot. The Norseman had noticed it, he had divined it with the keen penetration of hatred. The man had undertaken his flight thoughtlessly, and it was criminal thoughtlessness in anyone to fly over that ice without knowing it intimately. But he was lucky, the other man. He had looks that pleased the mob, a splendid airship, splendid machinery. He, the Norseman, had the qualifications; the other had the airship, and the luck.

He sat in the receiving station and heard everything. He was man enough to listen to the bitter end as his contemptible rival's good luck was broadcast. The wireless operator announced that they were on the way back. Everything was going smoothly, of course. Everything on board was all right. There was fog, however. More fog, a pretty thick fog. He was exaggerating a bit no doubt, the operator. Adverse winds, bad visibility. These things don't run so smoothly as you thought, my dear young man. But you're lighted-hearted, you have all the blindness of irresponsibility, you're lucky. You'll come through safely all right. I'm listening along with the rest; I'm waiting until you get back. He sat and waited; he was determined to drink the bitter draught to the lees.

But what now? The difficulties were increasing. The steering-gear wasn't functioning well. The airship was driving through fog. One of the motors was out of action. The operator reported once more: All well on board. Then no further message came.

The Norseman had been sitting in the receiving station since early in the evening. Now it was almost morning, the staff were being relieved for the third time. He was quite stiff with his vigil; he felt no hunger; he sat on, waiting for the message that the other had safely returned.

Midday came. No word. Perhaps he was lost in the fog; perhaps he had had to make a forced landing; perhaps his wireless had given out. In any case, it did not look as if the Latin would return that day. The Norseman stood up stiffly, aching from his long session, and went home.

Next day too the wireless was dumb. The Latin had oil for a seventy-five hours' flight. Fifty hours passed, sixty, the seventy-fifth. The airship was overdue.

Days and nights passed. The Latin remained invisible. Now among the living the Norseman was the only man who had made an expedition on an airship to the North Pole.

Days and nights passed. Then out of the void came a message from the Latin. His airship had exploded; he himself and some of his crew were drifting on an ice floe a hundred and ten miles from the North Cape.

A fever seized the whole world: was it possible to rescue the man? How long could he hold out? Would the ice break? Had he provisions? Would he founder? Ships were sent out and airplanes.

The Norseman's country was looking at him; all the world was looking at him. His Government asked him to go to the rescue. Who could rescue the lost men, if not he?

He was in the habit of making meticulous preparations and exhaustive calculations before seizing the propitious moment. He had to thank his far-sightedness, not his luck, for what he had hitherto achieved. Now he had to set off at a day's notice on a flying machine hastily procured and barely modified for his purpose. But he was the man; his fame imposed the obligation on him. And it would be a grim triumph to rescue with his flying machine a bungler who dared to consider himself his equal, even his superior. He declared that he was ready. The camera-men snapped him as he stepped into the airplane, his mouth wry, his eyes hard as ever.

It was the last photograph ever taken of him. He did not rescue the other man in his airplane. It did not return.

It was the other man who returned.

The Latin had had a hard time. He had sat on his floating ice floe with a broken leg, confronted with imminent death, and surrounded by comrades who saw in him the source of their misfortunes. The only man among them who had any experience of polar conditions was dead. He had set off with two others across the ice to try to reach the mainland. He had died of cold on the way: or perhaps he had died of hunger; or perhaps his comrades had eaten him; nobody knew. But what everybody did know was that the Latin had allowed himself to be rescued before his comrades; he, the captain, before his crew; and that he was to blame for the death of the Norseman and of eight other men; and that those who managed to escape owed their lives to an icebreaker belonging to a land which in culture and policy was the most bitter opponent of their own.

He had been the first to fly over the Arctic Ocean on an airship invented, constructed, and piloted by himself. Only a few weeks before the whole world had applauded him wildly, far more than he had deserved, far more than they had ever applauded the Norseman. Now they despised him for a coward, a disgrace to his country, an absurd and exasperating fool.

The Norseman had died, died for him and because of him. He was alive; he was the only man alive who had flown over the Arctic Ocean in an airship. But the other was the great man: he, the Latin, was a ludicrous figure, and even his own country aspersed him.

II. THE DEAD MUST HOLD THEIR TONGUES

At seven o'clock in the morning the convicts Triebschener and Renkmaier were summoned to Councillor Förtsch's presence by a visibly discomposed warder. The rabbit-faced man was biting his lips with his small blackened teeth, and the hairs in his nose quivered. "I have to tell you the sad news," he said, "that your fellow-prisoner Krüger passed away painlessly in his sleep last night." Leonhard Renkmaier's watery blue eyes opened wide. Hugo Triebschener said: "He's gone damned fast. It's no time since he congratulated me on getting the better of Clara." Leonhard Renkmaier replied: "He was always complaining." Hugo Triebschener confirmed him: "No, Krüger never was very well."

These remarks caused a man sitting in the corner to shift uneasily. They had not seen him. It was Dr. Gsell. He had been fetched from his bed; nothing had been left for him to do but to certify that prisoner 2478 was dead. Now he was sitting in Förtsch's office, unshaven, his hair unkempt, his waistcoat unbuttoned, his necktie awry.

It was a satisfaction to Förtsch to hear Krüger's comrades talking like this and casting aspersions on the doctor without intending it. But that was the only sweet drop in a huge cup of bitterness. He had actually reached the thirteenth grade. In a matter of weeks he would have been able to resign the governorship of this cursed prison and settle down in Munich. He had seen before him a couple of years in the city in some high post, then a comfortable retirement solaced by the dignity and the pension of an official in the special grade. Now for the hundredth time everything was put to the hazard again. A rumour had reached him that the pardon of Krüger had been decided on, and would take effect in the next few days. A damned nuisance that the fellow should die on *his* hands. In every corner of the huge building he felt that reproach, righteous indignation, malicious enjoyment, and sardonic satisfaction were waiting surreptitiously to pounce on him. That bundle of misery, that ignorant fool Gsell! He glared malignantly at the doctor, throwing him only a few curt ironical words, full of suppressed rage. "So this Krüger doesn't seem to have been a malingerer after all," he reiterated four or five times.

The dead man was lying unshaven on his plank bed with one arm hanging down. Förtsch, who foresaw a visit of inspection, was annoyed by this arrangement. The corpse could certainly be left in the cell; it would be undisturbed there, and the bare stillness was not without a certain dignity. But a presentable coverlet must be obtained, the dead man must be properly laid out, also he must be shaved. The prison barber, a convict, addressed himself to the task. He was a timid man, and terrified of corpses. They had to promise him a glass of beer daily for the rest of the week. When he turned the dead man's head a little to get at the other side of his face, the corpse began to make a gurgling noise. Terrified out of his wits the barber let his razor fall and took to his heels. It needed a great deal of persuasion before he would resume his task again; a warder had to keep him company until he had finished.

Johanna was notified by telegram. She arrived towards midday. She tood in the cell, alone with the dead man. With a violent effort she turned her broad face towards him, and gazed at him fixedly. There were several things to clear up between her and him. She knew that if she could not do it now, she would never be able to do it and would have to sit for ever in her invisible cage. She walked up quite close to the plank bed and regarded intently the pallid yellow face above the red coverlet. It was smoothly composed; they had managed that very well. But not much had been gained, for the face had not become any the less stern. No, damn it, it was by no means a peaceful face. She saw at once that it would not be easy for her to come to conclusions with this dead man.

When previously she had evoked pictures of this cell which she had never been allowed to see she had always had the feeling that it must be cold. She was surprised to find it very hot. Yes, it was heated, of course; she could hear the pipes bubbling. She carefully examined the cell and the tiny window with the bars behind it, five vertical and two horizontal bars. She looked at the dull green walls, whitewashed near the ceiling, at the places where nails had once been, at the thermometer, the often mentioned white bucket, the four pamphlets hanging in the corner. She took down one of them and mechanically turned over the leaves. On the table was lying a small piece of bread which the prisoner who cleaned up the room had not ventured to take away. She took it up in her hand; it was very hard.

This man had passed 22 months here, 670 days; she had reckoned it up while coming in her car. He must have exhausted all the space in the narrow cell during those 670 days; every cubic inch of the confined space which even after the first minute began to oppress her: Martin had always been very eager to see new places. Here there wasn't much to see. Could one live if one didn't see something new every day?

As he was an art critic of the first rank they would want to take his death mask. Without the help of a mask she knew every line of his face. She would not forget a trace of it until her dying day. The hair was cropped short; but one could see how dull and discoloured it was, no longer raven black. The fleshy nose, yellowish and absurdly large, rose from two deep folds on either side. The mouth was like a slit. The massive face was flabby even in death. But that was misleading. The face was not one to make concessions, for all that. The broad forehead on which the hair grew far down looked particularly forbidding. It was a stern face. The dead man would remit nothing of his due.

That was because his eyes were closed. If the face were to open its vivacious grey eyes, everything would be different. She tried her hardest to bring back to her memory the Martin she had once known. He was a man who loved thrust and counter-thrust, explanations, melodramatic scenes. But the jolly and sympathetic companion was gone for ever, and nothing remained but this stern, yellowish-grey, forbidding mask. She kept on staring at it; she involuntarily went nearer; the mask came at her, heavy, hot, oppressive; like the wet plaster-of-Paris which had lain on her own face so long ago. She felt powerless, paralysed; she was overcome by a sense of a gigantic reckoning presented to her which she would never be able to pay. A cold rage rose up within her. She would not give her consent to their taking a mask of him. That yellowish-grey face must be obliterated. She would have the man burned, him and his face. Yet she knew well enough that that would avail her nothing. For she would still continue to feel that stern yellowish-grey thing coming at her, covering her eyes, stopping up her mouth and her nostrils.

In feverish haste she ran over in her mind whether she had had any chance, a single one, to tell Martin sooner that he would not need to pass another 426 days in this greenish coffin-like cell; that he would only have to have a little more patience. Yes, there had been a chance, she saw it; if she had only been more obliging, less full of pride and obstinacy. She need only have spoken a word in season to Tüverlin before he went away. She had experienced in her own body the sense of annihilation that Martin had described to her. Tüverlin had not experienced it, but she had. She should have spoken. It wasn't Tüverlin, it was she and only she who was to blame.

Death was the end. And the Krüger case was over. And there was no prospect of a re-trial now. And Johanna Krain stood convicted of guilt.

Afterwards, in the office, Förtsch and Gsell overwhelmed her with words. The doctor explained that only in the rarest cases could *angina pectoris* be diagnosed in its early stages, and even then there was no real remedy. Johanna confronted the two men in icy silence, an image of cold fury, her grey eyes darkened, her teeth clenched. All the way there in the throbbing car she had reiterated to herself: don't give in, keep your wits together. To gloss over the painfulness of the interview Förtsch talked incessantly. He brought out a few careful and measured phrases which he had thought out beforehand. He repeated them, giving them a different turn. He told her that there was a great pile of written matter left behind; an extensive literary heritage, he said. Dr. Gsell once more muttered something theoretical about *angina pectoris*. Johanna remained absolutely silent, and looked straight into the eyes of whichever happened to be speaking. Finally, without giving the slightest reply to them, and as if she had not heard a single word of what they had been saying to her, she announced that she wished the dead man to be removed from the prison as quickly as possible. Also she asked leave to take with her the little piece of bread she had found in the cell. The two gentlemen breathed more freely when she had gone.

The death of the art critic Krüger created a painful impression in foreign countries. It was not the first time that a famous man had died in a German prison in circumstances which reflected public discredit on the prison doctor. The League for Human Rights drew up a charge against Dr. Gsell for culpable neglect, and other left-wing associations supported it. The inmates of Odelsberg refused to be treated any longer by such a doctor. He himself offered to stand his trial. To put an immediate end to the general scandal the authorities ordered a post mortem examination, which was undertaken by the departmental medical officer. His finding was that the prisoner Krüger's death could neither have been foreseen nor prevented by the most skilful physician. The public prosecutor put a stop to the proceedings.

The Bavarian Government did not allow itself to be much disturbed by the outcry. It was accustomed to being reproached for its defective system of justice. The agreement with the California Farm Bank had been signed. Everything was technically in order. Hartl, the Minister of Justice, was radiant. He had almost been compelled because of this American loan to pardon a man whom he himself had sentenced. Now his sentence had been ratified by Heaven, in a sense by Providence itself.

The finger of God, thought two of the jurymen who had approved of the sentence, the high-school teacher Feichtinger, and the glove merchant Dirmoser. They recalled how insolent and irreverent the accused had been towards his judges. A heart attack, the postman Cortesi reflected, and tried to reckon how many postmen had contracted heart trouble through climbing stairs.

Johanna's intention to cremate the dead man encountered obstacles. Relying on certain passages in the Bible, and supported by the State, the Church authorities demanded that the dead man should be buried, and not cremated. A written testimony by the dead man, or at least a sworn testimony by two eye-witnesses proving that Martin Krüger had expressly desired his dead body to be cremated, was demanded of Johanna. Kaspar Pröckl had never heard a word from the dead man on the subject, but he immediately provided Johanna with the necessary declaration. Who else could help her? She hastily rang up Paul Hessreiter. Herr Hessreiter had been deeply shocked by the sad news. He had been involved in the Krüger affair; its unexpected and disastrous end was a personal blow to him. It was a comfort to him when Johanna turned to him for help. He had never known the man intimately, and certainly had never heard him say how he wished his body disposed of, but without hesitation he signed the necessary declaration.

The left-wing associations asked for permission to take part in Krüger's obsequies; many of the museums and societies of art in the Empire and in foreign countries sent messages of condolence. The Munich galleries, high schools, and official associations remained aloof. The Chief of Police published an announcement that he would not permit the funeral to turn into a demonstration. Great publicity was given to a phrase coined by someone in the Ministry: "The dead must hold their tongues."

Accompanied by Kaspar Pröckl and Aunt Ametsrieder Johanna drove to the Eastern Cemetery. The streets were black with people. Strong detachments of police guarded Ludwig Bridge, Cornelius Bridge, Reichenbach Bridge, and all the streets leading to the cemetery.

Clad in black, her tanned face pale and set, her upper lip drawn in, Johanna stood in the hall at the entrance to the cemetery. The people were crushed against each other in the huge room. Johanna saw faces, wreaths, more faces, more wreaths. She stood stiffly and woodenly. People made speeches, and placed wreaths. Johanna saw the people, and heard the speeches. She stood all the time stiffly, without moving. When they looked into her broad, immobile face people had an uncomfortable feeling.

There he was lying now, with heaps of flowers upon him; the florists had had a good day. Many famous people were making speeches which apparently had been rounded off with much care. They spoke a great deal about the significance of the dead man, about his books, and about his achievement. A little, too, about his tragic end. But they did not speak of the injustice that had been done to him; for that was forbidden. "The dead must hold their tongues," someone had decreed. Johanna stood there; she saw and she heard, she saw not and heard not. The dead must hold their tongues. That saying filled her with fury. It was an outrage that anybody should be able to enforce such a decree. It was an indignity, it must be challenged. She racked her brains to discover how it might be challenged. Like one in a dream who is given a task which he must carry out, yet cannot carry out, and who tries a thousand means, and then the thousand and first, so while they were making their speeches and placing their wreaths Johanna racked her brains again and again to discover how one could contrive to make this dead man speak out.

They went on making speeches, depositing wreaths and singing. It wouldn't be a simple matter, Johanna thought, it would be damned difficult, but she would manage it. Wreaths, speeches. She would manage it, she decided. The dead man wouldn't hold his tongue. She would proclaim that, she would proclaim it to the very faces of Herr Hartl and Herr Flaucher.

When the coffin was borne away and the assembly dispersed Johanna became aware that Dr. Gsell and Councillor Förtsch were among those present. Yes, these two gentlemen, relying on the consciousness of their innocence and rectitude, wanted to show that they knew what was fitting. In an official capacity they had done more than their duty by the man Krüger while he was alive. They desired to attend him now when his body was consumed to ashes.

Johanna was guilty of Martin's death. She had not evaded the fact, she had admitted it before Martin's dead body in the solitude of the cell. She did not want to evade it; she would stand up to the consequences. But this wretched man Förtsch had known all about Krüger's illness; she had told him at the very beginning, and it was shameless of him to come there; she had kept a curb on herself long enough, but now she had had enough. She walked up to the two men, her face white under her black hat. She looked at Dr. Gsell and said nothing. Then she looked Förtsch straight in the face and said, not very loud, but very distinctly, "You are a mean, contemptible fellow, Herr Förtsch." A large number of people were standing around, looking on and listening. Förtsch stammered something. "Be silent!" said Johanna. And she said again clearly and unmistakably: "You are a scoundrel, Herr Förtsch."

III. GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY

If the American had returned from Russia four weeks sooner, if his talk with Jacques had happened four weeks sooner, it would have been sufficient, Martin Krüger would have been alive and free. If Jacques had spoken to her before his departure, it would have been sufficient, Martin would have been free. If Martin hadn't hung Anna Elisabeth Haider's picture in the gallery, if the French hadn't occupied the Ruhr and those asses of Kutzner's hadn't set up their alternative Government, if Klenk hadn't fallen, if Messerschmidt hadn't been forced to resign twenty-six days too soon, if among so many occurrences only one had been prevented, it would have been sufficient, and Martin would have been free. Behind so many lucky and fatal events where was the meaning?

All that she had done had been useless. But if she had not done what she had done, none of the events which would have been of help to Martin would have happened. But unfortunately they had not been of help to him. Yet it was only because his strength had not held out that they had been unavailing. No, it was because *she* had been lacking in the needful strength and ardour. But even before the whole business started, hadn't she warned Martin that he shouldn't get entangled with Anna Elisabeth Haider? Her feelings had been justified then; *his* feelings had been wrong.

During her sleepless nights Johanna wrestled with the dead man. She stood in the narrow cell; the heating pipes bubbled; she strove to wring an answer from the yellowish-grey face. She talked to the rigid form, she wanted to be justified and assured that she was not guilty of his miserable death. But the dead face never stirred; it remained frozen in its stern repose.

It was not his fault, nor was it hers. For every act, whether ardent or lukewarm, whether contrary to the nature of the doer or in accordance with it, is blind, is like one of the thirty-six numbers on the roulette table. Its success or failure depends on unpredictable chance.

What Johanna had done was neither good nor bad. It was neutral and indifferent, and had no outcome. Her doing it or not doing it altered nothing. She had run after the administrators of justice, judges and lawyers; she had told the truth when it was needed, had lied when it was needed; she had sought out those accursed "social connexions"; she had walked through the mud when it seemed of use; she had pleaded with and raged at the official and secret rulers of the country; she had done all that could be done; but the apparatus of justice had been stronger, the machine had remained running as before. But because Jacques had written a revue for Herr Pfaundler, and because a composer whose name she did not know had written a popular tune for that revue, and because a dollar king on his journey through Bavaria had been taken by that tune, and because he had also been taken by Jacques' whimsicalities, and because Jacques was taken by her own broad face and stumpy nose; because of all these things Martin had been within an hair's breadth of winning his freedom. And even then, not quite. Only within a hair's breadth. All the same the American, the composer, and Jacques Tüverlin had achieved merely with a crook of the little finger, without exerting themselves, more than she had achieved by many months of painful effort. Nobody could make sense of such a confusion; everything was so hopelessly tangled. Ill luck was there and good luck; but where was guilt to be found?

And yet there was guilt. There was an account in which success and failure were ciphers. A reckoning in which nothing counted except the strength and the effort which one expended.

Clever people could say that Martin Krüger died because the methods of justice were wrong and the sentence barbarous. Clever people could say that Martin Krüger died because the constituents of his blood and the state of his heart were as they happened to be, and not otherwise. But she knew that he would not have died if she had devoted more of her strength and will to his liberation.

Meanwhile Jacques Tüverlin was returning from the States in a great ocean liner. Shortly before his departure he had learned of Martin Krüger's death. That suggested to him a close examination of the principles determining fate, chance, and success. There existed at that time a theory which was known as the materialist conception of history. This new and practical historical method claimed that every human event was determined by economic laws. It did not admit the validity of human beings as individuals, but only as reflections of economic conditions. This theory would not acknowledge that there was anything that could not be accounted for in the course of history. Its most talented expositor, Leon Trotsky, declared that the exception assiduously helped to prove the rule. Historical law actualized itself by means of a natural selection of chance events. Conscious human activity submitted chance events to a deliberate selection.

Jacques Tüverlin regarded as somewhat primitive the gloomy intolerance with which the supporters of this theory held up its cut-and-dried method as the only possible one. He had eagerly studied this science, retaining, however, his positive scepticism. Like meteorology, he found, it was still only in its infancy. It divined a truth here and there, but was inadequate for practical purposes. By its primitive methods not even the fate of this man Krüger could be elucidated, obvious as was its connexion with politics.

Jacques Tüverlin re-read what he had written in his essay on Martin Krüger. He had laid bare the connexion the case had with the determining sociological factors of the age; but had never excluded the possibility of a more profound interpretation. Now, after Krüger's death, he found nothing that he needed to withdraw. Nor did he after careful examination find anything to reproach himself with in his conduct towards Krüger. He had not liked the man. Their paths had crossed, but he had not avoided the unwelcome contact; he had tried to meet it honestly. He had dealt fairly with the dead man.

Useless and vain brooding was against his nature. Yet, now that nothing could be changed, Krüger's fate oppressed him. Just like Johanna Krain he could not prevent himself from spending his nights trying to come to terms with Martin Krüger. He justified himself to the dead man, explained to him, giving sound reasons, that no one could have done more for him than had been done.

When he returned from America Jacques Tüverlin was in his fortieth year. He looked like thirty. He was vigorous, supple, in good trim. He had seen new sights, he had acquired new doubts and problems, he had exercised brain, heart, and body. He had a big bank account, and was regarded as one of the chief authors of his time. He came back across the sea satiated with pictures and visions, crammed with projects, quietly waiting to see which would ripen first, filled with keen pleasure at the thought of seeing Europe, Bavaria, and Johanna Krain.

His one worry was the unexpected solution of the Krüger case. General and very personal considerations were painfully involved in it. When the American had demanded the release of Krüger from the Bavarian Government, he had had his laugh over the curious ways of fate. If he had said nothing to Johanna it was because it was not his custom to count his chickens before they were hatched. But probably it was more vanity than anything. He had looked forward to returning as the kind and smiling uncle who with the greatest ease had brought all the complications to a happy conclusion. His planned surprise had miscarried pretty fundamentally. That couldn't be denied. It served him right.

But it didn't serve the man Krüger right. That tormented him. There must be some meaning behind the apparent meaninglessness. It was a comfortable thing to believe in a providence, whether one called it God, or, according to the mythology in fashion, economic law. But this mythology seemed too simple to him. Life was a primitive jungle through which everyone had to hack his own path. At any rate he could not discover the roads which the others claimed that they saw. He was thrown back on his own pathfinding abilities. His nose was all that he had to help him, not the good counsel of Messrs. Hegel and Marx.

Because of its apparent meaninglessness the Krüger case exasperated him extremely. His will had been within a hair's breadth of setting the man free. He need only have repressed his superior airs a little and spoken to Johanna at the right time, and presumably the man would have known freedom after all. The effort to elicit the meaning of this almost-achieved success and final failure tormented him as one is tormented by the last unsolved word in a cross-word puzzle. What was it that wrecked Krüger's fate? *Angina pectoris?* Anna Elisabeth Haider's picture? Political considerations? Sociological conditions? Twenty-three centuries earlier someone would have written a great tragedy of destiny upon it. To show that Krüger was a sacrifice to economic conditions would be nothing more than to write a banal tragedy of destiny.

So Jacques Tüverlin the writer sailed back famous and full of experience, but tormented by questions bound up with the disagreeable end of the Krüger case. The passage lasted seven days and nights: then he landed at Hamburg, travelled over plains, through mountains, over rivers, including the Rhine and the Danube, reached Bavaria, and stood before Johanna Krain. And as soon as he saw her he saw at once that his broodings had not been merely academic. Krüger's death was not the real end of the Krüger case. Krüger's death was a thing that affected himself very intimately.

Johanna was standing before him in her large room in the Steinsdorfstrasse. It was only a few months since she had last seen the sharp, seamed face with the large, strong teeth and the prominent jaw; but to her it seemed a long time, and she found she loved this man boundlessly. He held her hands in his strong, freckled ones, and he talked away at her in his cheerful falsetto voice. He noted with pleasure that she had let her hair grow again. So, she intended to wear it in a knot again? That was splendid, that suited her exactly. They chatted gaily over a hundred petty things; it was as if his absence had been filled by nothing else. But during it he had almost succeeded in setting Krüger free and Krüger had died. And Johanna knew that, measurelessly as she loved this man, and stupid and flimsy as were her inhibitions, she would never be able to sleep with him again.

Fifty years previously the German philosopher Nietzsche had taught that psychology was the real criterion of the purity and impurity of a race. In Germany, he said, uncleanliness in psychological matters had become an instinct. Jacques Tüverlin had thoroughly digested this saying. One might be annoyed by the philosopher's pronouncement; but if one was wise one accepted the fact as a fact and acted accordingly.

Jacques Tüverlin saw how things stood with Johanna. She said: "It's a pity you didn't speak before you left!" She was right. He had made a mistake. It had been his duty to speak, to have seen her more clearly, to have known her better. He had made a mistake. He should have known that for months she would torture herself needlessly, and that his conceited silence might have fatal consequences for Krüger. He had made a mistake. So when she said that it was a pity that he hadn't spoken, he did not try to give a long explanation of his reasons. He simply said: "Yes, it's a pity."

He saw how inarticulate this woman's emotions were, and that no clear word, no adroit observation, could help her over her difficulty. She stood there before him, heavy and stubborn like her country, and he loved her immensely.

A great meaningless stone lay between him and her. She had placed it there out of sheer senseless misunderstanding. But that did not make matters any the better for him. An action did not need to be wrong simply because it was illogical. Nor was it always necessarily right simply because it was logical. He always acted from his own knowledge and experience. They had misled him. The stone lay there. It was his own fault. He did not make any complaint.

IV. OPUS ULTIMUM Johanna received Martin Krüger's manuscripts from the Odelsberg authorities. There were huge sheaves of papers, note-books, pages corrected over and over again, odd scraps of paper, jottings, shorthand notes; the whole was very difficult to bring into order. Johanna begged Jacques Tüverlin to prepare it for publication with the help of an expert. Tüverlin preferred to call in Kaspar Pröckl.

The two men now sat together as they had done at the time when Tüverlin was writing his revue. Only they argued now still more violently. The author Tüverlin was not interested in the man who had written those pages; all that interested him was the work itself. The deceased Krüger had had the good luck to express to the full his own circumscribed talent. The savagely rebellious study of Goya was splendidly set off by the quietly brilliant essay on "Joseph and His Brethren." There are strong unhappy geniuses whose achievements remain fragmentary, who never bring off a finished work. Often a man of minor talent may achieve something greater than a greater man. Martin Krüger was one of those minor talents who fortunately find the vessel suited to hold every drop of their wine. It was from this standpoint that Tüverlin sought to order and round off Krüger's posthumous writings.

Such theories as these exasperated Kaspar Pröckl to madness. It wasn't true that any work reflected glory on its author: at best the glory was due to the age in which it came into being. Whether a work came to completion or not did not depend on the gifts or the labours of the individual; it depended simply on the age, on economic and social conditions. The essay on "Joseph and His Brethren," for instance, in his eyes was mere verbiage which he would have preferred to excise completely. The whole work of the painter Landholzer only proved where a consistently individualistic conception of art led in their time: to dissociation, to schizophrenia, to the madhouse. Pröckl did not care whether Krüger's work was rounded off or not: all that he was concerned with was to see that the rebellious spirit should breathe from its pages, that revolutionary spirit which flamed up in Krüger's last days. Had Krüger died in a state of bland serenity? He had perished miserably, a rebel, in filth and blood. The authentic conclusion, the crown of his work, therefore, was not "Joseph and His Brethren," but Goya.

Not that Kaspar Pröckl would have agreed absolutely with the *Study of Goya.* The *Study* was not really good, it was much too brilliant. Revolution wasn't brilliant, revolution was a stern, wearisome, and prosaic business. All the same the work on Goya was revolutionary in tone, and revealed what was valuable and essential in Martin Krüger. When Pröckl fought for the Goya with Tüverlin, when he tried to erase its false brilliance, and bring out its essential quality, it was a kind of self-chastisement and an amends. He had not been able to help Krüger to come quite through. He had been defeated, Krüger had failed. So he wished to form at least what remained of Krüger after his own image.

It cost him renunciation. Again and again he saw distinctly the greyish-brown figure before him, accusing him of lacking the two most important qualities: capacity for enjoyment and sympathy of heart. The tones of the dead man as he read in the prison visiting-room the chapter entitled "How long?" were still in his ears. He could still distinctly hear Krüger's hearty laughter at his expense. Even now he was still on his guard against the dead man, wrestled with him, and angrily defended himself. It was a lie; he was no puritan. The dead man had not known what it had cost him to subject his feelings to clear and hard reason. Often when he read Krüger's sentences with their polish and brilliance, or when Tüverlin fell upon him with a dazzling shower of aphorisms, he felt a strong temptation to retire to a field where he could defend himself better. But he withstood the temptation; he did not take up his banjo; he did not return to his ballad-writing.

He was angry with Tüverlin. He recognized his gifts; but he touched up Tüverlin the author into a pure representative of the declining bourgeoisie. Pröckl was filled with a deep distrust of everything that smacked of success. Success was enough to make him suspicious in advance of a man or a work. Tüverlin was already tainted with success. For what could have a success in a capitalistic world except what served to secure and increase the profits of its ruling class? Tüverlin, he gave him credit for that, did not write his books consciously to increase those profits; but unconsciously he let himself be influenced by that intention. Without his knowing it, capitalism expressed itself through him and supplanted, it might be, what better knowledge he himself possessed. He could not escape from the ideology of the ruling class, of which he was a member. He was·a representative of a decaying, dilettante, frivolous Europe which he, Pröckl, had forsaken to collaborate in the building up of a better world.

Tüverlin could not resist the temptation to rally Kaspar Pröckl, and to draw him out with semi-serious chaff. Once for instance he explained to him that his Marxism was determined entirely by his individual temperament. Pröckl was driven to fury by such half-truths. He shouted angrily at Jacques Tüverlin in his discordant voice, and Tüverlin shrilled back at him. Then without transition they turned to their work again, and soon were agreeing on some practical detail.

Johanna sat quietly beside them, glancing from the one man to the other. Probably what Jacques said about the *work* was right enough; but Martin became more distinct to her when Pröckl was declaiming. In any case the disagreement of the parties, the conflict between Tüverlin's knowledge and Pröckl's revolt, helped rather than retarded the work. Martin Krüger's literary legacy gave meaning and completeness to what he had published during his life-time, and made it an outstanding achievement

Johanna looked on as the work grew. Those pages filled with Martin's handwriting, vigorous at the beginning but becoming more and more straggly, had still some connexion with him, and drew part of their life from him. One could decipher from the letters whether they had been written in an hour of confidence or of hopelessness. Now all these were being rolled smooth; the confused little strokes became motionless, frozen into neat typescript, were transformed into the finished work.

The work grew and matured. But, and this depressed Johanna, the man vanished behind the work. The work concealed the man.

V. THE GENERAL AND HIS DRUMMER

The Berlin Government had to give up its passive resistance to the Ruhr occupation. Martial law was declared over all Germany. The captains of industry compelled the Berlin Cabinet to take military measures against the constitutionally established Socialist governments in Saxony and Thüringia. Reichswehr marched into Dresden and Weimar, deposed the Socialist administrations and drove the Ministers from their offices at the point of the bayonet. A few industrial magnates and one or two generals set themselves up as dictators. Everywhere in Germany there was ferment, violence, confusion, and misery. The dollar exchange soared to figures which to the man in the street were empty formulas. A pound loaf cost billions of marks.

In Munich the True Germans were jubilant. Had they not foretold that the methods of Berlin would throw the whole Empire into chaos? Kutzner blossomed out, and forgot his discomfiture in spring. His instinct as a leader had not deceived him. The time was only now ripe: the first snow, not the spring blossoming, was the real signal for the march to Berlin.

From his residence in the Promenadeplatz Flaucher kept his eye on him. Was this Kutzner already beginning to shoot out his neck again? Did he not yet understand who was the general and who the drummer? Even though the American loan had not had such visible effects as the Commissioner Extraordinary had hoped, it was working on subterraneously all the same. Its backing had secured him the dictatorship, and with the post new strength had come to him.

With still greater passion than he had shown in the open conflict with Berlin he threw himself now into the secret battle with his rebellious drummer. So the True Germans wanted to exploit the weakness of the Reich for their own objects, did they? Well, Flaucher could do it better, Flaucher would steal a march on them. With peasant cunning he adopted the most attractive points in the programme of the True Germans, taking the wind out of their sails. They made magniloquent speeches about their approaching march to Berlin, but he acted. He declared invalid for Bavaria the

Berlin Government's announcement proclaiming martial law over the whole Reich, and in place of it proclaimed martial law in Bavaria on his own initiative. Thereupon he executed it trenchantly. He kept in Bavaria reserves of gold which the Reichs Bank wished to transfer from Nürnberg. He decreed that the price of beer should be reduced. He hounded great numbers of old-established Jews out of Munich, in spite of the Reichs Minister s representations. The Berlin Government did not dare to intervene. In Saxony and Thüringia they had had to deal with destitute workers. But Bavaria was shielded by the strong assembled powers of reaction. Rendered daring by the passivity of Berlin, Flaucher even refused to allow the orders of the Reich to be executed on Bavarian soil. The Berlin Ministry of War suspended the Munich journal of the True Germans, the *Patriotic Times,* on account of its slanderous attacks on the Government, and requested the Munich military commander to see that the order was obeyed. At Flaucher's instruction the Bavarian General threw the command of his superior in Berlin into the wastepaper basket. Berlin removed the General from his command. The General paid no attention.

Convinced of Berlin's impotence Flaucher dared the great, decisive stroke. He appointed the General dismissed by Berlin as military commander over all Bavaria, and decreed that the Bavarian troops should swear a new oath of allegiance to himself in person. By radio he announced to the whole world that the Berlin Government was dominated by Marxism, that it was deliberately trying to quench the federal and independent political life of Bavaria, and that for years it had stifled national sentiment. Bavaria, the last stronghold of an oppressed Germany, was not prepared to endure this any longer, and meant to take up the fight which Berlin had forced on it. Then next day he administered the oath of allegiance to all the troops stationed on Bavarian soil. An oath binding them to the head of the Bavarian Government as the administrator of the German people.

In his thick angular head rang the words: *"Te deum laudamus."* Kutzner had made speeches for the national movement: he, Flaucher, had given it an army. Who was the general now, and who the drummer?

Kutzner was furious. Not content with stealing his thunder, Flaucher, the ambitious swine, wanted now to snatch the crown of his whole enterprise from under his nose: the national *coup*. The manœuvre wouldn't succeed. Rupert Kutzner would not give in as easily as all that. It would simply be a race between them, who should be ready with his preparations first. He consulted with the gentlemen of his staff. There was no need for much delay; the preparations were as good as complete. A new Day of Liberation was decided upon; it would not be a general rehearsal this time. The old Reich had been overthrown by the swines of Reds on a 9th of November: on the coming 9th of November, in the fifth year of anarchy, it would be resurrected again.

In his yellow house in the Promenadeplatz Flaucher watched and smiled. As far as he was concerned, Kutzner could go on arming and waiting for the troops to go over to him. He would wait for a long time; Flaucher had taken care of that. At the decisive hour the army would not fall into Kutzner's hands, but those laboriously armed troops of Kutzner's would fall into his. Sure of his arrangements, the Dictator looked on cheerfully while the True Germans organized their great march. The core of the national rising was the army, and that belonged to him. It was stronger than it looked. The six other divisions of the Reichswehr regarded it with longing. When it came to the scratch the Berlin gentlemen would do well not to put too absolute a reliance on their own troops. Already, in a secret order, the chief Commander of the Reichswehr in Berlin had anxiously implored his subordinates to dismiss politically partisan officers from their posts. Flaucher smiled more deeply. This was a lucky October for him, full of cheerfulness and security.

In November, over night, the wind changed. Flaucher noticed it when he met the Fifth Evangelist in the Club.

"I hear," said Reindl quietly, almost wearily, in his high smooth voice, "I hear, Dr. Flaucher, that you're not so fond of Herr Kutzner's beautiful eyes as you used to be. I have also decided not to invest any more money in the gentleman." Flaucher hung with the attentiveness of a schoolboy on Reindl's lips, and drew his finger between his neck and his collar.

He did not understand much about business affairs; but he did understand that the languid pronouncement of this confounded Reindl outweighed a thousand patriotic proclamations. Obviously the Ruhr business had blown over, the German industrialists had come to an understanding with the French, and they had no stomach any longer for a *coup*. The capitalists were cold-shouldering the supporters of violence and "valour." Flaucher reflected hard; his square face grew quite stupid with the effort. If the money were withdrawn his army would be of no use to him, and he too might have his spring blossom fiasco to face. "I have also decided not to invest any more money in the gentleman." When he collated this friendly dig in the ribs with certain reports from Berlin which till now he had not taken seriously, all at once he saw that that secret order of the Commander of the Reichswehr was not necessarily a sign of anxiety.

A cursed business. He had gone too far, had adopted too many of the True Germans' ideas. If that swine Kutzner let fly now, they would cast the blame on him, and he, the general, would be landed in the mess along with his drummer. Himmelsakra, he was fairly in for it now. All night he wandered to and fro sweating and goaning in his low room with the plush-covered furniture, the dachshund Waldmann at his heels. What he had done he had done humbly and for the greater glory of Bavaria and his Lord. Heaven could not leave him so miserably in the lurch. He bowed his head in repentance.

And behold, Heaven took pity on him and sent him a plan. He would give up his own *coup* and he would whistle his drummer to heel as well. But he would recompense himself for it, and even out of his failure wring some profit for his land. He would make the Reich pay him for his renunciation. He would demand compensation and arrange for concessions which should strengthen Bavaria's threatened autonomy. He went to bed reassured, and slept deeply and dreamlessly.

The very next morning he set about his task. To damp down his own *coup* was a simple matter: the Bavarian army was in his hands; as it had been prepared to assist him in his *coup,* so it was ready now to return with him to allegiance to the Empire. But to push the others into the background again, the Kutzner crowd, the drummer and his followers; that was not so simple. They had gone far already; they wanted to let fly; they were no longer to be held back. Moreover he was pressed for time. He did not know when Kutzner intended to strike, but he knew that it was a question of a few days. He must gain time, gain time: all depended on that.

He decided to be cunning, and gathered round him the leaders of the military associations. He assured them that his aims were the same as theirs. But he showed great anxiety over the situation in Berlin. Certainly one could screw the Berlin Reichswehr to the point where they would join in; but they were not quite at that point yet. It was only a matter of a very short time, but one must, one simply must wait for it.

The Kutzner party answered him scornfully. The movement had been taken in once already by Herr Flaucher. They hadn't forgotten the spring blossom affair. Were they going to have another fiasco? But his aims were the same as theirs, Flaucher wailed once more; only the situation wasn't ripe. They must postpone it, even if only for a week.

Toni Riedler replied insolently, Erich Bornhaak mockingly. Why, if they were ready by the 9th, should they wait until the 16th? Only a half-week's postponement, Flaucher implored.

All the time Kutzner had been strangely silent: he sat, his arms crossed, emphasizing in mien and bearing the fatefulness of the hour. Now he rose. Good, he said, they would postpone it for half a week. His companions objected loudly. They would wait till the 12th of November, the Leader declared with decision and authority.

The same night he summoned his colleagues to a council of war. While Flaucher had been babbling illumination had come to him. Flaucher had announced that he would address a huge gathering in the Kapuziner Brewery on the 8th, when he would explicitly define his attitude. At this meeting on the night of the 8th, Kutzner explained, he himself would proclaim the national revolution. At the point of the revolver he would force Flaucher to a plain yes or no. If the Dictator really desired the people to rise, then in this way the plunge would be made easier for him. Kutzner went on confidentially, that he fancied that Flaucher had only begged for a delay so as to trick the True Germans and get in first himself. But there he hadn't reckoned with Kutzner. Kutzner wasn't to be taken in so crudely. He had no intention of holding back any longer. His agreeing to the postponement to the 12th was a little piece of Nordic guile which was permissible, more, imperative, for the good of the Fatherland.

He inquired once more very seriously if everything was ready. Very seriously all the leaders responded that it was. One of them observed that if the political preparations were as efficient as the military, then there was nothing lacking. Kutzner threw a glance of reprimand at the insolent fellow and vouchsafed no replay. With a large gesture he pointed mysteriously to the locked drawer containing his plans. Everybody rose. On the night of the 8th, he announced, he would cross the Rubicon.

VI. CORIOLANUS

Otto Klenk was sitting alone in the Gschwendt hut. He had actually kept to his word, and had remained away from Munich the whole summer and autumn. He had sat alone in Berchtoldszell, his only company his elderly housekeeper Veronica, Simon's mother. His wife was looking after the house in Munich; he could not endure having her at Berchtoldszell. All the same, half a year ago he would have thought it impossible that he should be sitting by himself on his fiftieth birthday up here in the Gschwendt hut. At that time he had been more inclined to tell himself that all Germany would be celebrating today as the birthday of its Deliverer.

There he sat now gazing at the misty mountains, puffing at his short Tyrolean pipe, and smiling. It was a good day for weighing up his past life. If death were to catch him now, if he were to kick the bucket at this moment, had he missed much in those fifty years, had he much to regret? He had nothing to regret. When he turned over his life in his mind he found that it had been a good life, and when he said so he had no need to lower his voice. He was a Bavarian, a native of the Alps. Bavaria and the age did not hit it off very well: all the worse for the age. Klenk was Klenk and signed himself Klenk. He was glad that he had nothing to do with all that commonplace mob down there.

His books, his mountain, his forests, his game-keepers, himself; there could be no better company. To be alone wasn't a bad thing. He thought of his hunt in the Italian mountains: an ibex was quite a wise kind of beast. Certainly he would have been glad to have Simon there today. But he could not bring himself to make the first approaches. When he had departed in anger from the Patriots he would have liked to take Simon with him, away from the Patriots, to Berchtoldszell. But Simon, the brat, had not wanted to come. He liked Munich; he had no intention of boring himself to death in the country. When Klenk became violent and ordered him, he defended himself as violently. He replied rudely and unmistakably that no one could make him come by force. If the old man liked to act the martyr that was his own affair. Klenk had raised his hand, but then had controlled himself. In spite of his anger he had been glad to see that the lad took after him. The same auburn hair, the same eyes in which the white was tinged with brown, the same uncontrolled passions.

He stood up to his full height in his old leather jacket and spotless linen, his bony skull with the sparse covering of hair lifted high; a second Coriolanus. He was waiting for his country to summon him; he was waiting for the Patriots to summon him; and he was gloating over the prospect of having a cock-shy at both of them. He followed tensely Flaucher's battle with the Reich, and Kutzner's battle with Flaucher. Too late, my dear sirs. Reindl hasn't waited for you. He left long ago; the Ruhr business is finished; you've lost your train. You should have got up earlier, my dear sirs.

He returned from the Gschwendt hut to Berchtoldszell. The Dutch tiled stove gave out an intense heat which filled the large, rudely furnished room. He sat on the wooden seat, smoking vigorously, and turned on the radio so as to hear the latest news. Veronica laid the table. He ate and drank ravenously. Since he had been here in Berchtoldszell he had had no more anxiety about his kidneys. After he had eaten he sat for a long time dozing. Had nobody rung him up? Had nobody asked for him? No, nobody had rung him up; neither Flaucher nor Kutzner had asked for him.

It was good to be alone; but one couldn't hang about all day waiting for the collapse of the True Germans. He shouted angrily at Veronica, then took up a book and went out into the woods. There he sat on a tree stump, read about jurisprudence and the science of logic, day-dreamed, read on again, and scribbled satirical annotations on the margin of the book.

Who were these two people coming towards him, the stalwart gentleman and the elegant lady? Sakrament. The fateful drumbeats of that overture rang in his ears. This was a splendid birthday surprise. He would extract the last drop of sweetness from the refusal which he intended to fling in the rascal's face.

Yes, the Leader had decided to spend the day before the *coup* out of town. Wasn't his plan lying ready in the locked drawer? The only thing that remained for him was to rest his nerves before the great stroke. He drove out, taking his Russian secretary with him, but not even to her did he say where he was going. Only when he had left the town behind did he direct the chauffeur to drive to Berchtoldszell. Seeing that he had time to spare, why shouldn't he make an attempt to gain Klenk over? Klenk was by no means a fool. Klenk must have seen that at the time of the spring blossom fiasco he, the Leader, had been right. He was in a forgiving mood, and he was fond of Klenk. He would use all his persuasiveness; Klenk must come into the affair, he must have Klenk in it. It would all go wrong if Klenk weren't in it.

When Kutzner directed the chauffeur to drive to Berchtoldszell, Insarova became radiant. In these last weeks she had become very intimate with Erich Bornhaak. Since Klenk's secession from the True Germans Bornhaak had been seizing more and more power. He squandered his forces in feverish activity and in wild enjoyment. Insarova was filled with admiration at his recklessness; the light-hearted and cynical negligence with which he took her was quite to her liking. She was delighted at the prospect of flirting with Klenk, for it would make Erich jealous.

When he saw them approaching Klenk got up. After a few general phrases, Kutzner came to the point at once. It was one of his good days, and his words flowed eloquently and cunningly. Klenk thought to himself: he can talk all right. He stood up to his full height, and listened lazily and not unpolitely: here among his woods he felt infinitely superior to this melancholy ass, Kutzner. Frozen after their long motor drive, Kutzner and Insarova felt that they wanted to be in a warm room. The haggard face of the Russian girl peeped over her thick grey fur coat. She shifted from one foot on to the other, an elegant, furred little animal shivering with cold. Although the whore had been to blame for his kidney attack and all its later consequences, he would have been glad to give her something to warm her. But it gave him still more pleasure to let Kutzner freeze. He let him freeze.

The Leader talked with redoubled urgency to warm himself. His tiny moustache twitched eagerly, his tuberous nose bobbed up and down. Too late, Herr Neighbour, thought Klenk. Your blossoming time is past. He enjoyed the picturesque airs of the man, and listened appreciatively to his prolonged adjurations.

After a considerable interval he at last led his half-frozen guests indoors, and set down meat and drink before them. He pretended to be undecided and had his reward when the Leader fell into the trap and began his rigmarole anew. This time he began to talk of the great plan lying in the locked drawer. The first time that Kutzner had spoken of it, Klenk had been impressed by the locked drawer. Really it was the only thing about Kutzner that had impressed him. Several times since he had pictured in his fanciful mind that great plan lying there in the drawer, known by nobody, fateful for everybody. When the Leader began on it now again with a mysterious air, Klenk remarked casually that he too was working on a document which nobody would be allowed to see for a long time. Was Klenk joking? Or was he working at a real plan? The Leader, who till now had been gazing dreamily at the bone buttons on Klenk's jacket, pricked up his ears and looked into his companion's brown, slyly twinkling eyes. Yes, said Klenk, he was working at his memoirs. For several minutes the Leader remained silent and reflective, devoting himself to the food before him. Probably he too, he began at last, concealing apprehension behind an assumed gaiety, would play some part in those memoirs? "I should think so, indeed, Herr Neighbour!" said Klenk.

Insarova liked Klenk, his keen eyes, his long, bony skull, his tanned complexion, the whole man, moving about so easily and largely in his house and his woods. She could not understand why she had confined herself to Erich Bornhaak all summer. She had no intention of following the advice of the reliable Dr. Bernays. The fact that she couldn't live much longer had its advantages too; for who had a better right to make the most of her time? At the first invitation she promised Klenk at once to come out alone sometime to see him. "When?" asked Klenk. "Tomorrow evening," replied Insarova with rapid decision. Tomorrow evening; that was the night when the first plunge would be made: it would annoy Erich if she were not there to see him.

VII. NORDIC GUILE AGAINST NORDIC GUILE

Dr. Flaucher, Commissioner Extraordinary for the State, was working methodically at the completion of his plan. It had been a heaven-sent inspiration to dress up his unavoidable abandonment of the True Germans as a voluntary decision, and to barter it to the Reich in exchange for the ratification of Bavaria's special privileges. He would have given anything to let Klenk know what a marvellous egg he had hatched this time. When Klenk heard of this really statesmanlike idea, then he would be forced to admit at last that he, Flaucher, was a man who knew his job. But you could put no reliance on Klenk: one could never be certain that he would not go and blab. Flaucher would have to be patient, unfortunately, and let Klenk consider him an ass for a few days more.

He made his preparations hurriedly but prudently. On the 9th of November he intended to issue the decisive measures against the True Germans. In his speech at the meeting on the 8th of November he proposed to announce his break with the Patriots and justify it on general grounds. His speech was to be a rebuke to the True Germans, and a lead to Berlin.

By way of precaution, and to lull the True Germans into a sense of false security, he invited them once more to see him on the afternoon of November 8th. The conference went off very amicably, and it was established that they were all of absolutely the same mind about their ultimate objects. On this 8th of November Flaucher, who had planned his blow against the Patriots for that same evening, told them with Nordic guile that on the 12th he would strike along with them. And the Patriots, who had planned their *coup* for that same evening, promised Flaucher on their side with Nordic guile that they would wait until the 12th. They parted on the best of terms.

When the evening came Dr. Flaucher, Commissioner Extraordinary for the State, gave his long-awaited speech on the situation in the hall of the Kapuziner Brewery. All the patriotic associations had been invited, and the huge hall was filled to overflowing. Flaucher began by speaking of the disintegrating effects of Marxism. The only remedy for it was order, iron discipline. He raised his voice, he was about to announce his theme: from everybody, even from the best disposed Patriot, must be demanded unconditional subordination to the divinely ordained organ of the State, to the Government, to the Commissioner Extraordinary, to him, Flaucher.

Then, at this decisive point of his speech, he was rudely interrupted by a disturbance at the door of the hall. Commands, shouts, a shot. Suddenly Rupert Kutzner was standing beside him on the platform, a smoking revolver in his hand. He was wearing a new, tightly fitting sports jacket of a military cut. A very high, stiff white collar was round his neck; his hair was ruthlessly parted all the way from his forehead to the nape of his neck. On his breast he wore an ornamental iron cross, a war decoration granted only to those who had attained very high office or very great wealth, or had really acted with conspicuous bravery. He raised the hand which held the revolver. Thus the actor Konrad Stolzing had stood on the stage of the Court Theatre before the nobility of Genoa prophesying the downfall of tyranny in the role of Count Fiesco di Lavagna, a character of the dramatic poet Schiller.

Rupert Kutzner carelessly pushed aside the alarmed and furious Flaucher. To the hushed audience he announced in ringing tones: "The national revolution has begun. The hall is surrounded by six hundred armed men. Regiments of the Reichswehr and the militia are marching here under our flag. The Berlin Government and the Bavarian Government are deposed. A provisional imperial government under my leadership is being formed. Tomorrow morning either there shall be a German national government, or I shall be dead." Then in a strong voice he commanded: "A quart of beer," and drank deeply.

A storm of applause burst forth. Many people had tears in their eyes. They gazed in rapture at Rupert Kutzner, filled with the same emotion which they felt when the hero in their favourite opera *Lohengrin* came in, drawn by a silver swan to solve every difficulty at the last moment.

When he heard the shot, when he saw the man with the carefully groomed hair, the tiny moustache, and the smoking pistol standing on the platform, when that voice rang out in trumpet tones, Flaucher recognized with lightning rapidity that his second plan too had been shipwrecked. The scoundrel had fooled him with his assurances of loyalty; the scoundrel had stolen a march on him! Probably he would invite him now to join the True Germans as a loyal subordinate. In spite of all his common sense, Flaucher found that a great temptation. Even if the business could not last more than a fortnight at the utmost, even if it was bound to break down at the Bavarian frontier, it was a temptation to be a popular hero for a fortnight, and then to fall like a Bavarian lion fighting against Berlin, and like the smith of Kochel in the legend enter the Bavarian Valhalla. His plan was smashed, his life was ruined: for him the best thing would be to make a glorious exit. But it wouldn't be the best thing for Bavaria, his country. For the prospects of the *coup* were absolutely nil. The North German Reichswehr was against it, the captains of industry were against it: the *coup* could not have any effect beyond the Bavarian frontier, it *must* break down in a very short time. If he went in with them, if this very night he didn't nip the project in the bud, then the bitter year of 1866 would repeat itself, and the accursed Prussians would finally swallow up southern Germany.

Flaucher recognized all this while Kutzner's pistol was still smoking. His rage evaporated before the smoke did. Nor had he any fear of the pistol or of the mob in sports jackets with their Swastikas and hand grenades. In a moment, before one could count sixty, this old Bavarian learned more than he had learned in all his days till then. He had overreached himself; his triumph was empty; his divine mission was gall and vinegar. In this moment of anguish, disintegration, and collapse, in this hour of decision, the fourth son of the clerk to the notary of Landshut rose to greatness. He saw clearly what lay before him; that the easier way would be to march to the frontier and die fighting, and that if he called off the *coup* he would have to tread a thorny, ignominious, and very filthy road. But he had overreached himself; he had let things go thus far; the guilt was his. It lay with him to make good his error. He decided to sacrifice himself.

In a moment, then, the wretched Flaucher experienced all those things and made his decision. But with a certain peasant cunning, even at the moment of decision he thought out the only means that remained for sparing the city and the country bloodshed, whatever happened to himself. The essential thing was to get back his freedom of action. So as to do that he would pretend to submit to the fools. Then, as soon as he could get away, he would inform Berchtesgaden and the Archbishop in his palace, and secure assent for the further steps he intended to take. Thereupon he would go with his generals to the barracks and get on to the wireless and send telegrams and sound the situation. If he did this, for the rest of his life he would be looked on not merely as a fool, but also as a scoundrel. The men who would be benefited by his sacrifice, the secret rulers of the country, would disavow him and give him small thanks. No decent man would have anything to do with him afterwards. He would be broken. But so would the *coup*. If he did this, the *coup* would collapse before it got beyond Munich, and not at the frontier, after much bloodshed and infinite humiliation for all Bavaria.

So at Kutzner's bidding he followed him with apparent willingness into the next room, where the military leader of the *coup,* General Vesemann, had also arrived. The Bavarian army commander and the Chief of Police were also summoned as Flaucher had been. Kutzner explained to them that he had in view high posts for them, and that Flaucher was to have the governorship of Bavaria. But they *must* accept those posts. He had four shots in his pistol, he said, flourishing it in the air: three for them if they refused to become his colleagues; the last for himself. True to his decision Flaucher glanced over at the others and replied sadly, with peasant cunning: "Herr Kutzner, there need be no question of your shooting me or not shooting me. I only see the good of the Fatherland, and I'm with you." And it was truer than Kutzner knew.

Kutzner and Flaucher returned to the platform amid a storm of applause to make their joint declaration. The task of his provisional government, Kutzner announced, was the salvation of the German people by marching on the sinful Babel called Berlin. He himself would take over control of the Imperial Government; General Vesemann would command the army; Dr. Flaucher was henceforth regent of Bavaria. Flaucher declared that he accepted the office only with a heavy heart, and as viceroy of the royal house. The two men joined hands and stood for a while, Flaucher's hard, thick-veined sweating hand in Kutzner's hard, long-nailed, sweating hand. "The Rütli oath," cried a sonorous voice from the hall, the voice of Konrad Stolzing. "We swear to be a single band of brothers," he intoned with emotion, and with emotion the audience repeated it after him, "and not to part in peril or in need."

Flaucher stood stiffly and uncomfortably on the platform, his hand in that of Kutzner. He considered: if he could get away from there before midnight the battle was won, he would still be in time, he would be able to make all the arrangements for the salvation of his country. He tried to withdraw his hand, but this was not a good moment; besides Kutzner was keeping a firm hold on him. "We swear we shall be free as our fathers were," rang the words from below him, first Stolzing's sonorous voice, then the voices of the audience, "and that we will die rather than live in slavery." The fellow had a terrific voice. If one only knew what time it was. The Rütli oath lasted a cursed long time. And Kutzner was sweating.

At length the new regent was able to slip from the platform and out into the lobby. In the lavatory he looked at his watch. Eighteen minutes past ten. Thank God, he had time still. He walked out into the street, nobody tried to prevent him. He breathed in the chill air greedily. Now he was no longer regent of Bavaria by the favour of Rupert Kutzner, the mechanic: he was once more the solid Bavarian official which he had been for thirty years.

He got into his car, and mechanically wiped his hand on the cushions. His shoulders were slack, but his face was set. His duty demanded that he should now swallow down a monstrous quantity of dirt. It was unpleasant, but a Bavarian official always did his duty.

VIII. CAJETAN LECHNER'S WORST DAY

Cajetan Lechner, the old furniture dealer, was sitting in the hall of the Kapuziner Brewery when the revolution broke out there. He heard the historic shot, listened to Kutzner's speech, and with his own eyes saw the Leader and the

Commissioner Extraordinary standing on the platform hand in hand. His heart had leapt with joy. Already he saw the casket once more in Germany and in his possession, and dreamed already of the yellow house delivered from the foreign pirate who had grabbed it. He blew his nose violently into his blue checked handkerchief, and shouted a loud "Bravo!" in spite of his goitre. He emptied a great many jugs of beer. Only one thing galled him on this historic night: that he had not brought his camera, that he could not preserve for future ages an artistic photograph of the grey quart jug whose contents refreshed the Leader after his proclamation of national unity, or of Kutzner's and Flaucher's hands clasped in unity while they swore the oath.

It was getting late. From outside came the continuous sound of troops marching up with beating drums. Orderlies kept coming in with messages, and waitresses with beer. The old man was gradually becoming weary. But he would not go home, so along with many others he slept in the great hall of the Kapuziner Brewery, which had been turned into a military camp.

But the leaders did not sleep. They kept watch, and gave orders. In the first story Kutzner had set up his staff room. Everything had gone well, and without Klenk's assistance; the tables had been completely turned. Kutzner worked hard, preparing appeals to the public, announcing martial law and the setting up of a national State tribunal.

Meanwhile in the city the True Germans were celebrating their easy victory. They wrecked the premises of the detested left-wing journal, looted it, smashed the machinery and the type, and amid shouts flung the busts of Socialist leaders out through the window. They arrested out of hand a blacklist of Party enemies of all sorts, members of Parliament and town councillors belonging to the Left, and Jews in high positions. They dragged their prisoners around with them, and entertained them with long and circumstantial consultations on where and how they could best be put an end to, whether by hanging them on this tree or that street-lamp, whether by shooting them against this wall or that sand heap. Particularly disliked prisoners were roughly handled, spat on, and their clothes taken from them. A court martial was held on them; they were driven at the point of the pistol in among some bushes, and informed that their time had come.

At their provisional headquarters Kutzner and Vesemann still went on making public appeals. The night was passing, and certain information from the barracks which should have arrived long before refused to come. They telephoned Flaucher and the commander of the army, sent out messengers, requested, demanded, commanded. The two gentlemen remained invisible. A rumour came in of a round robin of Flaucher's to the effect that he was against the *coup* and declared his adherence invalid because exacted by armed force. Other reports came in, that the Reichswehr was behind Flaucher, that the Prussian militia and army were on the march. Kutzner refused to believe the rumours, and, flaming out, said he was ready to fight and to die. But that was a mere gesture. His inner elation evaporated like the air from a burst tire. The old paralysis was upon him again, the painful memory of that supper in the Rumfordstrasse, and of his mother's weeping and wailing.

Cajetan Lechner did not sleep well in the great hall. The room was full of tobacco smoke, and smelt of humanity and beer. Morning dawned, and his old bones pained him. But then he was given some coffee and a rifle. His confidence rose, his spirits returned. Eight o'clock struck, then ten; they went on waiting, there was beer and liverwurst. At length word arrived that the hour had come. Up and at 'em. They were to fall in for a demonstration march to Marienplatz in the centre of the town.

Erich Bornhaak had suggested the demonstration march. It was fatuous to sit about and confine themselves to the conquest of the Kapuziner Brewery, and let their campaign be dictated by Flaucher. Wondering whether he had turned his coat or not, and whether there was a possibility, if he had done so, of getting him to turn it again: that was all a waste of time. The city was enthusiastic; a great part of the Reichswehr were on their side, in spite of the commanders. A demonstration march, even if it were directed against Flaucher himself, would soon show where they stood.

They made a very respectable show, even if they consisted mostly of very young recruits. Kutzner and Vesemann walked in front in mufti, guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. They marched in rows of twelve, and Cajetan Lechner was in the fourteenth row. He looked a strange figure among those stalwart young men with his grey bushy moustache and mutton-chop whiskers and enormous goitre: but he kept in step. He had coffee under his belt, beer and sausage too, as he marched on with the others, Kutzner and Vesemann in front; and in marching he felt they were already victorious. Today they would conquer Munich, tomorrow Bavaria, within a week all Germany, and within a month the whole world. People were standing on the pavement waving and shouting "Heil!" Cajetan Lechner knew one of them quite well; it was the Councillor's widow, Frau Beradt, the old lady who had given evidence at Krüger's trial. She was handing out asters and cigars, and round her there was a literal storm of "Hurrahs" and "Heils."

Police were guarding Ludwig Bridge. A measly force of twelve men. At a sign from an officer the first two lines of the True Germans flung themselves on the policemen, cuffed them, disarmed them, and led them away. Old Lechner looked on exultantly: so this was how one carried things off when one was victorious. He marched on importantly towards the centre of the town. Zweibrückenstrasse, Theatinerstrasse, Marienplatz. The placards of the new Imperial Government had been torn from the walls. Over their tattered remnants new placards had been pasted up, proclamations of Flaucher's, announcing that the whole effective power of the Bavarian State rested in his hands, and that all who followed Kutzner and Vesemann would be dealt with as high traitors. Down with the bloody placards! Probably it was only a Jewish hoax. Forward. To Perusastrasse, to the Residence, to the Field-Marshals' Hall!

What? There are police in the Residence, are there? They want to hold us up, the miserable vermin? That's a great idea. That just suits us. We'll give them one in the eye. The True Germans mark time, shout and gesticulate. Lechner, the old furniture dealer, cannot quite make out what is wrong. But one thing he can see: that round the Field-Marshals' Hall columns of Reichwehr are appearing. Do they belong to our side or to our enemies?

A rat-a-tat. Why, they're shooting! But who is it that's shooting? A few men fall. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, have they been hit? One man as he falls bends his body like a bow as if he were giving a gymnastic display. The others too are flinging themselves on the ground, though obviously nothing has happened to them. And he himself, old Lechner, flings himself on his face, flings himself in the mud, although he has his best clothes on.

It has often been observed that a fox, even when in danger of imminent death, will find time during its retreat to bite off the head of still another goose and carry it away. As he lay in the mud in the Residenzstrasse near the Field-Marshals' Hall and with an intensity which he had never known before directed all his thoughts to the problem of getting away safely, glancing round to see what was happening and how the others were behaving, old Lechner found time to make some general and particular observations. So this was what war and battle and patriotism and revolution meant? Damned uncomfortable, Herr Neighbour. A filthy business, Herr Neighbour. He saw the Leader's grey car turning round and flying recklessly at full speed through the dense mass of human beings. How he would have liked to be sitting in it! A few more shots rang out. Peering up cautiously from where he was lying he saw the bullets ricochetting from the walls. A pity that he hadn't brought his camera. A man here and there got up and took to his heels, bent double. Someone trod on him as he ran past. My dear chap, that was my arm! Were they shooting again, the filthy vermin? If there were only a wall in front of him. Bullets rebounded from walls. He wanted to be behind a good stone wall, which the bullets could not get through. Now another man had trod on his back. Bloody swine. That wasn't any way to behave. A bullet came flying; would it get him, or the next man? The low scoundrels. He moaned, all his body felt soft and sore.

He must get away. He would just run for it. Things seemed quieter; the firing had lasted only a few minutes. Around him most of his comrades were getting to their feet, peering about, and running with their bodies bent double The space round him was already empty. The ground was covered with arms. Herrgott sakra, they would tramp him to death here yet. He would get up, he too, Cajetan Lechner. In a little the crowd carried him with it into a side street.

Here things were quiet, thank God; no bullets flying, everything all right. Now he noticed for the first time how exhausted he was, weak and sore and limp as a rag.

The firing had lasted less than two minutes. The whole procession had scattered at the first volley of the Reichswehr. But everybody had not come off so luckily as Cajetan Lechner; not everybody had fled: a great number of wounded and eighteen dead lay in the Odeonsplatz.

Among them for instance the high-school teacher Feichtinger. He had helped to condemn Krüger. Then one day he had wanted two blue exercise books, and had got off the tram at Isartorplatz to buy them instead of changing at the Stachus halting-place as he should have done; so he had been fined and in his indignation had joined Kutzner's party. Now he was lying on the ground before the Field-Marshals' Hall. All his life he had been proud of the fact that he had never broken his spectacles. They were still unharmed, but the high-school teacher Feichtinger was dead.

One of the leaders too lay among the dead. Erich Bornhaak had heard more bullets whistling than most of the men in the procession; he had not been nervous about them; he knew all the best means for avoiding them. For three years he had been in places where bullets spattered like rain; now in the pleasant Odeonsplatz one of them had caught him. He lay at the feet of the questionable field-marshals, his lips bloodless now even though they were still red, and no longer a pleasant sight.

Cajetan Lechner stood for a while in the side street. He was trembling, he was terribly exhausted, but he was still alive. Human beings crushed against him, and crushed past him. He stood pressed against a huge, double-leaved house door. No chance for him there; the door was sure to be barred. Nevertheless he cautiously tried the handle; it turned, and behold one leaf of the door opened. He was in a light spacious entry. He closed the door again mechanically. Better not let too many people in.

It was a good stout door that would probably keep any bullet from getting through. If only his rifle weren't such a cursed encumbrance. He would give his life to be rid of that rifle. Then he would be clear of the whole business; then he needn't care any more about the bullets. He stole up the stone stairs to the first floor. He saw a door plate: Dr. Heinrich Baum, Dr. Siegfried Ginsburger, Barristers. He rang the bell, without hope that anyone would answer it. But the door was thrown open. A young lady asked him what he wanted. He replied mechanically that he wanted to see the Herr Barrister. He was admitted. A lean young man with not unkind spectacled eyes asked him what he wanted. Cajetan Lechner moaned: "Oh dear, oh dear." He unslung the incommoding rifle from his shoulder and leant it against a case containing files of documents. It refused to stand upright. He carefully leant it on one side, then on the other: if it slipped and fell it seemed to him that it would be the end of everything. At last, very softly and carefully, he laid it across the barrister's writing-desk. Then he said: "Herr Doctor, I have a favour to ask. Can I retire for a moment?" The barrister himself showed him the place.

Barring the door behind him Cajetan Lechner breathed freely at last. It had been a close shave, but he had managed it, and now he was in safety. He sat there and got back his breath. Then, feeling more composed, he began carefully to tidy himself. It was a hard job and it took a considerable time: for he had made a terrible mess in his breeches.

He remained for a long time in his welcome security behind the barred door. His limbs still trembling, he carefully drew on his clothes again. Then he tore the armlet with the Indian fertility emblem from his sleeve, flung it in the basin and pulled the plug. The armlet refused to sink. He took a sort of little broom which was standing there and pushed it right out of sight. Then, relieved, he sat down again for a moment. At last with a faint sigh he left the room.

He wanted to slip away, but the typist conducted him again to the barrister. "What is it that you want?" asked the spectacled gentleman in a kind voice. "I really want nothing more," replied Cajetan Lechner. "No offence meant, Herr Doctor. What do I owe you?" "Nothing," replied the barrister, "only what am I to do with the rifle?" Cajetan Lechner shrugged his shoulders. "Don't you want to take it with you?" asked the barrister. "No, no," said Cajetan Lechner in horrified tones.

The barrister stepped to the window. From the street only faint sounds of disturbance came now. The room was large and bare; but Lechner liked it better than any other room that he knew, and he wanted to stay in it as long as he could. "They've stopped firing now, it seems," remarked the barrister, slowly turning from the window. Old Lechner stood up painfully. "Then I think I'll be going," he said. "I wish you good day." He dragged himself out. Before the door he stood for a long time looking at the white door-plate with the names in black lettering: Dr. Heinrich Baum, Dr. Siegfried Ginsburger. They were Jews, he noted.

The street was cold and inhospitable. To Cajetan Lechner it seemed as if the cursed rifle were still banging against his shoulder. His limbs felt weak; he was hungry and felt in need of a good wash. But he was mortally ashamed to return home to Unteranger. And he could not trust himself in a restaurant: he felt that everyone would be able to tell what a terrible mess he had made in his trousers. Dog-tired he roamed through the streets and at length reached the meadows beside the Isar. He kept going on. Harlaching, Menterschwaige. The Grosshesseloher Bridge, lightly and gracefully spanning the river, rose before him. He sat on a bench and gazed at the light-green and unchanged river rushing past him. He had seriously hoped by means of Kutzner to secure the yellow house and perhaps get the casket back again as well. Now Kutzner had proved a fool and a coward, and he himself by no means a Bavarian lion; and he hadn't reached the top of the tree, but only this bench. The Grosshesseloher Bridge drew him. It was very high, a great favourite with suicides, for from it one could leap far and be certain of the result. From it countless servant maids had leapt for ever out of their troublesome love affairs, and countless numbers of the decent poor had put an end to their hunger and worry. If it were only summer, Cajetan Lechner thought, one might fling oneself into the water in comfort. For suddenly he was firmly resolved to put an end to his messed-up life. Yesterday, the newspapers would say in their reports, the universally respected old furniture dealer Cajetan Lechner leapt from the Grosshesseloher Bridge into the Isar. Disgrace had driven him to take his life.

Weary and stiff he dragged himself on to the bridge. Children were playing there, young ragamuffins of twelve and fourteen; they were playing at Kutzner and Flauchèr. Old Lechner dragged his stiff limbs on to the parapet of the bridge. It was cold. A violent fit of coughing seized him; he drew out his blue checked handkerchief and blew his nose. The urchins had become attentive. "Here, come here," cried one of them, "he's going to jump off; that'll be great." Full of expectation they crowded round old Lechner, and encouraged him with well-meaning shouts.

Cajetan Lechner crouched on the parapet of the bridge: the boys troubled him. With them staring at one so stupidly, how could one summon up a last pious and fitting thought? "Get out, you ruffians," he said. But they had no intention of getting out. They debated the height of the bridge, and whether anyone jumping from it would be killed by the air pressure before he was smashed to pieces below. They had seen similar occurrences on the films; they were experts and very eager to see it really happening.

Old Lechner crouched on his parapet. It was horribly cold; his feet were frozen; he would get rheumatism. Frankly he didn't feel any longer in the mood for it. But he felt ashamed before the boys to climb down again without having done anything. They were quite right; he was cutting a poor figure; in the circumstances he should jump off. He tried to encourage himself by calling up pictures of his wretched plight. The boys were cursing him for keeping them waiting so long. But the desire to jump had vanished as quickly as it had come. Encouragement was of no use now: if one wasn't in the mood then one couldn't be expected to leap down there. He glared angrily at the boys out of his watery blue eyes, climbed slowly down from the parapet, and shouted: "You young devils! You rascals! You young hooligans!" "Silly old coward!" the boys shouted back.

He dragged himself back to the bench again, so dead-tired that every movement was an effort. Behind him he heard the boys' voices: silly old swine, silly old fat-arse. He would have liked to rest for a little in spite of the young ruffians. But if he sat there he would get his death of cold.

He went back to the town. Kutzner's placards were everywhere torn down, and only the Government's placards remained. He stopped before one of them and read it without taking anything in. "That scoundrel Flaucher, the traitor, the hound," the crowd was growling. "That's so, that's so," Cajetan Lechner kept on saying. When anyone looked at him, he thought it was in scorn, on account of his disgraceful smell.

At last, driven by weakness, he ventured into an eating-house. He ordered Leberknödel soup. At first he ate mechanically and fast, then his appetite revived and he ordered lung in vinegar, and after that a veal chop. Then he had a beer, and another to follow, and then coffee. He sat for a long time in the stuffy eating-house; it was warm; he thawed out. It had been a bad day for him. The casket gone, the yellow house gone, his good name gone. He was no good; that wasn't how a propertied man and a vice-president of a bowling club should conduct himself.

Still it was good to be sitting there. When the bullets had spattered against the wall that had been awful. Now he had lung and a veal chop in his stomach, and he was rid of his rifle and his arm-band too; he would go to the public baths for a scrub.

He paid his bill and gave a liberal tip. In the tram on the way to the public baths the people looked at him in that curious way again. Then he reclined in the bath. He gazed dreamily at the notice informing him that the room must be vacated again within forty-five minutes, and that the public bath barber was available also for chiropody. A pity that one could only remain in the bath for such a short time. Lechner felt that with every moment he was washing away more of the silly revolution and of his disgraceful conduct as a revolutionist. But soon he had to get out of the pale-blue warm water and into his befouled clothes again.

With a sigh he betook himself to his home. When his family were needed they were never there; but now, when he hoped to find the house empty, of course Anni was sitting there waiting for him. She had had a terribly anxious time. She had heard of so many dead and wounded, and she knew that he had been there, and he had never come home since yesterday.

He gave a noncommittal surly response to all her questions, and said he was going to bed: he was afraid he was in for an attack of rheumatism or a bad cold at least, and would she kindly prepare him some lime tea? While she was preparing it he hastily undressed, and hid his underclothes in case she should see them. She brought him in a hot-water bottle and the hot tea. He began to sweat and growled that he felt better. But he could not quite sweat out his shame and his disgrace. Hautseneder would jeer at him: he felt no pleasure in being a landlord any longer. He would never forget how weak and silly he had felt. He would never mix again in the affairs of the big-wigs. A man like him must be mighty glad if they left him his beer, his chops, and his peace. He would control himself and look on without saying a word when they appointed somebody else as vice-president of the bowling club.

IX. CHANCE AND NECESSITY

Early in the afternoon Jacques Tüverlin drove in to Munich from the Villa Seewinkel to have a look at the national revolution, confused rumours of which had reached even to the Ammersee. Placards were now pasted up everywhere, in which Flaucher announced the withdrawal of his forced consent to the revolution and proclaimed Kutzner and Vesemann as rebels. Nevertheless things were not so unambiguous as they seemed. The very clever claimed to know that this proclamation was only *pro forma,* that it was a trick to throw dust in the eyes of Berlin and the rest of Europe;

in reality Flaucher was still faithful to the Patriots in spite of appearances. Rumours flew about that troops were marching into Bavaria. To aid whom? Against whom? Nobody knew rightly what the situation was.

Tüverlin slowly guided his car through the distracted crowds. There had been firing in the Odeonsplatz, so much was certain; there had been dead and wounded. Now the square was barricaded off, and empty. The pigeons fluttered about, surprised that today there were no passers-by to feed them. From their hall the Bavarian field-marshals, of whom the one was not a Bavarian, and the other was not a field-marshal, gazed stonily and forlornly across the deserted battlefield. Today the clumsy commemoration monument was no obstacle to the traffic. New rumours came: that Kutzner had fallen, that General Vesemann had fallen. Savage curses were vented on Flaucher, who the evening before had sworn the Rütli oath together with the Leader, and immediately afterwards had stabbed him in the back.

The strategic points and the public buildings were occupied by the Reichswehr and the Reichs police. The sentries stood at their posts with an air of exaggerated indifference. The passers-by growled. Before a bar in the Amalienstrasse frequented by the Patriots Tüverlin saw a solitary policeman standing sentry in his green uniform. A withered old lady—it was Frau Beradt, but Tüverlin did not know this—stepped up to the man, and evidently thinking she was doing something very brave, spat in his face. A large crowd saw it, and applauded her, their faces twisted with rage and triumph. The policeman started back, stood quite still for a moment, then stared fiercely to right and left, and wiped the spittle away with his sleeve. "Jew bootlicker, November swine, traitor, Red dog, Judas!" screamed the lady. She had been waiting for freedom to come at last, for the people to rise and sweep away the swindling, Bolshevistic regulations protecting tenants, so that she might be able to deal with her sub-tenants, the miserable rabble, as they deserved; but once more poor people's dreams of freedom had been destroyed by malice and treachery. She had given some vent to her indignation before this policeman at least. With her nose in the air she made her exit through the cheering crowd. A miserable, poorly clothed man shivering with cold tried to emulate her example. But this time the policeman refused to be imposed on. The man took to his heels, the policeman after him with his baton. The offender fell, crouched against the door of a house, and tried to creep into it. The policeman belaboured him lustily. The crowd looked on and cursed, but at a safe distance from which they could flee at need.

Tüverlin drove on to the official buildings and the editorial offices, in search of information. He had the entrée everywhere; he was an author, so people did not take him seriously; he was successful, so people kept in with him. But the newspapers and the ministerial offices did not themselves know quite what was happening. He drove to the editorial offices of the *Patriotic Times*. There too the well-known foreigner was allowed to enter without trouble. The building was occupied; Reichs police stood at the main door and on the stairs and along the corridors. Tüverlin guessed immediately that they would let one in, but not out again. Nevertheless he went in.

In the outer office there was wild activity. The telephone signals flickered, red, yellow, and green. From all quarters of the city anxious and despairing inquiries were coming in from friends and relatives of members of the demonstration who had not returned. Slowly it became clear what had occurred before the Field-Marshals' Hall, and how miserably the *coup* had failed at the first shot. At the same time more and more favourable reports were coming in from the country, where in all the smaller places the revolution had succeeded.

The police officers were making a courteous search of the premises, turning over the contents of desks and drawers, and trying to disturb the editorial staff as little as possible. They reached the office of the Leader, and opened his desk. Among sub-editors and typists Tüverlin stood in the doorway and looked on. He too had heard of the famous drawer with whose fame the whole country was ringing, the drawer containing the mysterious plans for the new organization of the Reich. So that was the famous drawer.

Tüverlin stood on his toes. He gazed over the heads of the subeditors and the police officers and watched it being broken open.

Inside it there were some torn scraps of paper and the cork of a champagne bottle. No, there was nothing else in the drawer.

When the police finally gave him permission to leave the building Tüverlin drove to the Club. There were not many supporters of Kutzner left there now. The dollar stood at 630 billion marks; in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, the currency would be stabilized again. They had no further use for Herr Kutzner; he had arrived too late; and they grinned now over the fatuous issue of his *coup*. They debated whether the Government would be wiser to arrest Kutzner or to let him escape across the frontier. They maliciously enumerated all the people who were compromised. And what about the Commissioner Extraordinary himself? There was a great deal of whispering. Had Flaucher's promise to Kutzner really been only a clever move; had he been really resolved from the very start to crush the *coup?*

The Minister Sebastian Kastner was fully informed on the subject. Yes, at the moment when he was threatened by Kutzner's revolver, Flaucher had made his resolve to send that telegram withdrawing his promise; but even in that heroic hour he still remained a public servant, and he needed the assent of those he considered his divinely appointed masters. Sebastian Kastner had had to telephone in his name to the retiring Herr von Rothenkamp, to the proper quarter in Berchtesgaden, to the proper quarter in the Catholic Church. The conversations had not lasted long, for time pressed. Sebastian Kastner was filled with admiration for his master's achievements during that terrible night; how he had thrown dust in Kutzner's eyes and saved Bavaria and the Empire from the worst of the evil. If anyone deserved the name of Father of the Fatherland, Flaucher did. His rapidity in decision, his cunning in execution, the whole bearing of the man, seemed to Kastner to have the plain marks of genius. And now the whole blinded city was seething with hatred against him, and he could only venture into the streets in an armoured car. Sebastian Kastner worked for his master day and night, tried to convince at least the people in the Club, brought up new arguments, and bespattered Kutzner and the Prussian swine Vesemann with vulgar street abuse.

The others listened politely, incredulously, and with amusement while the honest fellow gave vent to his rage, and floundered about as he tried to communicate his admiration to them. Perhaps Jacques Tüverlin was the only one who grasped the fact that what Flaucher had done had been right, yes almost a stroke of genius, taking it from the standpoint of these very gentlemen. If one of these supercilious gentlemen had been in Flaucher's place he would probably have let himself be seduced by the temptation to play the national hero for a few days, and there would have been civil war and ghastly bloodshed. Probably the revolt would only have been mastered at the Bavarian frontier. Probably in Bavaria's decisive hour this by no means highly gifted man Flaucher was the only statesman that suited the case.

Jacques Tüverlin was almost dismayed when he diagnosed the connected sequence of cause and effect. It seemed a historical necessity that the industrialization of Central Europe should not take place too precipitately. From this point of view Bavaria was a good brake. For this purpose the historical process had thrown up a particularly backward group, Kutzner and his crowd. But when the brake became too powerful, it had to be removed. And once more it was a good thing, preventing further dislocations, once more it was historical necessity, that the removal was carried out not by a progressive man, but by one who to the best of his abilities fought against industrialization. So it appeared that even such silly affairs as the execution of this *coup* by the fool Kutzner and its defeat by the fool Flaucher were subject to a certain process of historical selection. Seen in perspective the achievements of both men had been beneficial to Bavaria.

Jacques Tüverlin was on the point of coming to Kastner's assistance as he stood awkwardly floundering among the jeering club members, when a new arrival entered who attracted him much more than Kastner, and whom he had not seen for a long time, Otto Klenk.

X. A BET IN THE SMALL HOURS

Klenk had been at Berchtoldszell during the *coup*. Insarova had been there too; they had had a pleasant evening, and she had remained for the night. Next morning he had telephoned to Munich but could get no connexion. Insarova remained all morning, and in the afternoon too, while Erich Bornhaak was dying in front of the Field-Marshals' Hall, she was still at Berchtoldszell. As he still could get no reply from the telephone, Klenk drove the dancer in his car to Munich.

Shortly after starting, as he was getting up speed, a car passed him which was bearing Rupert Kutzner to the country house of one of his friends, where he would be concealed from the police.

When he reached Munich Klenk set down Insarova, and picked up vague particulars at first, then clearer particulars, then absolutely clear particulars. He laughed loudly when he saw how miserably the *coup* had failed, to the disgrace of Kutzner, and of Flaucher as well.

He heard of the dead and wounded, and drove up and down everywhere looking for his son Simon, the brat, but did not find him. The town was full of rumours purporting that now this one, now that was among the dead. Klenk was on fire to see a complete list of the dead. When he saw it his first feeling was one of joy that his son's name did not appear on it. His second feeling was one of generous anger and regret at finding Erick Bornhaak's name there. He thought of his enemy sitting in Berlin. He would have been glad to have him here in Munich. He would have gone straight to him. And he would not have smiled over him in triumph because Simon Staudacher was still alive and Erich Bornhaak dead. They would have sat for a little while together, probably they wouldn't have said much, perhaps nothing at all.

He went to the Club. He wanted to speak his mind on certain subjects on this 9th of November. The Commissioner Extraordinary would hardly be at the Club; the Commissioner Extraordinary could only trust himself in the town in an armoured car. It was questionable whether the Commissioner Extraordinary would be in any great hurry to drive to the Club of all places in an armoured car. All the same Otto Klenk would find a few ears in which it would be worth while to drop his remarks.

But he could discover very few of them. If one rather insisted on quality, really there was only Jacques Tüverlin. He knew Tüverlin: he was a character. It might be worth while to sound him, to have a good long talk and exchange commentaries on this 9th of November affair with him. On his side Jacques Tüverlin seemed to be willing. Otto Klenk had hatched that plot against Krüger which had brought discomfort to many people, including Tüverlin himself. But that did not prevent Tüverlin's heart from warming at the sight of the huge Bavarian.

In the Club they had to lower their voices, and there were too many stupid listeners. When Klenk suggested that they should adjourn to the Tyrolean Café Tüverlin agreed.

In the inner room, where the wine cost ten pfennigs more for the quarter litre, Resi, who had been made head-waitress and cashier after Zenzi's departure, told the two gentlemen that they would unfortunately have to close in ten minutes, the police having ordained early closing for that day. But they managed to arrange that they would be allowed to stay after the shutters were put up and the electric light turned off, if they would be content with candle light.

They drank heavily, served by Resi, and they spoke their thoughts. Klenk had read Tüverlin's books with excitement and disapproved of them. Tüverlin had followed Klenk's methods of justice with excitement and disapproved of them. They liked each other. It turned out too that they liked the same wines. They decided that nobody got anything from life but himself, and they both found that that was sufficient. Klenk was Klenk and signed himself Klenk, and Tüverlin was Tüverlin.

"Why, really, do you write books, Herr Tüverlin?" asked Klenk. "To express myself," replied Tüverlin. "I've expressed myself in my administration of justice," said Klenk. "But you haven't always expressed yourself well, Herr Klenk," Tüverlin remarked. "What have you to object to in my administration of justice?" asked Klenk. "It wasn't fair," replied Tüverlin. "What do you mean by fair?" asked Klenk. "To be fair," said Tüverlin, "is to be ready in certain cases to give more than you're obliged to give and take less than you have a right to take." "You demand a great deal from a simple man," said Klenk.

"Is it really enjoyable," asked Tüverlin later, "to wander over the earth like some great animal whose kind have almost died out?" "It's splendid," replied Klenk with conviction. "Sometimes it must really be splendid," said Tüverlin enviously. "Do you know," said Klenk, "I would really have pardoned Krüger. I had nothing against the man." "If you'll kindly remember," replied Tüverlin, "I said nothing to the contrary in my essay." "Your essay is an excellent essay," said Klenk appreciatively. "Every word a lie, and very convincingly put. Prosit!"

"Well," he went on, "if your Johanna Krain is anything like you, we'll have to send her a picture post-card." "She's quite unlike me, thank God," said Tüverlin. "A pity," said Klenk, and considered deeply whom they could send a picture post-card to. Flaucher, Kutzner, Vesemann—no, that wouldn't be worth while.

There was a noise outside. Two late customers stubbornly demanded to be let in. After some argument Resi admitted them. They were von Dellmaier and Simon Staudacher. Really, thought Klenk, the brat was a bit of a handful. But the bit of a handful was his son. Another youth he knew of was no longer going about, but this rascal was sitting there in the flesh. That pleased Klenk.

Von Dellmaier had.been much upset by the death of his friend Erich Bornhaak. He could not be left to himself, so Simon had been dragging him all night from one closed bar to another. Von Dellmaier had experienced a great deal, but Erich Bornhaak's death was the first thing that had touched his heart. One could count up to ten, one could count up to a thousand, but this time Erich would never rise again. "He spoke French like a Parisian," he said. "Once when I was with him in a brothel in Paris the boys all thought he was a native," and his shrill laughter rang through the room. "But the way he manicured and dyed his nails," he pondered, "that was marvellous."

Simon Staudacher had liked Erich. He was furious at his father sitting there in such a lordly fashion because he had proved to be in the right. Any fool could be in the right; it was vim that was wanted. Simon Staudacher was within an ace of breaking his bottle over his father's sparsely covered skull. In spite of everything the Leader had been in the right, and the others were all cowards. "The regulations for active service," he screamed, "lay down that committing an error in the choice of means is less blameworthy than doing nothing at all." "I'll sit in Berchtoldszell and do nothing at all," grinned Klenk. Tüverlin's bare face crinkled up. He had not known that there were instructions in which the military in their wisdom declared so nakedly that war was a better thing than peace.

Simon Staudacher sang soldiers' songs while Resi kept on imploring him to lower his voice so that no one might hear him from outside. Tüverlin sat and noted how much they resembled each other, Klenk and his son. It was only a slight something which the youth lacked, but it was enough to divest him of his father's charm. Tüverlin's manner exasperated Simon. He chaffed him and tried to rouse his temper, saying that some of the True Germans were up against it, well and good, but several others had been up against it before them; for instance, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the German Foreign Minister, the housemaid Amalia Sandhuber, the deputy G., and Martin Krüger, that damned perjurer. Klenk ordered his son to hold his tongue, but Simon refused. "Hold your tongue," said Klenk a second time, almost propitiatingly. "Death ends everything," he said conclusively in his deep, powerful voice.

"Death doesn't end everything," Tüverlin declared suddenly in his high, falsetto voice; possibly he was thinking of Krüger's literary remains. "There you're wrong, unfortunately, my dear sir," said von Dellmaier with his piping laugh. "When you've once kicked the bucket then you're done for and must hold your jaw." "You're making a mistake," objected Tüverlin modestly. "It happens sometimes that the dead open their mouths." "Are you thinking of your friend Krüger, Tüverlin?" asked Klenk. "He wasn't a friend of mine," replied Tüverlin, "but perhaps I am thinking of Martin Krüger." And now he knew that he was not thinking of the man's literary remains, but of something else. "Don't be too cocksure," said Klenk placably. "He won't open his mouth anyway, Flaucher was right for once about that." "He will open his mouth," replied Tüverlin courteously. The candles flickered, they had burnt down almost to the butt. Jacques Tüverlin had broad shoulders and an athletic body; yet he seemed almost slight sitting between those two gigantic men. "Shall we lay a bet whether he will speak or not?" he asked. Von Dellmaier became attentive. Resi the waitress came closer. "What is our bet to be then?" asked Klenk.—"I lay the royalties on my next book, Klenk, against two bone buttons from that leather jacket of yours, that the deceased Martin Krüger will open his mouth." "Will he open his mouth against me?" asked Klenk. "Yes, against you," said Tüverlin. Klenk laughed heartily. "I throw in a flask of Terlaner as well," he said. "Taken," said Tüverlin. "This must be put in black and white," said Simon Staudacher, and they made a record of the bet.

XI. AS THE GRASS WITHERETH

Dr. Geyer greedily perused the reports which arrived in Berlin about Rupert Kutzner's *coup*. The reports were confused: but in twenty-four hours it was clear that the *coup* had failed, and, apparently, in the most ridiculous fashion. Geyer's heart was filled with exultation. He saw before him the brutal face of Klenk sucking at a sausage, drinking yellow wine, and with insolent confidence, announcing some deed of violence; and he exulted over it. Now his boy would see that things didn't go so smoothly as he had flattered himself they would, and that insolence, violence, and injustice at last brought their own punishment. Dr. Geyer lay on his sofa, his reddened eyelids closed under their glasses, his hands clasped beneath his head, his yellow teeth exposed. He smiled a satisfied smile.

On the evening of the next day he read the list of those who had died in front of the Field-Marshals' Hall. They were all chance victims; the names in the list were not important ones; Vesemann had given himself up, Kutzner had fled from the scene in his grey car. Then he came on the name of Erich Bornhaak.

Dr. Geyer had bought his paper at a street corner near his flat. He went home; it was a terribly long way; he limped badly. He was carrying the newspaper in his hand; it fell and he bent down and it seemed to him that his back was breaking; he picked up the paper and stuffed it into his pocket. He was only a hundred paces from his flat, but he was terribly tired. He would have liked to take a taxi, but if the taxi-driver objected to the short distance, he would not be able to stand it. He climbed up the stairs; every step was a torment. He stood on the landing. His right hand was stuffed in his pocket where the newspaper was; he turned the key in the lock with his left. It was a difficult business, but it never came into his head to take his hand away from the newspaper in his pocket He dragged himself into his bare room, drew the curtains so that the light might not enter, lifted the coverlet from the sofa and hung it over the mirror. Then he looked round. He was on the point of summoning the housekeeper Agnes to help him with his preparations; but he did not. At last he found what he had been seeking, a fairly large candle and one that had already been burnt far down. He lit up the candles. Then he went into the kitchen. The housekeeper Agnes asked in astonishment what he wanted. He made no reply, but lifted a low footstool from a corner and carried it to his room. Then in the darkened room, kneeling before the candles and the muffled mirror, he set about rending his garments. But his hands were feeble and thin-skinned, and the material his coat was made of was strong, and he did not succeed. He fetched a pair of scissors and began to slit the coat; that too was difficult, but finally he managed it, and he could rend his coat. Then he sat down on the footstool on the floor. Then he remained sitting.

Agnes the housekeeper entered. He sat on impassively, looking old and broken. He must have received a bad shock, she thought, probably something connected with that roving ne'er-do-well. It must have sent him quite off his head. She muttered softly to herself, but she did not venture to say anything and trailed out again.

In a while she heard him walking to and fro. But when she cautiously peeped into the room, he was sitting on the footstool again. Now she saw too that he had torn his coat. His head was hanging on his breast; it was strange that anyone could sit like that. She asked whether he wanted anything to eat; he did not reply and she did not ask again.

She did not go to bed that night. She listened in her room for his movements. Most of the time he sat on the floor, now and then he dragged himself up and down the room. The candles went out: he had none to replace them. He did not switch on the electric light, but sat on in the dark room.

His boy had sat there with his legs crossed. His striped trousers had been of excellent English cloth and well pressed. He himself had probably never worn such good trousers. The fine socks with their rich sheen. The shoes fitting firmly and comfortably, obviously made to measure. The cat farm had been a mad idea, but original. The boy had had an extraordinary number of interests. Politics, the constitution of the blood, business affairs of all kinds, clothes, well-cut suits. Strange that a button should have been missing from his right spat. He had had a bosom friend too. And even Klenk had thought a lot of him. A smart lad he had been. It had been a sheer miracle, that episode by the Austrian lake. Such a tall, fair girl. His not doing more for that Krüger fellow, perhaps that had been to blame for it all. Then the boy would never have been shot. As he sat on his footstool he smelt quite distinctly the odour of hay and leather.

When the tardy dawn came, the housekeeper Agnes heard Dr. Geyer talking to himself in a strange language. It was Hebrew. Dr. Geyer, member of the Reichstag, his lips moving mechanically, was saying over Hebrew prayers, prayers for the dead and benedictions which had remained in his memory from his childhood. For Dr. Geyer had come of a Jewish family which had held in reverence the Jewish rites and prayers, and he had a good memory. He intoned: "As the flower fadeth, as the grass withereth, so the wind passeth over us and we are not." He laid his hand on the cold metal reflector of his reading-lamp as his father had laid his hand on his head on Friday evening during the benediction, and said: "God make thee even as Ephraim and Manasseh." And he said: "We remember that we are dust." It troubled him that there were not ten men present as the Law prescribed. It troubled him that he had not gone down to a flowing river on the Jewish New Year's Day and, as the Law prescribed, cast his sins into the water so that the river might carry them with it and lose them in the sea. He need have done no more than that, and his boy would never have been killed.

So Dr. Geyer sat there all day in the same clothes, and neither ate, nor washed, nor shaved. He mourned for his son Erich Bornhaak, who had been a hero during the War, and had been corrupted by the War, and had poisoned dogs and murdered human beings, always with a slight air of boredom; and had challenged his father to undergo the Königsberg blood test, and had been shot before the Field-Marshals' Hall in Munich amid a faint odour of hay and leather and absurdity.

That night Dr. Geyer slept a little. Next morning he took up a position with his feet close together and his body swaying and said: "Praised and glorified be Thy Name." This should really have been done in the presence of ten adult believers. He had to do it alone.

All this day too he sat on the footstool and ate nothing. In the evening he took the train to Munich.

XII. THE STRICKEN BULL

The actor Konrad Stolzing returned from the little town on the frontier between Bavaria and Swabia where Rupert Kutzner was being held in honourable captivity. Stolzing had gone there loaded like a Santa Claus with presents for the prisoner. But they had turned out to be superfluous. The faithful admiration of the patriotic had heaped up a whole warehouse of gifts around the Leader. He was surrounded by piles of hams, venison, game, wine, liqueurs, pastries, eggs, chocolates, cigars, pull-overs with the Swastika knitted into them, puttees, drawers, a dictaphone, gramophone records, and two books.

Graphically and magniloquently the actor painted to his friends a picture of the lion-hearted captive. Rupert Kutzner was shaken to his inmost soul by the malice and cunning which had brought him down. Flaucher had stood hand in hand with him before the wildly enthusiastic crowd; then he had gone and despicably betrayed him. Although the Leader had not kept his promise to postpone the *coup*, it had been with the noblest intentions. But what Flaucher did had nothing Nordic about it, it was simply trickery. Was it credible? So much malice in a German! The actor went on to tell that the wounded hero—he had sprained his left arm in the revolution—sat all day in dull brooding, refused food and drink, and talked of suicide. For a whole twenty minutes, he, Konrad Stolzing, had had to argue with the caged eagle before he promised that he would perhaps preserve his life after all for the sake of the national ideal, and the true Germany.

Meanwhile the Bavarian Government was occupied in adapting its measures against Kutzner to the present political situation. The Reich was once more consolidated, the Reichsmark was stabilized, the plan of a Danube Confederation under Bavarian hegemony was gone for good. Earlier a welcome support, the Patriots were now a burden to official Bavaria. The Munich Government lay under the reproach of having, under the leadership of the Commissioner Extraordinary whom it had itself appointed, pursued exactly the same policy before the *coup* as the agitator Rupert Kutzner and his followers. In the trial of Kutzner it was essential for the Bavarian Cabinet to conceal this clear fact or to put an opposite interpretation on it, and to transfer all its guilt on to the shoulders of the True Germans.

The charge was accordingly confined to Kutzner, Vesemann, and eight other leaders and did not include Flaucher. Instead, Flaucher was called as a witness, without, however, being allowed to divulge any official secrets pertaining to his post. In this capacity he was at liberty to swear to everything that spoke for the innocence of the Government; while if anything came up that impugned it he could fall back on his official privilege. To make things all the easier for him, the Government entrusted the conduct of the trial to a close friend of his. Also they held up the charges of the public prosecutor until Flaucher and the commanding general in Bavaria had had plenty of time to come to a common understanding over their evidence.

The trial took place in the cosy dining-room of the former military college. The audience was carefully selected; the great majority were supporters of the Patriots, among them a good many ladies. The trial was conducted under the form of a polite conversation. There was no bar; the accused sat in comfort at tables. Whenever General Vesemann entered the soldiers on guard presented arms, and the whole audience rose to its feet.

For months Rupert Kutzner had not spoken in public. When after his long silence he was now permitted to open his mouth, and felt the old thrill of contact, and knew that ears were waiting for his words, an intoxication came over him; he felt himself mounting, felt the wind in his sails. On the advice of Stolzing he no longer wore his short sports jacket, but, so as to emphasize with dignity the tragic significance of the moment, a long-tailed morning coat with an iron cross on his breast. Tüverlin saw how the man's chest rose and fell, how his vacant eyes became animated, how his clean-shaven cheeks flushed under their powder, how the nostrils of his prominent nose expanded. Without a doubt the man believed what he was saying, believed that a great injustice was being done him. In glowing sentences, without ever repeating himself, he declared that for him the so-called Revolution did not exist. He was no agitator or rebel, but the restorer of that old order which had been destroyed by agitators and rebels. Had not the Commissioner Extraordinary wished to set aside the Government of the Reich even as he, and to replace it by an anti-parliamentarian dictatorship? The head of the Government had done and said the very same things for which he, Kutzner, was now standing his trial. The only reason why he had not waited for Flaucher, but struck at once, was that he, Kutzner, was the born and divinely ordained Leader. Statesmanship could not be learned. When a man knew that he could do a thing he couldn't afford to wait for another man simply because he happened to be in office; he couldn't afford to be modest. He had wanted to do his country a service, had wanted to fulfil his historical mission. Many of his supporters had died miserably in the attempt, and he himself had sprained his arm; now they were making him stand his trial, and accusing him of being a traitor. His words glowed with genuine indignation. Tüverlin thought over what Kutzner had said. It was the old problem of high treason. A *coup d'état* that miscarried was high treason; a *coup d'état* that succeeded was lawful and operated lawfully and turned the former custodians of the law into high traitors. This man Kutzner refused to recognize that the republic was a fact. He was convinced, and he explained his actions by his conviction, that the revolution after the War had not established itself in the country.

Rupert Kutzner went on speaking for four hours. He enjoyed those hours as a man who has been almost suffocated enjoys fresh air. The making of speeches was the meaning of his existence. His head erect above his high stiff collar, he stood like a soldier at attention, with his long frock-coat tightly buttoned. He never lost his dignity. No matter how moved he became he did not forget to give their high-sounding titles to all his supporters. He was visibly elated to have had so many noblemen, state commissioners, generals, and ministers, at his beck and call.

Empty and monotonous as were the sentences he uttered, Rupert Kutzner did not produce an absurd impression while he spoke. On the contrary the audience admired the way in which this man disguised in commanding gestures and high-sounding words his failure and his downfall.

The really absurd and contemptible figure was the witness Franz Flaucher. He was the real delinquent. At the decisive hour he had foully betrayed Kutzner, had stabbed the Patriots in the back, and now he sat there and wanted to deny it and sneak out of the whole business. That was the universal opinion.

The trial lasted for two weeks. For two long weeks the accused and their advocates kept peppering the fallen Commissioner Extraordinary with malicious questions. They wanted to show that he had been resolved, with or without Kutzner's help, to overthrow the Berlin Government by a *coup d' état*, and to set up a Bavarian dictatorship in its place. That he had wanted to do what Kutzner had tried to do, only on the 12th instead of the 9th. That, if Kutzner's act had been treason, then Flaucher's whole policy had been treason too. The men behind Flaucher, the secret rulers of the country, were beyond their reach; all the more pitilessly did they heap scorn, hate, and contempt on the man whom they could reach, on the coward and traitor, on the witness Franz Flaucher.

"Why," they asked, "did you not arrest the men whom the Government of the Reich ordered you to arrest? Why did you declare the laws of the Reich invalid for Bavaria? Why did you hold up the gold reserves of the Reichs Bank? By what right did you make the Bavarian Reichswehr swear allegiance to you as viceroy of the Reich? Who made you viceroy?" Flaucher sat in stubborn silence, then said that he could not remember, or that he refused to answer, or that official secrecy forbade him to answer. All around him people shrugged their shoulders and laughed scornfully. He remained silent.

The fourth son of the clerk to the notary in Landshut had been made to swallow many humiliations during his long career: as a student from insolent comrades, as an official from hectoring superiors, as a Minister from that frivolous, stuck-up fellow, Klenk. But then he had triumphed: Kutzner had fallen on his knees before him, his longed-for hour had come. He had thought that it had been paid for by the humiliations of his earlier life, but it seemed that it was only to be paid for now. He was greatly tempted to fling the real truth in the faces of the insolent, jeering scoundrels sitting round him, and prove that he had acted as a true servant of higher powers, and that he was sitting there as the viceroy of other, more divinely ordained masters. But the very service which those divinely ordained masters demanded of him was that he should hold his tongue, that he should offer himself up as a scapegoat in their stead. If at one time he had tasted all the sweets of power, he had now to drink its bitterness to the dregs.

For two whole weeks he sat silent and helpless in the witness chair with his square massive head bent, sometimes running a nervous finger behind his collar. When Kutzner spoke of the despicable treachery which he had encountered, the contempt of the whole room fell on the clumsy man in the witness chair. Some were more attracted by this spectacle than by Rupert Kutzner's performance. For instance, the painter Greiderer, who was now living in the country, started up his ramshackle green car which, although still running, was looked upon as an ancient curiosity, and drove to Munich simply to have a look at the fallen Commissioner Extraordinary sitting there overwhelmed with scornful, insulting questions and looking wretched. But his enemies could graze and wound him as much as they liked, he neither winced nor gave in. With great interest Greiderer studied the much-enduring Flaucher. He was working now at a large painting which represented a weary and wounded bull standing against a palisade with its urine escaping, resolved not to face the arena again. In the courtroom of the military college Greiderer found what he was seeking. He noted a great many details. For two weeks the witness Flaucher sat like this, his head sullenly bent, catching the arrows in his own breast, to keep them from reaching his masters.

But Kutzner and his followers monopolized the limelight. When anyone dared to say a word against them they threatened revelations with insidious amiability. The whole courtroom was made to serve as a platform for them. The public prosecutor became more and more obsequious. Again and again he had to apologize and take refuge in silence, leaving the field to the advocates of the accused. His summing-up was a hymn to the partiotic services of Kutzner and Vesemann rather than an indictment of their actions. He proposed a short confinement in a fortress. In their final speeches all the accused announced that they had every intention of renewing the attempt which had unfortunately failed only through the treachery of their ambitious colleague Flaucher. World history, declared Kutzner, acquitted him. World history, declared General Vesemann, did not send men who had fought for their Fatherland to prison, but to Valhalla.

Clause 81 of the German penal code ran: "Whoever attempts to alter by force the Constitution of the German Empire or of any German State, shall be punished by life-long imprisonment or life-long confinement in a fortress." The court acquitted General Vesemann, and sentenced the other offenders to an imprisonment of from one to five years in a fortress, with progressive remission for good conduct, either to begin at once or at the latest in six months. It also sentenced Rupert Kutzner to pay a fine of 200 marks.

After the sentence was announced the audience rose and wildly cheered the accused. From outside came shouts of joy. The Leader stepped to the window and showed himself to his admirers. General Vesemann had a long road to drive from the military college where the trial took place to his villa in the southern suburb of the city. His whole route was lined with reverent crowds. His car was decked with garlands of flowers, and over the radiator waved triumphantly the flag with the Indian fertility emblem, the Swastika.

XIII. JOHANNA KRAIN'S MUSEUM

Eleven months had passed since Krüger's unhappy death, and a new spring was at hand. Germany had calmed down and settled itself. The attempt to separate the Rhineland from the Reich had failed; the struggle with France over the Ruhr had ended in an industrial agreement; and a commission of experts presided over by a certain General Dawes had been appointed by the Great Powers to draw up a reputable plan of reparations. The Reichsmark was stabilized again, and the dollar was worth 4.20 marks as in the days before the War.

In Bavaria, too, there was tranquillity. Kutzner's fall had made but little difference. The Patriots had gone too far, and now were lying low. The Government, having won its case, was in a clement mood, and even compensated the landlord of the Kapuziner Brewery for all the beer and sausages consumed and not paid for by the Patriots. This clemency, however, was not extended to the Left movements. The Reds were not to be encouraged to think that their hour had come. Rupert Kutzner's short imprisonment was more like a rest-cure than a punishment, but the workmen who had been arrested after the Patriots' Battle of Sendling got ample sentences which were rigorously enforced.

These events impinged upon Johanna Krain only in so far as they had any relation to her struggle for the rehabilitation of the dead Martin Krüger. In spite of all her efforts this struggle was failing. Martin Krüger's work was growing in importance and renown; more and more people made references to it; but the people who made any reference to the man, to his life and his death, became fewer and fewer, until even the last of his stanch supporters were lapsing into silence. If Johanna were to be honest with herself, she must face the fact that Krüger the man was kept alive by only one person in the world, herself.

By herself only, but by her he *was* kept alive. In his lifetime she had been too lukewarm, but now at least she would not be lukewarm. The more urgently she recalled his memory, the more insistently she thought of the dead man, the more living did he become. She could actually feel again that suffocating presage of annihilation creeping up from her heart and oppressing her shoulders and her throat.

"I have seen it," was written under some devastating horrors sketched by the painter Goya. "I have seen it," was the title of a chapter in Martin Krüger's book. That someone had seen something with his own eyes was a primitive but conclusive argument. And whoever had seen what she had seen was damned well bound to announce it.

On the anniversary of Martin Krüger's death the *Patriotic Times,* the organ of the True Germans, published an article on the Krüger case. It was high time that somebody pointed out, ran the article, that a man was *not* a man for a' that. That degenerate and immoral creature Martin Krüger left the True Germans completely cold. The barrage of praise from Berlin was merely a screen for an attempt to undermine German justice. The True Germans could not but laugh at the drawing-room prophets who were now discovering their sympathy for such a man. "We beg to announce," concluded the article, "to the Red press of Berlin and all the humanitarian snivellers on the Kurfürstendamm in the plainest of plain German: Keep your Martin Krüger among your other vermin."

Johanna Krain read the article. The dead must hold their tongues, had been the order of a responsible official a year before. This statement was even plainer. Johanna became more set on her task than ever. The dead man must not hold his tongue. She would bear witness for him; she would compel him to come alive. She had a feeling that if she could make the dead speak a great part of her guilt would be absolved

She racked her brains for ways and means of doing it. There was one definite opportunity in sight. Förtsch had sued her because she had publicly called him a scoundrel to his face. The case had been postponed time and again, but it could not be postponed for ever. The day would come and she would then have a chance to speak. She had read all that Kutzner had been allowed to say when he was on trial. She would speak out too, and in no uncertain voice. Martin Krüger's fate should tear at the heart-strings of the world.

She was obsessed by her plan. The silence of the dead man accused her when she rose from bed and when she lay down to sleep. She was a woman of average gifts, with an everyday face, but she was devoted to an idea. She reverted to her old habit of going about unpainted, unpowdered, and with her hair in a knot at the back of her head She had plenty of commissions, and worked hard. When she spoke to people she was very calm; but inwardly she was devoured by a wild longing to mount some platform or other and scream.

She had to look on while every week there was more discussion of Krüger's *Goya* and *Spanish Painting*, and less and less of Odelsberg. She dared not let the shameful crime which had been committed sink into oblivion. Bavaria had murdered the man. All of them in that abominable country had murdered him. That must not remain unsaid. The whole country was suffering from the disease of not speaking out. The disease must be called by its true name. She must do that, she, Johanna, loudly and clearly.

She was no longer to be drugged into acquiescence. She had experienced a few things in the last two years, from her twenty-sixth birthday to her twenty-eighth. She had a store of memories, a whole museum full. There was her mask, for instance; and a tennis championship from the days of her social activities; and a dry slice of bread from a cell in Odelsberg, very hard, very dry, well-preserved, an excellent museum exhibit; and a box containing a bundle of letters, tied up and properly arranged, written by a hand which now would write no more; and a clipping from a newspaper, with a defective *e*, announcing that Fancy de Lucca had shot herself because she could not play tennis; and a tiny phial with a fading scent of hay and leather, once belonging to a young man who had lived senselessly, whom she had loved senselessly, and who had fallen senselessly in a ridiculous cause; and a grey summer suit, once belonging to a man who had died in an over-heated cell forsaken by everybody. But the chief exhibits of the museum were Martin Krüger's writings, containing the essay on "Joseph and His Brethren," the chapters "I have seen it," and "How long?" which had already become prose classics. There they were, four handsome volumes with red leather backs, the work, the accursed work beneath which were buried the man and his fate.

When the Förtsch libel suit was finally brought on, Johanna appeared before the judges full of indignation, decision, and strength as in her very best days. She did not know exactly what she was going to say, but she knew that it would not be easily forgotten.

Rupert Kutzner had orated for fourteen days, and once for four hours on end. Johanna Krain was not given fourteen days, nor four hours, nor even one minute. The judges were courteous, but slightly surprised. What was there for her to say? She wanted to bring proof? Proof of what? Had she with her own eyes seen that Martin Krüger lacked the necessary medical attention in Odelsberg? But from the objective standpoint, the facts had been already established in the disciplinary proceedings against Dr. Gsell, and, from the subjective standpoint, her complete sincerity was not even questioned.

Her lawyer, complying with every formality, produced legal grounds for allowing Johanna's evidence. The Bench withdrew and after a few second's consultation disallowed it.

When this decision was announced Johanna's eyes grew dark with anger. Instead of the bright bareness of the courtroom she saw again a smoky café in Garmisch, with streamers of alpine roses on the walls and a dance of youths and maidens. A kind, long-bearded gentleman, dipping a cake in white coffee, was saying gently and sagely that the security of justice made it sometimes necessary to be justly unjust to an innocent man.

Johanna was found guilty with extenuating circumstances, and fined a small sum of money. She returned to her museum, unconquered.

XIV. HERR HESSREITER DINES IN A GARRET

The stabilization of German currency, the contraction of a billion marks into one, had not been accomplished without a squeeze. The colossal tide of money ebbed away even more rapidly than it had risen, leaving many people stranded with short-term bills to pay which they could not meet, and consequently without any means of keeping up their conglomeration of expensive businesses. On all sides inflated concerns and glittering companies came crashing down.

Bavaria, being an agricultural county, was less dislocated by the convulsion than most of the other states in the Empire. There was a certain re-orientation of power among the secret rulers of the land. Berchtesgaden, the Archbishopric, and Privy Councillor Bichler lost much of their prestige when the final balance was struck, but the really big men such as Reindl and Grueber came out of the mêlée with large gains.

Among the few who were affected by the crash, however, were Herr Paul Hessreiter. His contracts with the south of France appropriated large sums of ready money, the banks in Munich made difficulties, and he had to convey his interests in Hetag, at a great loss, to Mr. Curtis Lang. Even The South German Ceramics tottered. In public Herr Hessreiter kept up his pose of the big business man, serene and unaffected by market conditions; but in his own office he laid wildly about him, snatching at everything and struggling for his life.

Easter came, the time when one usually went south. Had he any plans for the holiday? asked Frau von Radolny. She was doing well; her income had increased greatly in value; Luitpoldsbrunn was free of debt and fitted up with modern machinery. What would not Herr Hessreiter have given to travel south! In his mind's eye he saw enticing hotels by Italian lakes and little shops in southern Tyrol where he could rummage pleasantly among curiosities which were the very thing for his house in the Seestrasse. Instead of these he had to face legal summonses and meetings of his creditors. Oh, of course, he said, he would be going south. What about the Lake of Como, and a few days afterwards on the Riviera? "But you can't go," said Frau von Radolny calmly, "until you have settled up with Pernreuther," Pernreuther being his most insistent creditor.

Herr Hessreiter made grandiose gestures, and tried to evade his friend in one way and another. But it appeared that Katharina knew exactly how he stood. She saw with ruthless clarity, much more clearly than he did, into every hole and corner of his affairs. Large and composed, with her beautiful face glowing beneath her copper hair, she reckoned up without a word of reproof the sum that he would need. It was no small sum

She was prepared, she said, to scrape it together for him. And then even Como would become possible. But the conditions attached to the raising of this sum were not pleasant. Nor was it made quite clear who was to be the actual donor. The one thing that was clear was that she would have to mortgage Luitpoldsbrunn. She knew what life was; she had risen from the ranks; and only recently she had experienced the uncertainties which threatened even those who were apparently secure; so he would understand that if she were to help him, she must in return have some guarantee. Artistic experiments, indulgences such as the "Bull Fighting" series and similar luxuries, must be discontinued in future by The South German Ceramics. Herr Hessreiter himself would have to restrict his style of living. It would be a good thing to combine their households: wasn't the lovely house at Luitpoldsbrunn big enough for both of them? She could get a solvent buyer for the house in the Seestrasse. If they were to halve expenses by living together they might just as well legalize their relationship; inquiries could be made at the registry office on Peter's Hill. All that wasn't so difficult as it looked; it could be settled in a very few weeks. They would be able to go to Italy before the heat of summer set in. Coolly and kindly her resonant voice laid down what was to be done, firmly but quietly, as if she were talking about engaging a new maid.

When she began to speak Paul Hessreiter had been walking up and down. At her statement that she was prepared to find the money he came to a dead stop. He retreated step by step with every succeeding sentence until he was brought up against the wall, his small mouth hanging open foolishly, his dreamy brown eyes anxiously fixed on the lovely face of his mistress. Slowly, as she went on, his whole life of the past forty-four years crumbled and fell in ruins. Panic-stricken, he hunted in every corner of his brain for expedients, for justifications, but even before he had fabricated them he knew that this was the end, that she was right, and that he would have to submit to whatever she ordained. Every fresh sentence fell like a blow on his head. He was perhaps not such an important man as he had often pretended to be, but he had a warm Munich heart, and they had lived together for so many years, and he could not understand how anyone could be so cruel as this woman was.

She had finished. Slowly Herr Hessreiter began to recover, to advance from the wall, to find words. He spoke at some length. Katharina's calm eyes followed him as he walked up and down. She said nothing at all, and when at last he had come to an end she did not even smile. The naked and bitter truth burst upon Herr Hessreiter, and for an everlasting few seconds he looked old and grey.

Then awkwardly and amiably he began to persuade her again. It went to his heart to give up artistic experiments in The South German Ceramics; but since she insisted on it, very well, he would give them up. As for marriage, he didn't think that that would prove a great economy, but since she thought the ceremony on Peter's Hill necessary, very well, Peter's Hill let it be. But his house, his beloved house in the Seestrasse; no, she must excuse him, but he couldn't agree with her about that. He had put so much into it, time, trouble, taste, his whole life, his very heart; things that couldn't be expressed in terms of money. It would be a disgrace and a folly to lose all that. What could she be thinking of? They weren't peasants; they needed to live in town; they couldn't spend the whole year in the country. It was simply out of the question.

Frau von Radolny replied that she hadn't meant quite that. He could rent a flat in Munich, couldn't he? A studio flat; some of the things from the Seestrasse could very well be put into it. But he really must learn to make shift with things. "I've had to learn to make shift myself," she said. She hardly raised her voice; she continued as coolly and kindly as before; but the tone in which she said: "I've had to learn to make shift myself" illumined for Herr Hessreiter the truth that all resistance was useless. He knew it was not her financial straits that she was referring to, but that time when she had written to him in Paris and he had answered her letters with business-like friendliness.

So Frau von Radolny took everything in hand and settled it all very quickly. She sold the house in the Seestrasse to a man who was unquestionably an agent for someone else. Herr Hessreiter himself did not know who owned his house now. The next step was to rent a flat, to determine what walls and streets one was to look at, what kind of air one was to breathe for years to come. That needed the taking of exhaustive counsel with oneself and one's friends and artistic acquaintances; any person of culture must take months to settle such a matter. But not even that delayed Frau von Radolny for long. Instead of the nine large and five small rooms which Herr Hessreiter had had at his disposal in the Seestrasse, he was now given a studio and a bedroom in the Elisabethstrasse, in a dwelling-house, on the fourth story, an attic, or "Juchhe." The top floor of a house in Munich was contemptuously called the "Juchhe," because it was as high as the mountain tops and kindled in one the same desire to yodel and shout "Juchhe!" But Herr Hessreiter had no desire to yodel. He did not much regret losing his position as a big business man, but the loss of his house and his furniture afflicted him. The human heart is not large; but it was surprising how many possessions, how many writing-tables, arm-chairs, sofas, and divans could be accommodated in Herr Hessreiter's heart. In his heart, yes, but not in the new studio flat in the Elisabethstrasse. When the large bed with the exotic gilding was set up in the bedroom there was no room left to turn round in. And what of the curio cabinets, the ship model, the Iron Virgin, his pet instrument of torture; all his jolly and comforting knick-knacks? Frau von Radolny refused to have any of them in Luitpoldsbrunn, and whatever he could not stuff into the studio would have to be sold, put to the hammer. For the first time Herr Hessreiter rebelled. His rebellion did not last long.

The auction took place on one of the last days in April. There were many people there from the tradesmen's Casino and the Gentlemen's Club; the rooms in the Seestrasse were crammed with buyers and curious onlookers.

Herr Hessreiter was not there in person when his things were put to the hammer. It was a lovely clear day, and he went walking in the English Garden with his light, ill-balanced step, swinging his ivory-headed cane. It was a damned shame, he thought. It was sheer folly to dismember the house; and his imagination saw all that he had so laboriously collected being scattered right and left into alien, uncomprehending, unsympathetic hands. He had an impulse to turn and enter that crowd of curious gapers, of whom the majority would certainly be known to him, and to congratulate the new owners in genial and slightly bitter phrases. But he did not. He walked further and further away from the Seestrasse. He went as far as the Field-Marshals' Hall. His resentment at the stupid new monument with which the fat-headed fools had once more disfigured the fine square served to ease his heart a little.

In the Seestrasse meanwhile both passions and business were rife. The Biedermayer and Empire furniture, the curio cabinets, all the entertaining and scurrilous ornaments, the glasses and cutlery designed for elegant social functions, the costumes, tapestries, pictures, and sculptures were bid for, once, twice, thrice, and sold outright. The hands into which the numerous knick-knacks fell were by no means unsympathetic; many a man was radiant with the joy of new possession; Greiderer, Matthäi and old Messerschmidt had a gorgeous day of it.

The self-portrait of Anna Elisabeth Haider was also put to the hammer. Herr Hessreiter had wanted to take it with him and hang it in his new bedroom. But Frau von Radolny had objected. So it was now put up by the auctioneer, and the dead girl looked out at the crowd with a helpless and touching expression. Strongly tempted, but uneasy, the buyers gazed at the notorious canvas. It had been the cause of much trouble. Bad luck and scandal. Its painter had come to a bad end. Krüger, who had been the first to discover and to hang it had come to a bad end. Hessreiter, too, as was now evident, hadn't had much luck with it. The only one who had profited from it was Conradi the art dealer. Accordingly he it was who made the first offer. His only serious competitor was the painter Greiderer; and after a short tussle the picture was knocked down to the art dealer.

Frau von Radolny knew for whom he was buying it, and that it now belonged to the same man who had bought the house: the Fifth Evangelist. Since the stabilization she had become a firm friend of Herr von Reindl. She had observed with respect his cleverness and timely judgment in orienting himself to the new dispensation; she approved also his habit of ignoring his new winnings, and turning with the same ardour as in youth to those hobbies which were so much more important than his business.

She glanced at him. He seemed to be quite indifferent to the auction; even the brief struggle between Greiderer and Conradi the art dealer had left him unmoved. He was sitting in a deep arm-chair, his legs outstretched, listening lazily to Herr Pfaundler who was standing beside him. Katharina had at last procured for Herr Pfaundler, although he had not deserved it at her hands, that long-desired acquaintanceship with the Fifth Evangelist. The old delight in entertainments had returned to Munich with the stabilization of the currency; Herr Pfaundler was on the highroad to success. Katharina agreed with him that it only required the rehabilitation of the Carnival on its former generous scale to make Munich once more automatically the centre of German merry-making. Of course a Carnival of that kind needed to be well organized, needed capital. She could not but approve of Pfaundler's desire to secure Reindl's backing for the winter, even though as yet it was only May.

The ship models were now being put up for auction. There were a good many people interested in them. Herr Pfaundler went on bidding obstinately; Reindl from his arm-chair looked up at him with sleepy amusement. Herr Pfaundler was determined to have a ship; he regarded it as an omen. He felt like a great adventurer, for his plans were even more far-reaching than Frau von Radolny suspected. If Munich could export its beer, why shouldn't it export its other specialty, its Carnival spirit? Where Kutzner had failed he was the very man to succeed: he would bring off the march to Berlin. All the great Munich breweries had their branches in Berlin, and there were Munich bock-beer festivals in Berlin; he would exploit that tendency still further. In the very heart of that hated city he would erect a monster establishment, called the Bavarian House, where all the attractions of Bavaria would be presented. There would be a mountain village, an alpine pasture with live cattle, a copy of the famous Hofbräu bar and of the Salvator cellar, the popular fair on the Theresienwiese, a mountain railway; all artificially reproduced. Yodellers and Schuhplattl dancers, and every evening an ox roasted whole on the spit, and every evening a fine alpine glow. In the middle of the beastly Prussian city night after night there would be three thousand people singing "So long as Old Peter," and "A health to good-fellowship." He would manage it, he would be able to bring it off. He would get Reindl completely on his side. He was on the high-road to success. He went on bidding for the ship model.

Katharina was delighted to see the last of these ship models that had been such a nuisance dangling from the ceiling. It was a good thing to let some air into the house; it was a good thing to have Reindl taking possession instead of Hessreiter, and Hessreiter moving into the position of the late Herr von Radolny. After the ships, the huge globes were disposed of, and then the old dolls. Matthäi and Messerschmidt secured more than they could be answerable for. The house in the Seestrasse was being well aired.

Meanwhile Herr Hessreiter had finished his walk. Katharina had invited him to spend that night with her in Luitpoldsbrunn, but he was full of rancour and melancholy, and desired to nurse his chagrin in solitude, as was fitting. He was now a poor man, and poverty had its conventions. It gave him a gloomy consolation to submit to those conventions, and so he bought himself a roll of bread and a slice of liver patty, a kind of cheese made of minced liver and flour, and with these he climbed laboriously, grimly exulting in the effort, the innumerable steps towards his new flat, the Juchhe. He took out no tablecloth, no cutlery, no plates. On the bare table he ate his supper from the paper in which the liver patty had been wrapped. True, it was a particularly handsome Empire table, which would have brought a good price at the auction, and Herr Hessreiter was very careful not to smear it.

Then he lay down on his broad, low Biedermayer bed. He could not refrain from gently stroking the carving on the gilded exotic flowers. He had rescued them, at least. He tried to read. The smell of the paper which he had left lying on the table offended him. He got up and threw the paper down the water-closet. The Æolian harp played. It took up little room and had accompanied him into poverty.

XV. KASPAR PRÖCKL DISAPPEARS TOWARDS THE EAST

The marching orders which Kaspar Pröckl had drawn up for himself at the time when he burned "The Humble Animal" were now pinned up at the head of his bed. Written in Russian so that Anni could not read them. Number one, his settlement with the capitalist Reindl, had been accomplished. The Bavarian Motor Works were establishing a factory in Nijni Novgorod, Pröckl's contract was signed, and he would shortly go there as chief engineer. Number one could be scored out. Number two, his plan of action with reference to Martin Krüger, had unfortunately been taken out of his hands, and that, too, before he had been able to help the man Krüger to win through. In any case, number two was also scored out. But number three, his plan of action with reference to Anna Lechner, was still unfulfilled. He had carried it out so far as to ask her if she would join the Party and come with him to Russia. He had become agitated while asking this. They had not merely eaten and slept together; theory or no theory, there was more between them than that. He had been apprehensive of a vulgar scene; reproaches, appeals, resentment ending in laughter and a plain refusal. But he had been mistaken. Anni had sat reflectively for a while and then had said honestly that such a question could not be answered straight off. Let him have patience; she would give him her decision in plenty of time.

Now that he knew he was soon to leave Munich for ever he looked at the city with new eyes. He had been born in Munich and had never gone far from it. All rivers for him meant the Isar, all natural landscapes were contained in the English Garden, all human intercourse concentrated in the busy Stachus Square, and a circle described round the Lady Towers comprised his world. He knew that Munich was a peasant centre, rooted in old tradition and evilly reactionary. But that knowledge was only in his brain; it had never penetrated into his blood. He made an effort to see his native city as a small, mean, and despicable place compared with the gigantic cities of his imagination, but the effort never quite succeeded.

He wandered through the streets in which he had played with small coloured marbles always tyrannizing over the other boys, always determined to be first. He lingered in front of the house where he was born, the office building where he had daily awaited his father. His father was much in his thoughts during these days. His father had achieved nothing himself, but had set all his hopes on Kaspar, his son. He had kept his son under, but he had been proud of the clever boy, and had sent him, at great sacrifice, to a secondary school, and then to the technical high school. Kaspar Pröckl remembered a certain summer evening on the Starnbergersee when a boy in a boat had played the violin. Everybody had applauded him. That had impressed his father, and he had been all for Kaspar's learning the violin at once. In his own home his father had asserted himself strongly. He had been a clerk in the municipal offices, and for all the tyranny to which he had to submit among his fellows he had revenged himself doubly at home on his wife and children. The boy Kaspar had admired him for it. He had had the same need for asserting himself, only he had not wanted to assert himself in the house but in the great world. Even now, although he laughed over it, he felt respect for the memory of his father, who had sat at home shaving himself, watched by a meek wife and scared children listening respectfully to his high-sounding harangues about what happened in the office, in the city, in the Reich, and in the world. Old Pröckl had not been a bad man; it had been his environment which was bad, the times in which he lived. What a generation that must have been which had ended by accomplishing nothing but the uneconomic horror of the War! Kaspar had known what was wrong. Marxist doctrine, when he came upon it, found in him a willing disciple.

Everything considered, Kaspar Pröckl's last weeks in his native city were none too pleasant. He had too much time for vexatious thoughts and feelings.

Number three of his marching orders, the plan of action with reference to Anna Lechner, had a different outcome, too, from what he had expected. Anni had slept on the matter; she was now able to tell him her decision. Her conclusions were not drawn from his books, but from her own experience. She said that there were men supposed to be appointed to keep the State from coming to harm; but when the stupid Kutzner *coup* came off, they had simply admitted that they hadn't foreseen anything; and yet they went on governing, Hartl, Kastner, and the whole boiling of them, as if nothing had happened. Well, a state that left such fools in charge of it, a state so stupid as that, could be improved only by force: it must be swept away. Kaspar was quite right; she would join the Party.

Kaspar Pröckl had reconciled himself to the probability of Anni's staying in Munich. It had been painful for him. When she now told him that she would join the Party, it gave him great and unexpected joy. He had a faint misgiving that this conversion of hers was not due to conviction, but to her affection for him. But he discovered pretty soon that he was wrong. She went on to explain that her decision, she was sorry to say, did not mean the continuance of their relationship. She had no illusions about it: she knew that she would find it difficult to live without him. But in Russia she would find it difficult to live at all. Join the Party, yes; but go to Russia, no. She wanted to grow old in her native city, beside the Lady Towers, within sight of the Bavarian mountains, and to be buried in the Southern Cemetery. So that was that, and now she would make the tea.

Kaspar Pröckl sat on in silence. There was nothing to be said: a Munich girl, even if she were a Communist, was just like that. The worst thing about Anni's decision was that he understood it so well. Yes, he was not even certain which of them was the braver; she, because she stuck to her prejudices, or, he, because he stuck to his judgment. For him, at least, if he were not to fall a victim to schizophrenia like Landholzer, the only security was to live in a practically realized Marxist State. That existed only in Russia.

A few days later he took leave of the Fifth Evangelist. At first the interview was to have taken place in the office of the Bavarian Motor Works, but at the last moment Herr von Reindl telephoned to ask the engineer to come to his house in the Karolinenplatz. Kaspar Pröckl was annoyed. He would be thankful, he thought, when he had seen the last of the man. In any case, if the fellow should presume to discuss anything but business, and try to be personal, he would give him a good dressing-down. But the Fifth Evangelist said nothing at all personal, and that annoyed Pröckl too. "I should like to take the liberty," said Herr von Reindl, "of calling your attention to one thing. You are not engaged to run this business as you please; you are engaged to make it a success." Otherwise the whole interview fell flat, and had no warmth. While the young engineer was going down the grand staircase past "The Death of Aretino," he was wishing that Reindl would come soon to Russia on a visit of inspection, and rehearsing all that he meant to fling in the man's fat face.

Two hours later a messenger brought him, together with a very friendly letter, a parting gift from Reindl, a magnificent green leather jacket. Pröckl grumbled that he wasn't going to Russia in that silly kind of disguise. But when Anni insisted upon it he took the jacket with him next day.

He was to drive all that enormous distance in a small new car. Although the spring was coming on Anni had fitted him out with as many warm things as if he were going to the North Pole. He was thickly padded also with money, powers of attorney, and letters of introduction.

Tüverlin and Anna Lechner went with him for part of the way. At the river Inn Tüverlin took his leave. Pröckl promised to write as soon as he had unearthed the picture "Joseph and His Brethren." Anni went on as far as the town of Passau, where the Inn flows into the Danube. Kaspar Pröckl escorted her to the train which was to take her back. He was more than usually surly, and reviled her fellow-travellers for not making room quickly enough for her luggage. She stood beside the carriage window. He said it was silly to hang about on platforms until the train went out, and that he was going at once; he held out his hand in farewell without taking off his leather motoring gauntlet. All the same he did wait until the train went out; he took off his gauntlet and pressed her hand again, and hung about for a while even after that.

On the same day he drove away in his new green leather jacket, his pipe in his mouth, alone. Towards the East, leaving Germany behind him; towards Czechoslovakia, Poland, Cracow, Moscow, Nijni Novgorod. Which of all the people left behind him in Europe was he likely to miss in Russia? Only four of them. One sitting on a tree-stump, staring at him hollowly out of deep-set, burning eyes: the painter Landholzer. One comfortably extended on a divan, clad in violet, blinking at him out of sleepy eyes: the Fifth Evangelist. One striding up and down his room, arguing continuously and with enjoyment in a falsetto voice: the writer Tüverlin. And one pouring out tea and gently but firmly reproving him for something he had omitted to do: the girl Anna Lechner.

XVI. THE LECHNER FAMILY GETS TO THE TOP OF THE TREE

Immediately after the stabilization, the said Anna Lechner had resigned her job in the factory in north Munich and opened a typewriting bureau. When he was editing Martin Krüger's literary remains Kaspar Pröckl had called her in to help in the typing, and so she met Jacques Tüverlin. He was taken by the resolute Bavarian girl, and appointed her as his secretary. They worked well together. He had long discussions with her, beginning in jest but gradually turning to earnest, about small problems of style. He indulged too in monologues, walking up and down soliloquizing about the details of his work, the pros and the cons of everything, while she waited at the machine. After his departure Kaspar Pröckl was a frequent subject of discussion between them; and Tüverlin piled up arguments and showered reproaches on Anni which were really meant for their absent friend.

Her life at home with her father was now comfortable enough. Ever since the day when she had been a witness of his deepest humiliation her father had been shy of her. In any case, since his great spiritual failure, he had become quieter and more gentle in accordance with his vow. Only one thing embittered him. Exactly opposite his premises in Unteranger was a shop belonging to a certain Jew called Seligmann, whose father in his day had been a rival of old Lechner's. In the wave of anti-Jewish feeling under Flaucher's dictatorship Seligmann had been within an ace of losing his business. Unfortunately things had not gone so far as that; the idiotic *coup* had spoiled everything, and Seligmann the Jew was left in secure possession of his goods like his father before him. Now certain Jewish customers were even boycotting Lechner because Seligmann told them that he had joined the True Germans and was an out-and-out anti-Semite. In spite of all his new humility Lechner could not swallow that. "The scoundrel," he raged, "the stupid fool, says that I'm an anti-Semite, does he? The cad, the swine of a Jew!" On the whole he was proud of himself for having so little pride. The bowling club wanted him to be vice-president again, but he declined the honour. They told him to get along. But he went on refusing and refusing.

Yet if in his heart he grumbled at his daughter Anni, he was all the more delighted with his son Beni. On the day when Cajetan Lechner in his top hat witnessed Beni's marriage on Peter's Hill he abandoned all hopes for himself; he himself would never do anything; but his son Beni would get to the top of the tree. Beni's marriage with Zenzi the cashier really did turn out to be an excellent stroke of luck for him. One could see that Zenzi's influence was visibly turning the young Red bit by bit into a respectable citizen. With satisfaction the old man observed that Beni's side whiskers were growing longer and longer every week.

An incident of no importance broke down the last barrier of suspicion between father and son. At the time when it took place, and often enough since then, the old man had discussed the Krüger case with his son and daughter, and had said a few sharp things about the Bohemian Krüger. But it was only now, after

Martin Krüger had been dead and gone for more than a year, that he discovered that his children all along had been convinced that he had voted for Krüger's condemnation. And all the time he and Hessreiter had been the only two who had voted against it! When this came out casually one evening, his children were simply dumbfounded. It enraged him to think that they could have supposed him such a brute, and his humility came to a sudden end. He swore like a trooper at the younger generation which could think such evil of a parent. It was a fruitful outburst. From that day Beni regarded his father with real respect; the last grain of reserve vanished, and there was confidence and friendship between the two men.

Beni needed this. He had no longer any real bosom friends. Since his marriage to Zenzi and his purchase of the electro-technical workship his old comrades of the "Red Seven" had tormented him until he had become tired of them. Hadn't he been in jail for the Party? He grew resentful and went less and less to the Spotted Dog, and drew closer and closer instead to Zenzi. She, of course, knew less than nothing about economic laws, surplus value, and the class war, but she knew all the more, one couldn't deny it, about how to run a business. The workshop prospered; they lived in comfort.

Old Cajetan Lechner saw all this with delight. He hadn't done much, but his family was rising rapidly in the world. The best of it all was that Beni had plenty of free time for his studies and experiments. In the National Theatre people had not forgotten his inventive genius, and they were glad to call him in for a consultation whenever any difficulty about lighting arose. The old man was passionately interested in this side of his son's activities, and eagerly listened, uttering interjections of astonishment and appreciation, whenever Beni expounded them. He was puffed up with pride to think that his own artistic yearnings were coming so nobly to fruition in his son. Beni, greatly flattered, installed in the bowling club a fine bit of apparatus which automatically signalled by lights how many pins had been knocked over.

And the Lechner family rose still higher. There was, however, one last quarrel between Benno Lechner and his wife when she brought into the world a healthy son, born in wedlock. The arrival of his son roused all Benno's revolutionary fervour. His son must be christened Vladimir, after Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov, known as Lenin, the founder of the new Russian Republic. Zenzi set herself against it. In no circumstances would she allow such a silly heathen name. She wanted to have as godfather for her child one of the old patrons of the Tyrolean Café, an important man, but one who would do her the honour if she wished it, for he thought a great deal of her: Councillor Josef Dingharder of the Kapuziner Brewery. But in no circumstances would Benno Lechner permit such a thing. They compromised finally on having old Lechner as godfather, and the child was christened Cajetan Vladimir Lechner.

The old man was radiant. He took snapshots of his grandson and godchild in the most varied postures. He made him a christening gift that was worth having, for he sold the house in Unteranger and bought in the name of the youngest Lechner a family house in the outskirts of the city, in Schwabing. He himself was not good enough to be a house-owner, but it should be demonstrated none the less that the Lechner family had risen in the world.

It was an old farmhouse, left standing among the city's growing suburbs. The courtyard was walled in and contained several large chestnut trees. The house in future would still continue to look like the dwelling of a farmer who had taken to town life, but it was to be fitted up with all the refinements of modern technical science, electrified from cellar to attic, but in such a way as to conceal the apparatus, and keep it from being a disturbingly incongruous feature. Both the Lechners had a busy time of it trying one thing after another. Old Lechner spent weeks in collecting the right kind of old-fashioned furniture for the house.

By the middle of May all was ready. The old man kept his shop and his flat in Unteranger, for which he had stipulated; but the electro-technician Benno Lechner, master worker, his wife Crescentia, and their infant son Cajetan Vladimir, moved into the house in Schwabing. Zenzi wrote to her bosom friend in Weilheim a long letter describing her new home and signed herself, “‘your loving friend Crescentia Lechner, née Breitmoser, living at 147 Fröttinger Landstrasse in her own house.”

The scene of her former operations, the Tyrolean Café, she had avoided since her marriage. But now she announced that she would like to go there with Beni one evening. He grumbled and tried to dissuade her. After a brisk set-to they finally went, and sat down in the small inner room where the wine cost ten pfennigs more the quarter-litre. The emphasized bourgeois comfort, the wooden panelling, the bare, massive tables, the old-fashioned solid chairs and benches, made for solid men, all was familiar and yet strange. The room was thick with the smoke of good cigars, with the savour of nourishing food. In their usual places sat settled men with settled opinions. They knew her again, nearly all of them; they greeted her and nodded to her with a touch of gaiety, with benevolence, and with all due respect. Resi helped her out of her coat and ran for the menu.

Frau Crescentia Lechner, née Breitmoser, sat down on the bench by the corner table underneath the shelf with the arrangement of pewter plates. She took possession of the room in which she had so long functioned as a waitress and cashier. There she sat, a picture which had at last found its right frame, a broad, resolute woman, entitled and expecting to be well fed and well served, beside the man she had won and raised into prosperity. She had arrived; she felt happy; it was a good day for her, the best day of her life.

XVII. HULLO, ARE WE ALL HERE AGAIN?

Jacques Tüverlin shouldered his way happily among the noisy throngs at the May Fair in the eastern suburb of Au, known as the Auer Dult. The lean years of war, revolution, and inflation had affected this traditional market; but life had begun to flow once more in its old channels and the Auer Dult was as representative now as ever. The whole of Munich was pressing round the stalls, with children and artists well to the fore, and as excitedly as any of them Jacques Tüverlin was hunting for bargains. People in Munich loved to potter; they let nothing go to waste, and pounced on all kinds of broken things that could be mended. Nearly everything that had played a part in the daily life of Munich ended up in the Auer Dult; furniture, clothes, jewellery, crockery, books, commodes, children's toys, old documents, spectacles, beds, bicycles, and false teeth; and to all the outworn rubbish there still clung a faint odour of that bourgeois life of which it had formed a part. To rummage about in it on the chance of finding something valuable was a gorgeous amusement. People jostled and pushed good-naturedly; one had to worm one's way through the press; and Tüverlin pushed and wormed with the best of them.

He saw many faces he knew. Herr Hessreiter was wandering round, gloomy and intent, and Herr von Messerschmidt was gazing sentimentally at a glass case containing a collection of Bavarian butterflies. Cajetan Lechner was fascinated by an old cabinet; it was mouldering away; it was a miracle that it did not come to pieces in his hands; but that was just what attracted him. To renovate this frail and worm-eaten thing with skill and art would be a labour of love for him.

But who was that raking through the heaps of old junk with long, fine fingers? It was indeed the comedian Balthasar Hierl. Jacques Tüverlin watched him as he haggled obstinately with a fat woman over an enormous old-fashioned clyster, which the comedian was balancing with loving greed in his thin hands. It would be a great acquisition for his performance in the Minerva Hall. But the old woman was obviously as tough as he was, and Tüverlin saw him finally go off without the clyster. He would certainly come back next day and haggle for it again.

The people all round punched and shoved and said: "Hoppla, Herr Neighbour," and laughed. With genial persistence, wary, hard, and inflexible, buyers and sellers sought to get the better of each other. Tüverlin entered with great enjoyment into the peasant slyness of this haggling and caught the infection himself; he wanted to try his hand at the same game. He had spotted an old engraving of a scene beside the Ammersee which he particularly liked, and with due cunning inquired first the price of ten other articles. The stallkeeper, however, noticed at once that it was the engraving that the customer had his eye on. In his heart he was contemptuously amazed that any sensible person should want to buy such rubbish, and he demanded the exorbitant price of ten marks. Tüverlin assumed an air of horror, and called on one of the bystanders to witness what a worthless article the picture was. "Sheer trash, I wouldn't give half a mark for it," said the bystander, backing him up. The stallkeeper was privately of the same opinion. "But the frame, gentlemen, just look at the good frame!" he insisted. "Rubbish, not worth fifty pfennigs," reiterated the witness with heat. "The frame!" obstinately persisted the seller. In the end Tüverlin secured it, to his great joy, for seven marks fifty, and the seller gazed after him with pitying contempt and turned an appreciative eye on his oleographs.

Tüverlin landed in front of a booth which was especially well patronized. It was covered with heaps of bank-notes, all bundled together, relics of the inflation, notes for millions and billions of marks. The brown thousand-mark notes from pre-War times were in particular demand. Covetous and fascinated fingers caressed these brown notes. "One Thousand Marks will be paid in exchange for this banknote by the Reichs Bank in Berlin." Had that been all printed in the air? There was a bundle six inches high of these notes, a thousand of them, and not so long ago the possession of such a bundle would have secured for life a man and his family. Many people were incapable of understanding that the notes were all worthless now, and the men selling in the booth did a thriving trade. The thousand-notes were cheap; a million marks for five; and people bought them ostensibly for collecting purposes, or for a joke, but nearly every buyer had a vague hope that they might be worth something after all. One man, obviously a half-wit, was especially intent upon them; it was Uncle Xaver. He had brought a hand-cart with him and wheeled away in that the load of notes he had bought.

One of the sellers seemed to Tüverlin to have a familiar look about him. The pointed chin, the little rat's teeth, the high, neighing laugh. Yes, the man knew him, too, and greeted him. In between advertising and selling his wares, Herr von Dellmaier carried on a conversation with Tüverlin in French, assuring him that this was a profitable and amusing business, much more profitable and amusing than politics. Tüverlin tried to recollect. Yes, he had heard that since the death of Erich Bornhaak this von Dellmaier had gone completely to the dogs, and had finally been thrown out of the True Germans in connexion with some irregularities in the cash books.

Tüverlin's conversation with Herr von Dellmaier was interrupted by the sound of a well-known voice. It issued from a gentleman with a humorous wrinkled peasant face who was standing beside a neighbouring booth in a light-coloured woolly overcoat. He was having great fun decking out his companion, a plump and noisy lady, with an array of old orders, decorations, and rosettes. For this booth displayed old uniforms for sale, discarded by the officers of the disbanded army, robes of judges and barristers, all the clothes once worn by the nobility and gentry, and especially their orders and decorations. Soviet stars, orders from the time of the Monarchy, and Swastikas lay side by side in heaps. Greiderer had grabbed a miscellaneous handful of them and was now hanging them all over the person of his lady friend.

He greeted Tüverlin at length, with plenty of noise and enthusiasm. He was again on the upgrade; he had had a marvellous success with his exhibition in Berlin. They were Prussian swine, the Berliners, but they had gusto. The picture that had made a success of the exhibition had been the very picture he had kept so secret; the one Osternacher had been nosing after. Osternacher could go to Berlin now and have a look at it if he liked. It was called "The True German" and it was a portrait of a Patriot leader in full rig, betraying all his emptiness. And who was the Patriot leader? Who but his friend and comrade, Balthasar von Osternacher! That was a lark. Laughing and garrulous, he clapped Tüverlin on the shoulder and button-holed him. Out of every pocket he fished clippings from Berlin newspapers, and announced that he was going to swim in gold. But this time he would have more sense; he would stay in the country and come into town not more than twice a week. Tüverlin inquired if the green motor car was still running. Yes, he'd had it newly painted and given it as a present to his last Haserl. But he had ordered a new one, a grand one, a much greener one for himself and the lady friend who was with him.

Tüverlin wormed his way further. He bought himself some Turkish Delight, a sticky pink-and-white sweetmeat. Near him a child was howling for its blue balloon which had floated off into the air. Tüverlin bought the boy some Turkish Delight too. All round him was noise and demonstrative joy in life. The varied and worm-eaten assortments of rubbish lay cheerfully on the stalls in the clear light; sellers and buyers went on cheating each other with jovial cunning.

In front of a stall displaying rosaries, models of the Christ-Child in the manger, and commemorative pictures, Tüverlin noticed a lean man with a greying beard. He was fingering the holy goods with solemn reverence. Rochus Daisenberger's enterprises had suffered through the collapse of the True Germans, and he had renewed his connexion with the Clerical Party and begun to emphasize the sacred aspect of his garage. What was attracting him on this stall was a gory wooden carving of the Crucifixion. Once it might have stood by a wayside path, fenced off by a railing, sheltered against rain and snow by a stout roof, and decorated from time to time with wildflowers. Now it lay naked and sorrowful in the Auer Dult, and Rochus Daisenberger had cast his eye upon it. He had made up his mind to accommodate it in his garage, and thus to put the garage under its protection.

There was another man, too, gazing at the sacred knick-knacks. His eyes were fixed on a metal holder, a kind of vase. "What's your fancy?" asked the stall-woman. "That," said the man, and he took the vase without bargaining. Filled with nice flowers it would look well on a certain grave of the third class in the Southern Cemetery. He would put it beside the small wooden cross on which in cheap black lettering was the name Amalia Sandhuber. Once she had lain in the mud and melting snow, and her legs had stuck out stiffly; now she was in the Southern Cemetery. It was possible that he had been right in killing her; but, after all that had happened since, he had begun to have doubts, and he had a great need to put this vase full of flowers on her grave. It was a scandal that the police had refused to keep him when he gave himself up. Confession had not relieved him either. Alois the boxer watched the stall-woman as she carefully wrapped the vase in an old newspaper. There was only one thing to do; he should have done it long ago, and he would do it. He would enter a monastery as a lay brother. A monastery in the country would be best of all. They would give him work to do, hard work; he would be glad to do it; the others would tell him what to do, he would not need to think about it, and he would be at peace. In the evening he would loiter quietly about in his hairy cassock. But if he couldn't get into the country he would just stay in the town, in the Monastery of St. Anne perhaps. The stall-keeper handed him the vase. Well, he would first take that to the Southern Cemetery, and then inquire in the Monastery of St. Anne what he had to do. "Grüss Gott," he said to the woman, and rolled away.

Tüverlin meanwhile had hit upon a Kasperl theatre.* The children were sitting waiting in noisy anticipation. Tüverlin, as expectant as they, sat down among them; the show was just going to begin; Kasperl was just going to appear. There he was rollicking about the stage, with his copper nose, his yellow breeches, green waistcoat, red jacket, white ruff and green peaked hat. In a gruff beery voice he cried: "Hullo, are we all here again?" "Yes," they shrieked joyously, and then the performance began. Kasperl had a frightful number of enemies; hardly did he knock one out when another appeared; a hectoring officer, an income-tax collector, a green gendarme, the fat, full-bearded, wonder-working Doctor Zeileis, the American boxer Dempsey, and finally the Devil himself. Again and again they came after him, sometimes from both sides at once. He was knocked out. But he only said: "O-o-o-oh," and got up again immediately. He got many a beating, but he gave as good as he got; sometimes he was a hero, and sometimes a villain, just as in real life. The performance was brief, but long enough to enable Kasperl happily to kill off nine of his enemies. After the eighth killing the hat went round, and everyone had to pay five pfennigs. Kasperl was none of your surly ruffians; he made a joke of it every time he was beaten; and even when he killed his enemies he salted his blows with witticisms, giving them good advice for the future, wise sayings and popular saws. Finally the last foe was overcome, and nothing was left but the deep beery laugh of Kasperl. And the performance was over, but it would begin again immediately, and Kasperl would say: "Hullo, are we all here again?"

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* A kind of Punch and Judy show.

Loud and clearly distinguishable through the laughter of the children shrilled the laughter of Tüverlin. He was in the best of moods, all his affairs were going well, and he had a bargain of an engraving in his pocket. He sat on when the performance was over and waited to see it again. "Hullo, are we all here again?" roared Kasperl. "Yes," cried Tüverlin in answer, along with the children.

But this time, while Kasperl dealt out blows above him, Tüverlin found his mirth gradually ebbing away. Are we all here again? He looked at the faces of the children around him. Yes, hopelessly certain it was that they were all there again. In these children their elders were reincarnated; clear and unmistakable in the children's faces were the features of their parents.

Wherever he looked things were the same as ever; they were all there again. There had been a war and a revolution, and then the last five years with their bloodshed and their stupidities; with the Liberation of Munich at the beginning and the inflation in the middle and the Kutzner *coup* at the end. But the same people were sitting in office, in the Nürnberger Bratwurstglöckel, in the Club, and in the Tyrolean Café. Instead of Klenk there was Simon Staudacher; instead of Cajetan Lechner there was Beni. The year was wheeling in its old cycle, Carnival, Salvator Season, May beer, May Dult, October wine, and then Carnival once again. The Field-Marshals' Hall was being crowded with new stone and bronze monuments; the military bands were braying out the same old Wagner melodies; the doves were still cooing and growing fat; the students were sweeping with angular precision their gay caps from their sabre-hacked heads; and at the gate of the Hofgarten, like a massive idol, surrounded by the deepest respect, General Vesemann was standing. The green Isar was still rolling rapidly, the song of Munich still went on blithering about old Peter and the never-ending good-fellowship of its citizens. It was a tough, peasant persistence; the eternal recurrence of sameness. The city simply would not admit that the last ten years had happened; it had forgotten them; it put on a candid air and shut its eyes and would not admit that anything had occurred. It believed that everybody else would also forget. But in that it was wrong.

In Tüverlin there was arising an agitation such as he had never known before. He had shared in the history of this city for more than a decade. He had gone his way through the life of Munich with a neutrality which was sometimes benevolent, sometimes malevolent, but always neutrality; through the Liberation, the Krüger case, the barbaric comedy of the Kutzner *coup*. All at once these eight-year-olds with the faces of their parents gave him a feeling of disgust. Their laughter, Kasperl's laughter, even the engraving in his pocket, gave him a feeling of disgust. All that the raw stupidity of those years had accumulated in his breast seemed to discharge itself at once.

It was more than bad temper or a passing qualm. As he went home from the Auer Dult Tüverlin experienced a new and unmistakable feeling. It was hate.

XVIII. JACQUES TÜVERLIN HAS A TASK LAID UPON HIM

It was six months after the collapse of the True Germans; and the worst consequences of the inflation and the stabilization had been overcome. The conclusions of the Commission which had met under the Presidency of the American, General Dawes, to draw up a rational scheme of reparations, had been laid before a conference of the countries concerned, and nobody doubted that an agreement would result. In England the Labour Party was in power under Ramsay Macdonald; in Spain a General, a certain Primo de Rivera, had constituted himself Dictator; in Morocco the native Arabs under Abd-el-Krim had revolted against the invading French and Spanish powers. Turkey, reduced in size and forced back upon Asia, had concluded a new peace with its conquerors. In Russia N. Lenin, the founder of the Soviet State, after propounding a more moderate New Economic Policy, had died; and his successors had combined to expel from the Government his greatest adjutant, Leon Trotsky. In India the forces of revòlt were still active. In China mercenary generals were warring with each other on the backs of an impoverished populace.

May went past. Munich and the Bavarian plateau were in a state of complete quiet. During the fitful vicissitudes of the past decade Jacques Tüverlin had looked forward to having his share as a spectator and a partisan in the comfortable, intimate life of the country. His opportunity had now come. Far and wide the mountains, the lakes, and the swelling foothills were bathed in stillness and the city of Munich sunned itself in the much advertised Bavarian tranquillity. But Tüverlin was resentful of all that had happened in these last years, and found traces of it everywhere as of a loathsome disease. He no longer comprehended why, with the whole world open to him, he had chosen to root himself body and soul in this land in particular. He travelled up and down, swimming in the lakes, climbing the mountains, drinking in the city, arguing with any half-sensible men he could find, and sleeping with women. But he found no pleasure in anything.

He had not yet made up his mind which of his plans he should carry into execution. Usually he liked best of all the preliminary preparations for a piece of work, when all that was positive stood out clearly, and difficulties effaced themselves, when one shaped and moulded the plastic material, when nothing was definite and everything potential. But now for the first time in his life even this enjoyable and unforced activity gave him no pleasure. He felt an uneasiness, a staleness such as he had never known before. Was it because Kaspar Pröckl had deserted him? Was it because his relationship to Johanna had become so fatuous, so dry and conventional? He was angry with Kaspar Pröckl for not being at hand, angry with Johanna for being so hard, angry with himself for working so badly.

The 7th of June came round, the third anniversary of Martin Krüger's conviction. With or without a reprieve he would have been set free on that day. The anniversary was ignored in the press. Johanna perceived that the man was now completely buried beneath his work. That rankled. She thought once of speaking about it to Tüverlin, whom she saw only infrequently; but she did not do it after all; there would be no point in it. She became thinner and harder. She worked furiously.

Jacques Tüverlin, too, would have forgotten the anniversary had not a letter come to him from Berchtoldszell. The bone buttons on his jacket, wrote Otto Klenk, had come rather loose. But he had had them firmly sewn on again, for, so far as he could see, Herr Tüverlin had little chance of getting them. When the bet was made, of course, no time limit had been fixed for Tüverlin's feat of making the dead speak; but Klenk was sure that Tüverlin's well-known sense of fairness would permit the retrospective fixing of a date. He invited Herr Tüverlin to come on a visit to Berchtoldszell for that purpose.

For months Tüverlin had not given a thought to that night, when, in the small hours behind locked doors and with guttering candles, he had made a bet with these ruffianly Bavarians. He looked at the small, strong, pleasant script in Klenk's letter, and his face brightened. It had been a silly bet, but he did not repent it. He was a man of his word. He would put his back into it and win the bet. He decided to drive over to Berchtoldszell at once, that very day.

He set off in the freshness of the early summer morning, taking small side-roads, keeping on his right hand the dark-blue chain of the mountains. So he had to make Krüger speak out. That was a difficult task. Many qualified critics had declared that his essay on the Krüger case had said all that could be said about it, and that the essay was more significant than the case itself. But his famous essay seemed all at once cold and dry. If the dead man were to speak, it could not be achieved merely by theoretical arguments; the whole country of Bavaria must be made to live. An essay wasn't sufficient to make the dead speak.

The strong Bavarian land over which Tüverlin was driving smelt good. The roads were rather rough, of course; they weren't made for automobile traffic. Tüverlin's thoughts flew hither and thither. From the man Klenk with his justice to the man Krüger with his law suit, his ridiculous vacillations, his grotesque and pathetic end. What right had he, Tüverlin, to pronounce judgment on the Krüger case as if from the heights of Olympus? Johanna's resistance to him was irrational and Bavarian. But if she had not been what she was, resistances and all, he wouldn't have fallen in love with her. His arrogant essay was stupider than her resistance, simply because, as was now evident, the Krüger case had never been a purely academic subject for him; it touched him damned close to home. The real martyr of the Krüger case now was he himself, Tüverlin.

All at once on this June morning, in the middle of his journey to Berchtoldszell, to his own great annoyance and still greater delight, an idea struck Jacques Tüverlin which dominated and gradually overwhelmed his other vague projects. It was the idea of writing a book about Bavaria.

While he went on driving mechanically, steering to the right to clear an approaching car, then overtaking a farm wagon, then still another farm wagon, and avoiding a third which was coming towards him, in less than a minute he saw the whole of his book, its depths and its heights, its starting point and its development. He had begun with complexity and surface comprehension; then he had fallen into disgust and nausea; then a deeper understanding had arisen and a robust hatred. Now vision was added. His task was laid upon him.

He guided the wheel. He pressed the accelerator, now more, now less, automatically. He laughed loudly, grimly, shrilly. He stared ahead fixedly, grinding his teeth. Then he hummed to himself between his lips and his teeth, a habit he had learned from Johanna. As he drove on, his book took shape. He lived within himself the life of Bavaria. He was filled with it.

It was not yet clear to him what connexion the book would have with the dead man and the bet he had taken. But a good book was a good piece of work; the dead would speak in it.

He flung curses at a carter who was mulishly sticking to the middle of the road. His bare face was wrinkled in a grin. Images and ideas thronged upon him and produced others. Perhaps when all was said and done his book would do even more than make the dead speak. He whistled and sang to himself in the wind as he sat at the wheel, and so he arrived at Berchtoldszell.

XIX. TO EXPLAIN THE WORLD IS TO CHANGE THE WORLD

Klenk was not alone; Simon Staudacher was with him. They all sat down at the huge, bare, wooden table, and Veronica the housekeeper served up the food, coarse and savoury food, in enormous quantity. In the clear light of Berchtoldszell Tüverlin could see better than ever the resemblance between father and son. The racial type remained the same in spite of variations. Benno Lechner day by day was growing more like his father, and Simon Staudacher was growing more like his father day by day.

Klenk, who saw few people in his retreat, was delighted to have guests. He abused Simon roundly for being so stupid as to stick to the True Germans, and for his obstinate persistence in defending them. But in reality he liked his son's violent temper. For the time being the boy was concerned with the cleansing of the Party, and was up against Toni Riedler. It was no light skirmish; it was a case of Greek meeting Greek. The father, who himself had had so many encounters with Riedler, had a suspicious brightness in his eye as he thought of this fight being taken up by his son. Without bothering in the least about Tüverlin's presence he gave Simon advice how best to down his opponent, and Tüverlin was reminded of King David's dying speech:

"Let Joab, my general, be thy care.
He is one thou must not spare.
Thou art wise and thou art strong,
Let not Joab live for long."

In Munich Klenk had diligently spread the rumour that he was writing his memoirs. He had observed how uneasy Kutzner became when he had hinted at something of the kind, and it amused him to see his memoirs hanging over so many men's heads like a threatening cloud, and giving them sleepless nights. For he had had transactions with all kinds of people, and he had no milk-and-water reputation; it was hardly likely, therefore, that his pen would be dipped in rose-water. Tüverlin doubted the existence of those memoirs. Kutzner had stiffened the courage of his followers with an empty drawer, and it would be like Klenk to scare his enemies with pretended memoirs in an empty desk. He was interested to find out if there was any grain of truth in the rumour. Simon had to leave early for the city, and as soon as they were left together Tüverlin tried to worm the facts out of Klenk. But the latter said only: Yes, he was writing his memoirs.

He would have liked to say more. When he had spoken to Kutzner it had only been for fun; but the idea of dealing out a shrewd knock or two had since grown upon him and now the drawer of his desk was fairly full. Klenk had no literary ambitions, but he reflected that what he had written merely to annoy the others and amuse himself had turned out pretty well, and he would really have liked to show it to Jacques Tüverlin. Otto Klenk had his pride, however; he contented himself with the bare affirmative.

Then he changed the subject immediately, and asked: Well, was Herr Tüverlin prepared to discuss a time-limit for the accomplishment of the wager? Tüverlin, sitting at the clumsy wooden table, blinked over at Klenk. He would suggest the 7th of June next year, he said. "A whole year from now," reflected Klenk; "that would make nineteen months in all." "Nineteen months," pointed out Tüverlin, "is none too long a time to loosen a corpse's tongue." "Well, if you put it like that—" said Klenk, and the date was agreed on.

Might he ask, he went on cheerfully, how the book was getting on which Tüverlin had forfeited to him? Tüverlin carefully sawed off a slice of the coarse black bread, and spread it with butter. Then, after the custom of the country, like Klenk, he cut a radish into slices, strewed it with salt, and waited until the salt should be absorbed. "I think, Klenk," he said in his high voice, "I think you're making a mistake. For it's that very book which is going to make the dead man speak." Klenk's hand, on its way to his mouth, sank on the table. "Are you writing a book about Bavaria?" he demanded. "Are you writing memoirs too?"

"If you like to put it that way," said Tüverlin smiling. "I am expressing myself, as I once had the honour of explaining to you." "And you promise yourself success?" said Klenk. "Political success? Are you going to change the world?" He grinned widely.

The radish was ready. Tüverlin ate it leisurely slice by slice. "A great man," he said, "whom you don't like, nor I either for that matter, a certain Karl Marx once opined that since philosophers had explained the world the next step was to change it. But for my part I think the only way of changing the world is to explain it. If you explain it plausibly enough then you change it quietly by the operation of reason. It's only the men who can't explain it plausibly who try to change it by force. These noisy attempts always peter out; I prefer the quiet ones. Great kingdoms dissappear, but a good book endures. I believe in well-written pages more than in machine-guns." Klenk listened attentively, but his secret mirth continued. "What happens in your book, then?" he asked, "My book is all about Kasperl and the Class War," said Tüverlin. "Or, if you like, the eternal recurrence of the same thing. Everybody knocks Kasperl down, but he always gets up again in the end. And he does that because he understands only what's going on under his nose. I've done it already in a revue, but it came to nothing because I needed a hundred collaborators to bring it off. This time I'm doing it alone, in a book." Klenk quivered with inward glee. "And you think that by writing that kind of stuff you'll manage to re-open the Krüger case?" he asked.

Tüverlin ate the last of his radish. Slyly and gaily he eyed the huge man. "Yes," he said.

XX. OTTO KLENK'S MEMOIRS

Since his encounter with Tüverlin Klenk had felt tempted to give his own account of the Krüger case. There would be no windy abstractions for Martin Krüger to face, none of your Kasperls, but a real solid Flaucher and a real solid Klenk.

It had long ceased to be any desire to startle people which prompted Klenk's pen. He was becoming more and more interested in the lives of the men whom destiny had thrown across his path, and more and more curious to find out what had become of them. He wanted to know what had happened to the watch-maker Triebschener, the stoker Hornauer, the musician Voditchka. Dr. Geyer, after the True Germans had been stupid enough to attack him at Erich Bornhaak's funeral, had fled the country. That was a pity. If he had been still in Berlin Klenk would have gone there especially to see him.

A week after Tüverlin's visit to Berchtoldszell Dr. Matthäi turned up again. Since Pfisterer's death he had been only half himself. He felt lost when he had nobody to rub him the wrong way, and so he had come to rout out Klenk. Klenk had guts enough and was vicious enough to make a quarrel with him really worth while. But, most unfortunately, Klenk would not let himself be drawn. Dr. Matthäi tried him on all sides, but however rudely he tweaked him, Klenk remained as mild as a lamb.

Veronica had cleared the table and the two men sat on over their beer, smoking their Tyrolean pipes. As often as he came to Berchtoldszell Matthäi promised himself a spree. But this time Klenk was so taciturn that his visitor actually felt himself an intruder. It was as dull as the Passion Play at Oberfernbach.

Matthäi, hunting for a topic, said that the Russians were embalming Lenin's body. An infantile idea, wasn't it? He made a further remark, but without any heat; he had really given up hope. Klenk, however, rose and began to take colossal strides across the creaking floor. Herrgott, he was actually opening his mouth. "Embalming!" he sneered. "My dear fellow, there are better ways of preserving a man than that," and he thumped significantly on his desk with its many great drawers.

Matthäi started. Aha, the memoirs! He was keen to find out about them, but he kept himself in check, for he did not want to put Klenk off now that the man had really risen to something. He polished his pince-nez and sat still, waiting with his plump, sabre-hacked, violent pug-face lowered.

Klenk was pining to show to somebody what he had written. There were already two hundred large pages covered with writing. Must they always lie in a drawer for no eye but his own? If Tüverlin had been there he wouldn't have been able to keep from reading him the memoirs. Why didn't that Matthäi unlock his ugly mouth and ask to hear them?

Matthäi was burning to hear them. But he feared that if he said so Klenk would snub him. So he sat waiting on the wooden bench, and Klenk stood waiting beside the desk. At last, since Matthäi obviously had a padlock on his mug, Klenk tore the drawer out viciously and tumbled out the papers. Minutes passed while he turned them over. Matthäi said nothing. Then Klenk began to read, right in the middle, without any preliminaries.

Otto Klenk's memoirs turned out to be a portrait gallery. He had not seen his sitters with a friendly eye, and his descriptions would hardly have served for epitaphs. The people whom he had encountered during his life had been many and varied, but apparently he found them all rogues and scoundrels. Yet, just as a love for his subject takes possession of an entomologist who writes a thousand pages about bugs, so a rabid joy in his writing had invaded Klenk. He was a trained jurist and when he liked could lucidly expound the logic of complicated situations; but in this book he had renounced both logic and considered judgments.

He had sketched his models as he pleased, in a fine frenzy of rage, with a glowing lack of objectivity. And just as a Bavarian lout picks up an extra handful of mud and slings it after his retreating enemy, so Klenk, whenever the description of some man was finished, had added an extra couple of anecdotes and comments on the margin. He had let himself go entirely; it was a wild and triumphant war-dance, a gorgeous running amuck in the good old Bavarian style. Blows were dealt out on every side, and those who were down got a few extra kicks from their radiant victor. Matthäi sat there smoking, intent on every detail, carried away by the whole. All his life he had dreamed of some such performance as the ultimate height of journalism; but he had had to be literary; he could not, alas! allow himself such a luxury.

Klenk was eager to see the effect on Matthäi, and while he read kept fixing him with a greedy eye. When he had finished Matthäi abused the work virulently. It was all flat and insipid dilettantism; an outbreak of boorish bad-temper; it had no judgment, no relevance; the German was arbitrary and grotesquely peppered with official phraseology. Matthäi's abuse filled Klenk with serene satisfaction. Matthäi must have been enormously impressed. More stimulated than he had been for months, Klenk entered joyously into a vehement quarrel. As a Bavarian, said Matthäi, he could not but be ashamed to think that a man of so little judgment had been Minister of Justice in Bavaria for so many years. There were some striking paragraphs about Matthäi in the manuscript, retorted Klenk; but he wouldn't read them out at present. They were intended as a memorial inscription, as a kind of *Marterl,* and he hoped to enjoy them long after Matthäi was buried. They drank another beer, and then another, and then a bottle of wine, and a second bottle, and in the middle of the night Veronica had to cook them eggs and bacon and make a salad.

Only when dawn was at hand did they separate, very happy and by no means at the end of what they had to say. "Come back soon," cried Klenk to Matthäi, "I need more material for your *Marterl!*"

The effect his work had had gave Klenk a sharper appetite for following up the fates of the men he had known. Above all he wanted to see Geyer. Rumour had it that Dr. Geyer had bought himself a house in a little place on the south coast of France. Klenk decided to hunt him up.

He drove down in his car, over the Swiss passes, full to the brim of energy and anticipation.

The little place where Geyer was living was a fishing village. Dark and thickly wooded hills ran right along the coast almost down to the sea. There were pines, chestnuts, and cork trees. Since the War the district had become popular, and was frequented chiefly by English people. Small country houses rose above the village on the slopes of the hills. One of these was Dr. Geyer's.

When Klenk rang the bell a dog barked loudly and continuously. The yellow-skinned housekeeper Agnes appeared, looking suspicious, and gave him a surly half-answer. The doctor was not at home; she didn't know when he would be at home; he never received visitors. Behind Klenk the dog barked savagely, and the yellow-skinned woman glared after him malevolently as he withdrew.

That did not worry Klenk. The weather was lovely, the country beautiful. Dr. Geyer must be taking a walk somewhere; it would be easy to find him. It was even better to meet him out of doors, in such a wide and lovely landscape, than within four narrow walls.

Klenk took a room in the pleasant small hotel, and learned that Dr. Geyer was a quiet gentleman who gave little cause for gossip and had few wants. He was quite under the thumb of Madame, his housekeeper, or perhaps his wife, nobody knew which.

Towards the evening of the second day, as Klenk was strolling aimlessly through the thick undergrowth on the hills, among broom and thyme and lavender, he came upon his man. Dr. Geyer was sitting on a spur of rock staring at the blue sea; he looked shabby and dishevelled. Klenk saw him first. When the huge man in the sports jacket and the enormous boots came striding towards him Dr. Geyer blenched and began to tremble. Klenk had been informed that Dr. Geyer had comported himself in no cowardly fashion when he had been attacked the first time, and again in the painful scene at Erich Bornhaak's funeral. But Klenk had also heard that an unexpected shock often delays its emotional effects until much later. It may have been a delayed terror of that kind which seized upon Dr. Geyer when he saw his enemy approach.

But it disconcerted Klenk. He had not come as an enemy. He wanted to know what had become of the man; perhaps he wanted to tease him a little; but that was all. Erich Bornhaak was dead, and Simon was still alive. Besides, they were both on the shelf; Klenk with his memoirs, and Geyer with his book on *Justice and History,* or whatever it was called. An enemy of the thin lawyer's? Not he.

So he addressed Dr. Geyer kindly, in his most winning fashion, to give the man a chance to recover. But Dr. Geyer did not recover, and Klenk soon saw that he would never recover his whole life long. Flushed and thin-skinned he sat there, blinking violently, in a loose and somewhat dirty jacket and long trousers torn by the thorns; a strange figure in that serene and wide region, hopelessly gone to pieces. Was this the man who had sometimes appeared a worthy rival to Klenk? It was no longer a man at all; it had become a thing.

The Geyer thing sat on the rock, and Klenk spoke to it. It followed the conversation, which bore on events of earlier years, and from time to time when a question was asked it produced something resembling an answer, sometimes even an intelligent answer. At length Klenk went home with the Geyer thing and shared its supper. On the next day he went back to Berchtoldszell.

It had been a lovely journey, and the country had been lovely, and in any case Otto Klenk was never wont to regret anything he had done. But he could not argue that the change in his enemy had given him any pleasure. He struck out of his memoirs the pages which dealt with Dr. Geyer.

XXI. AUNT AMETSRIEDER INTERVENES

Tüverlin was working. There were many images in his head which were nearer to him and which were seeking for an outlet; but it was Bavaria that he had chosen as his material, and refractory material at that. A task had been laid upon him.

It had been sheer chance, sheer luck, that had enabled him to procure Krüger's reprieve. But the road he had now to travel in order to bring Krüger to life again demanded hard and methodical labour. He worked. He studied his material from all sides; he made a circuit of it. With increasing clearness he recognized the element of eternal recurrence in human nature; its possessive hardness, its blind rage against necessity, against the limiting pressure of industrial progress. He tracked it down and exposed it. He looked at his work; it was hard and clear; it was good.

It was rotten. It was still merely intellectual; it was the essay all over again. Knowledge alone was not sufficient; art only arose when knowledge was fused with love or hatred. In his book Bavaria was as dead as a door-nail. There was not a trace of the vision he had had on the road to Berschtoldszell. Klenk would not have to cut the buttons off his jacket.

At the end of September, when Tüverlin had begun his work anew for the fourth time, he had an eventful visit from Frau Franziska Ametsrieder.

Aunt Ametsrieder had again seized the reins in her niece's household. Looked at from outside, everything seemed to be in order there. Johanna was living quietly in the Steinsdorfstrasse; she had plenty of well-paid work, and an income, too, from Martin Krüger's books. But Aunt Ametsrieder had all her wits about her, and she saw that the quietness and the security were illusory. The girl had had a lot to live through, much injustice and bitter disappointment. When one kept everything to oneself it affected one's spirits. Aunt Ametsrieder knew very well what it meant for a girl to carry so much righteous and intense anger locked up inside herself. Herr Tüverlin, if he only would, could easily find Johanna an opportunity of unburdening herself. He had influence, and even though he was a writer he had some sense. Only he saw absolutely nothing. So she had come to the Villa Seewinkel to tell him in broad Bavarian what was wrong. Did he not see that Johanna couldn't go on like that? For years the girl had been living among dead things; manuscripts, a mask, and a dry bit of bread; and had had to swallow her good Bavarian anger instead of flinging it in everybody's face. A clever man like him, and not to notice that the girl would be done for unless somebody helped her!

Jacques Tüverlin listened closely to Aunt Ametsrieder. Word for word all that she said was true. He had been analysing Johanna and her relationship to him, and yet he had been as blind as a bat to what was under his very nose. He had behaved like a donkey, like a university professor. Had he done anything tangible for her? He had made a brilliant analysis, the famous essay. But when a person was dying of pain, and had to scream and couldn't scream, what good did it do for some one to read an analysis of her pain from an encyclopædia? The gallant Aunt Ametsrieder was ten times cleverer than he. Johanna was a living creature, and had to scream when she was suffering.

Aunt Ametsrieder didn't have to waste many words before the gentleman had a few veils torn from before his eyes. He walked round the room, his bare, seamed face crinkled up. He was extremely pleased. He clapped her on the shoulder and said with appreciation: "Aunt Ametsrieder, you're a heavyweight!" If she had been less stately and majestic he would have whirled her round and round. As it was the only thing he could do was to invite this resolute image of Bavaria with all his heart to go with him to the October festival.

When she had gone away satisfied Jacques Tüverlin took a long walk. With a pain that was yet pleasure he realized how much he had missed Johanna during all these months. He needed the Bavarian girl, he needed her anger, her circuitous intuitions, her bluntness, her strength. She was quite right in wanting to scream. He himself felt indignant at the thought of how she had been gagged. He considered earnestly how he could help both her and himself. The simplest way out would be for her to write and speak openly about Martin Krüger, backed by him. But she would never agree to such a proposal; on the contrary it would drive her still further from him.

During the night the right idea occurred to him. Oh, there were many cunning ways of circumventing the forces of inertia and obstinacy! In the morning he sent a long telegram to Mr. Potter, and that same evening he got the answer. In Anni Lechner's presence he tore open the envlope, read it, stared into vacancy, and said *"La montagne est passée."* He picked up the manuscript of *The Book of Bavaria*, banged it gaily on the table, and said again: *"La montagne est passée."* Anni had to have supper with him. He produced a bottle of famous wine. To a gramophone accompaniment he gave an exhibition of gymnastics, and was rejoiced because he chinned the bar seven times. Then to a wandering melody improvised by himself he sang with variations *"La montagne est passée."*

Next day he drove up to see Johanna. Informed her that Mr. Potter had a fine idea. Martin Krüger's books had taken the fancy of America, and Mr. Potter wanted him, Tüverlin, to make a film telling the story of Martin Krüger's life and death. Mr. Potter through his connexions would push the film, so that Tüverlin would have the whole world for audience.

He blinked at Johanna. She said nothing, but he saw how tense she became. He sat there, innocently, slyly, drinking tea. As she persisted in saying nothing he was compelled to go on. All he had to say about the Krüger case had been already said in that essay. An excellent essay, as he could aver, since he had read it several times; but hardly suitable for Mr. Potter's purpose. He hadn't the necessary fire for a performance that was to be shown on canvas to the whole world; to black men and yellow men to brown men and white men, to business men and ascetics, to intelligent men and politicians.

Johanna still said nothing. Should he say anything more? He very much wanted to. It was an excellent intuition that made him refrain.

She sat there in embarrassment, biting her upper lip. Of course he was telling magnificent lies. His essay burned with a clear flame, but quite a different flame from the smoky fire of love and hate. She was moved to tenderness by the way the man was belying his own work for her sake. So after a while she said: "Yes, perhaps it isn't the right kind of flame for the movies." He was very preoccupied with his tea; his face was crinkled and wrinkled; a little child could have told a mile off what a cunning pretence his innocence was. She knew it well enough, and could not help laughing. Whereupon he got up and invited her, too, to the October festival, but only after he had kissed her.

In a large, dirty-white beer-tent which was crammed with citizens of Munich noisily enjoying themselves, Johanna Krain put the question to Tüverlin: did he think it possible that she might take charge of Mr. Potter's film in his stead? Without waiting for his answer she proceeded to unburden herself of all that had accumulated within her. Surrounded by brawling and drunken people; deafened by old-fashioned songs such as "However you try, you can't catch a fly," and "What good is a hat to a farmer?"; against a background of brass bands, beer, biscuits, sausages, broiled fish, stench, and bawling voices, she told him how tormented she had been all these months because her mouth had been stopped, and because Krüger's books completely hid the man himself; and what a relief it was to her to know that there was a chance of her speaking out after all. Tüverlin blinked at her and then suggested that they should break a pretzel between them, a ceremony which in Bavaria was a sign of the greatest intimacy, and so they each hooked a finger in one end of a salted pretzel and broke it. The brass band was playing, "So long as green Isar shall flow through the town, you'll find jolly good fellows in Munich," and then it played the Bull-Fighters' March, and then, "A Health to Good Fellowship." Tüverlin joined in the singing, and he and Johanna drank out of their large grey beer-jugs.

XXII. THE BOOK OF BAVARIA

Johanna was now working. The film *Martin Krüger* was begun. To be enabled to touch the conscience and sensibilities of humanity by a film backed by the California Colossus's money and influence was an unhoped-for and unique opportunity. She wanted to use it to the full. The work was hard. Often the truth she wished to express was completely at loggerheads with the scenic effectiveness which her fellow-workers rightly insisted on. Was her theme even capable of being expressed? Could one's resentment and burning indignation be dramatized in front of all this motion-picture apparatus and these operators? Could a human soul be photographed?

Jacques Tüverlin saw that she was wearing herself out. He would gladly have given her some assistance, but he never spoke directly to her of the film which was giving her so much trouble. It was necessary that the work should be all hers. He was only an immigrant; Johanna was a part of Bavaria. Bavaria itself must bear witness against Bavaria. He had now an understanding eye for Johanna Krain and for her country, and he contented himself with helping her in quiet, unobtrusive ways to keep her from flying off at a tangent. Cautiously he coaxed out of this strong nature all the wholesome anger pent up within her. He opened the way for her. She ceased to feel thwarted. She felt delivered from her invisible cage. Without many words a new comradeship sprang up between them.

Curiously enough this quiet and selfless devotion of his brought Tüverlin new insight for his book. His material had begun to move; it stirred, it rounded itself, it breathed; yet among all this living stuff there was one element which remained stubborn, which was still mere unvivified knowledge: the Krüger case. At first Tüverlin thought of leaving it out altogether; it was not essential for the plan of *The Book of Bavaria;* but gradually the determination to infuse life into just this man Krüger and his case grew irresistible. All kinds of human destinies were called upon to help art in its high vocation; but only those could be chosen which compelled one to enter into them and live them further and pass them on to posterity. Whether a human fate was fruitful or not for art depended not on its greatness and significance, nor even on the character who lived it, but only on the poet, the maker, who observed it. Because the fate of Martin Krüger had taken possession of Jacques Tüverlin, the dead man's martyrdom had acquired meaning, and the renunciations of Johanna and of Jacques himself had acquired meaning. He was irresistibly driven to present the figure of the man Krüger.

It was not of much help to him that he had a detailed knowledge of Martin Krüger's external life, and, indeed, had been himself involved in it. What mattered was not how Martin Krüger had lived in reality, and how his law suit had actually been conducted; no, nor even that all this had really happened. Was anyone concerned about the actual proofs that Jesus of Nazareth had once existed? An image of Him existed which illumined the world, and through that image, through that image alone, truth had arisen. What mattered was that Jacques Tüverlin should bring to life an image of Martin Krüger which would compel the world to accept its truth.

More and more clearly he realized that he was drawing strength for this task from Johanna's obscure emotions. Her moods allied themselves mysteriously with his own. Her dark wrath penetrated his work and created new life in it. His book was nourished on Johanna's strong determination to kindle the sympathies of the world for the dead Martin Krüger. Many a time he felt that if she were to lose grip he would lose grip too.

Towards the end of that October he received a letter from Kaspar Pröckl, from Nijni Novgorod. All this time not a word had come from Pröckl, nor did he say much about himself in this letter. On the other hand he gave a detailed account of how he had found the picture, "Joseph and His Brethren." It was hanging in the museum of a small town on the frontier between European and Asiatic Russia. It was now called "Justice"; the other title had been struck out. While Kaspar Pröckl had been looking at the picture a class of school-children, boys and girls of about fourteen had come up to inspect it. Their conductor had explained the story of Joseph to them, for they had never heard of it; and then they had had a lively debate on the question of how far the artist had been inspired by the spirit of collectivism, and how far he had been hindered by the individualistic conceptions of a bourgeois epoch.

In his new task Jacques Tüverlin had sadly missed his accustomed arguments with the violent Pröckl. He was delighted that now, just at this stage in his work, Pröckl's jeering letter should remind him very much to the purpose of the painter Landholzer and the picture, "Justice." He strode excitedly up and down before Anni Lechner, and fished out the third volume of *Das Kapital,* a book by Karl Marx which was revered by millions as the book of books. He now argued out his point, with Anni Lechner representing the absent Pröckl. As if he were giving Kaspar Pröckl a facer he triumphantly rapped out a few sentences from Karl Marx at her: "We must describe the petrified state of German society, and force it to dance by playing its own tune to it. We must inspire the nation with horror at its own condition so as to give it courage." At last, as if that finally disposed of the letter, he fetched out the post-card which he had once addressed to himself during an argument with Pröckl: "Dear Herr Jacques Tüverlin. Don't ever forget that you are not in need of support, and so have no need to be class-conscious. Don't ever forget that your mission in life is to express yourself, and yourself only. Yours very respectfully, your most candid friend, Jacques Tüverlin." Cursing Kaspar Pröckl's theories heartily he affixed the post-card to the wall above his typewriter. Then he inquired of Anni Lechner with much interest what news Kaspar Pröckl had given her about his movements.

Perhaps it was Pröckl's letter, perhaps it was Jacques' life with Johanna, but a new note came into *The Book of Bavaria;* a note of indignation against the age's administration of justice. In that era all over the globe a sudden lack of faith in justice was provoking comment everywhere. The concept of justice had become uncertain and outworn. Too much was known about the human soul for the old categories of good and evil to remain valid; too little was known to make possible the substitution of new ones. In earlier times when an execution took place the spectators, and often the victim himself, had felt a sense of satisfaction, for it was the vengeance exacted by a code which they all felt to be just; but now the administration of justice was sanctioned by no living emotion; it had become a mere instrument of the powerful to preserve their power, and its sentences seemed both arbitrary and ineffective. Possibly in Bavaria justice was handled with peculiar malice and disingenuousness, but in the countries round about conditions were not so very different. In Hungary, the Balkans, and Russia things were perhaps still worse than in Bavaria. Tüverlin had hitherto accepted this fact with an all-comprehending and fatalistic scepticism; but now his scepticism was informed by anger and became creative. The injustice here in Bavaria lay closest to him; he saw it with his own eyes; he had suffered from it through Johanna. If he were to describe Bavaria he would have to include Bavarian injustice in that description. On the cover of the manuscript Anni Lechner had neatly written: *The Book of Bavaria*. He subjoined to it: *or The Market of Justice*.

On the evening of the day on which Tüverlin set down this sub-title he spoke to Johanna Krain for the first time about his book. Johanna could only think in pictures, and she was much struck by the phrase, "The Market of Justice," and saw that market rise clearly and vividly before her eyes. She saw gigantic piles of worm-eaten lumber among which people wandered anxiously seeking for something that might be of use to them; and over every booth was a sign-board with the word "Justice," and the sellers stood there in solemn black legal robes.

Johanna carefully hoarded that picture in her mind. In some adventure stories which she had read as a child there were Arabs who possessed a word with which they incited their steeds in moments of peril. Whenever, standing amid the confusion of the motion-picture studio, among cranes, iron bars, and harsh lights, she fell into an extremity of despair and saw no prospect of getting any further, Johanna incited herself to new and unexpected efforts by whispering to herself the words: "The Market of Justice."

XXIII. I HAVE SEEN IT

All Munich was dancing. A new year had come, and with it the Carnival. At the redoubts in the great halls of the breweries, at gatherings of the countless bowling clubs and friendly societies the small shopkeepers, the workmen, and the peasants danced; at balls given by artists, students, officers, and patriotic assassins the gentry danced. Herr Pfaundler had exploited all the resources of his cunning and inventive mind to transcend even the comfortable laxity of former carnivals. Every evening there were two great balls, on Sunday there were five, and the voluptuous tableaux in the current revue were not polluted this time by Tüverlinesque ideas.

All Munich was dancing. All Munich, to the clamorous music of the Française, lifted its women on linked arms, and swung them high amid never-ending shouts and laughter. All Munich, to take part in this blatant celebration, pawned its bed-clothes and under-clothes. All Munich after nights of wild gaiety assembled in the grey morning hours in low ale-houses—taxi-drivers, market women, gentlemen in evening dress, and ladies in masks, scavengers and street-walkers, all cheek by jowl—to drink beer and devour liverwurst. All Munich proclaimed exultantly its happiness and its favourite mottoes: "As long as green Isar," and "A health to good-fellowship."

Herr von Grueber looked on with contemptuous indulgence. Herr von Reindl let himself be borne along with a faint, sleepy smile. Herr Pfaundler was exultant. He had caught the moment. In January he was reconquering Munich; by December he would conquer Berlin. For Munich had renewed itself, it was once more what it had been, even Reindl admitted that. It had emerged from the lean years of war and revolution with its thirst for life unimpaired, the living nucleus of the Empire. The beautiful city was planted on its powerful traditions as securely as on its own firm soil.

Some fourteen days after the first night of the Munich revue the film *Martin Krüger* was to be shown for the first time in Berlin.

Tüverlin went to see it. He was given a seat in a box behind the stalls. There were three other people in the box, all strangers to him. He felt tense in every nerve. He knew no more about what was to appear on the screen than the three strangers. He had not asked Johanna a single question all the time.

The lights went down and Johanna Krain appeared on the screen. She was standing on a platform behind a low desk. She was very large on the screen, but her face did not look so broad as in real life. Tüverlin recognized distinctly the hair caught in a knot, the long eyes, the stern brow, her trick of biting her upper lip. But when she began to speak, when the voice issued from the apparatus, not very loud and yet filling the hall, the shadow on the screen became terrifyingly strange to him. He was accustomed to dealing with all sorts of apparatus and mechanical things, he was familiar with them; now for the first time in years he felt apprehensive before this spectre animated by a mechanical process.

He shifted on his seat, and nervously crumpled up his programme. He knew the element of chance in all success, and yet his skin prickled with excitement. He told himself that it proved nothing for or against the Martin Krüger affair, whether the talking picture before him had a success that day or not. Nevertheless he was annoyed at the whispering, muffled talking, and creaking of seats around him. It seemed to him as if the audience had come with the determination to remain unmoved, as if they were waiting impatiently for the second film which was to follow *Martin Krüger*. The other people in the box made sarcastic remarks. What was all the fuss about? An old story of a dead man and a stale trial: they didn't want to hear anything about it. Tüverlin told himself that as a simple onlooker he would probably have thought the same: nevertheless their chattering annoyed him.

With her eyes half lowered the woman on the screen began:

"Many of you may have read the books of Martin Krüger. You may have read the chapter 'I have seen it.' Listen to me: I have seen it too. It was forty-three days before his death that I saw Martin Krüger last. It has been officially announced that the doctor was not guilty of the slightest negligence. But anyone who did not perceive that the man was threatened by death must have been singularly prejudiced. Please believe me. I have seen it."

The way that the woman on the screen raised her eyes and unexpectedly gazed straight at him, the way in which she said "Please believe me," made Jacques Tüverlin drive his nails into his palms. For he had a sudden temptation to jump up and shout back something idiotic: "Yes, yes," or something like that. Yet that would never do. He contented himself by clearing his throat, and letting out a faint growl. But everybody heard it, for now it was very quiet in the hall.

For the woman on the screen was telling of her fight for Krüger. She told how she had gone from the Minister of Justice Klenk to the Imperial Minister of Justice Heinrodt; she spoke too of the Minister Hartl and the Minister Flaucher. Sometimes her animated speaking face vanished, and instead, while the voice still went on, there appeared the head of the man about whom she was talking. They were Bavarian heads such as one met on every street in Munich: Klenk's long and energetic skull was perhaps the only one not entirely commonplace. But enormously magnified on the screen, and to the accompaniment of the voice, these heads took on a strange appearance. Franz Flaucher's square massive head fidgeted above a too tight collar, and then a clumsy absurd finger was pushed between collar and neck; and suddenly the gesture was no longer absurd, it was painful and full of menace. Dr. Hartl's smooth face smiled courteously; but everyone could see how cold and mockingly empty his politeness was. Heinrodt's lips opened and closed, opened and closed under his patriarchal beard, and from them came a few general and well-meaning observations on justice and injustice; but most surprisingly they did not sound well-meaning, but irritating and exasperating. Rupert Kutzner's head too was shown. While Johanna was speaking of the newspaper article in which the True Germans advised the humanitarian snivellers in the Kurfürstendamm to keep their Martin Krüger among their other vermin, the Leader's head appeared on the screen. It consisted chiefly of a gaping mouth with a tiny moustache, and it was oh, so absurdly deficient behind the ears; and that was a moment of positive relief, for the tension of the audience dissolved in laughter. Then Johanna's voice began again, and she told of her interview with the Minister Messerschmidt who had he been given another twenty-six days would have set Krüger free. And Messerschmidt's great cumbrous head with the protuberant eyes looked out sadly with an irritating helplessness. So they appeared, head after head, a goodly number of them, many already well known in the illustrated papers. But they looked terribly changed on the screen, magnified prodigiously, space-devouring, while the voice told how it had talked to all those heads, one after the other, in vain.

Johanna's idiosyncracies had not been eliminated, neither in her pronunciation nor in her language; and it was difficult to resist the sincerity of her voice. There were many people sitting in the theatre who at bottom agreed with the authorities and thought just as they did. They listened uncomfortably to the unadulterated Bavarian voice, they looked with tight lips at the unflattered Bavarian heads. But one of them could not stand it any longer. He jumped up in rage and shouted at the talking shadow: "It's a lie! A slander! You're an unscrupulous liar!" It was a little absurd to see this living man defying the talking shadow on the screen. But absurd or not, the others had no intention of being disturbed, they wanted to listen to the shadow. The man kept on shouting excitedly "Stop the film! Disgusting!" and making other remarks which were incomprehensible, but he was finally silenced.

The shadows had gone on talking imperturbably. Johanna now related how she had received the news that Martin Krüger was pardoned, and a few hours later the news that he was dead. "I have been told," she said, "that there are cases of more foul injustice, and that men more important for the general good than the dead man Martin Krüger are sitting in prison on unjust grounds. But

I refuse to believe that; to me Martin Krüger is more important than everybody else in the world. Don't say to me that the man can no longer be helped. I am not trying to help him, I am trying to help myself. I have seen injustice done. I have seen it, and since I have seen it, food and sleep and work and the country in which I live and have always lived have become loathsome to me. The injustice which I saw did not die with the man who suffered it; it is with me still, wherever I go, it is more to me than all the other injustice in the world. I must tell people about it, for justice begins at home." As she said this she raised her arms, but immediately let them fall again in embarrassment; it was a rather awkward gesture, and at the same time she bit her lip in the old comic way. But nobody laughed, the blasé listeners were gazing at her strong mouth waiting for what it would say next.

But it said nothing more. Instead the gigantic heads appeared again. They too said nothing; they gathered silently round Johanna Krain, they surrounded her, a dumb, menacing ring of gigantic heads. Amid these colossal forms the woman was very small, like a tiny human being among gigantic stone images of primitive gods. It filled one with apprehension to see this tiny creature taking up the struggle with these mountainous heads, it was a hopeless business, the only possible outcome was that she would be crushed to pieces. But the tiny creature raised her voice in accusation: "The dead must hold their tongues, one of these men said. But I will not have it that the dead must hold his tongue. The dead shall speak."

Everybody gazed at the screen. "The dead must hold their tongues" said the silent menacing ring of gigantic heads. "The dead shall speak," defiantly retorted the tiny human being.

And the heads set themselves in motion, they circled closer round the woman, one after the other, they cut across each other, set to each other, and revolved in a mad dance of gigantic, clumsy, brutal heads. That only lasted for a brief few minutes, but they did not seem to be brief. Then the heads faded, the audience breathed freely again, and only the voice remained.

Now the voice was speaking of the Market of Justice. It was the semblance of a woman of twenty-eight years who spoke, a woman with no particular gifts. But this semblance of a woman outstretched its arms so menacingly, and its great eyes glared so angrily that many eyes in the hall looked away. "Martin Krüger," said the indignant shadow, "found himself in one of the worst booths in that market. Do not tell me that he is dead and his fate is finished with. The market still goes on, and you are all doomed to be its customers."

No doubt it was the excitement, but Tüverlin felt so exhausted that he feared he would never be able to rise from his seat. Sweat had broken out on him, real sweat, when the woman on the screen had defied the mountain of heads. And when they disappeared and only the gallant voice remained, then he had stretched himself so violently that the other people in the box had angrily said "Ssh." He had paid no attention. There it was, in full existence, this final expression of a great emotion. He felt uplifted by a great affirmation, a joy in being at one with destiny.

He did not need the audience's approval. It was immaterial whether people understood the film now or in ten years' time. Of course it would be pleasanter if they were to understand it now. The hall was very still when the *Martin Krüger* film was finished; people had a tense, abashed, almost stupid look on their faces and spoke in strangely subdued voices. The whole film had lasted less than half an hour; many people left without waiting for the second picture.

Jacques Tüverlin wired to Johanna that after the way her film had got across she would do well to leave Munich as quickly as possible.

He met her half-way between Munich and Berlin. The public curiosity was intense, the papers were full of illustrations and paragraphs about Johanna's film. Tüverlin looked about for some place where they could live in peace for the next few months. It was not easy to find. They considered outlying places on the Baltic and in Southern Tyrol. Finally they remembered a village in the Bavarian forest. In the Bavarian forest, on the foothills near the Czechoslovakian frontier, the ancient home of the old Bavarians, they would not need to read any newspapers or see any films.

There with Johanna Krain among the wooded hills under their soft covering of snow, Jacques Tüverlin completed *The Book of Bavaria, or The Market of Justice.* The depression which had weighed upon him from the time when he had stood before the Kasperl theatre until the time when the film had given him that feeling of intense relief, now found concrete expression. The vision of Bavaria which he had had when on his way to see Klenk became palpable. Johanna took as much work off his hands as she could manage. She was convinced that the book must make for the betterment of things in her country.

When he gave the book into the publisher's hand, Tüverlin sent a duplicate to Klenk.

On the second anniversary of Martin Krüger's death, a letter from Berchtoldszell arrived in the village in the Bavarian forest. The former Minister, Otto Klenk, dryly informed the author Tüverlin that he had read the manuscript of his book, and that he had seen the *Martin Krüger* film. Enclosed were two buttons cut from his jacket.

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